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ELIZA CHAPPELL PORTER



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ELIZA CHAPPELL PORTER

A MEMOIR

BY

MARY H. PORTER

Published for the benefit of the Oberlin Missionary Home
Association, Oberlin, Ohio.



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TO MY FATHER.

WHOSE DAILY LIFE TAUGHT HIS CHILDREN THE DEEPER
MEANING OF THE WORDS "OUR FATHER" AND WHOSE
TENDER LOVE WAS THE ATMOSPHERE, ILLU-
MINED BY THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, IN
WHICH SHE OF WHOM THESE PAGES TELL,
LIVED FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS,
THEY ARE DEDICATED BY.

HIS DAUGHTER.

Where one wishes to secure the portrait of a friend, he seeks an artist, with power to see, and yet rarer power to reproduce, with skilled hand, that which he sees. Far more would one desire for the writing of the life history of a beloved one, trained literary workmanship. So I could wish, that someone accustomed to word-painting, having at once true comprehension and delicate touch might have been found to place the story recorded here, in permanent form. No such hand was ready for the task and I have, with great hesitation, essayed it; and now send out the little volume conscious of its inadequacy, yet hoping that it may recall to those who knew and loved Mrs. Porter the rare sweet personality which it can neither describe nor reproduce. "The equipoise of her belief and conduct, stamped on the mind, a sense of the nearness, the reality, and power of God in the soul." If anything of her true life lies in these pages, so that they carry forward in any degree this ministry of her earthly service, now that she has passed into the heavenly, they will fulfill the largest hope of the filial affection which has prompted their compilation.

It is fitting that she who so loved children, to whom those separated in youth from their parents, peculiarly appealed, should be linked with the effort now making to secure a suitable home for the children of foreign missionaries who come to this country for education. These memoirs are therefore published at her husband's expense that all proceeds from their sale may be given to the Missionary Home Association of Oberlin, Ohio.

M. H. P.

Beloit, Oct. 15th, 1892.

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“They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.”

Isaiah 40. 31.

ELIZA CHAPPELL PORTER

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

At the very beginning of this century two families came from Connecticut to Western New York, to try the fortunes of the then new country, those of Robert Chappell and Timothy Kneeland.

There is a tradition that this Robert Chappell was descended from Des Chappelles, Huguenots banished from France under the edict of Nantes in 1688, who found refuge, with their persecuted brethren, in England. The earliest certain record, however, which we have of the Chappell family, is of the coming to this country of twin brothers, Caleb and Joshua—fitly named as the searchers out of a new land—about 1750 from Wales. The latter married Abigail Beattie, who became the mother of another Joshua Chappell. This Joshua married Bathsheba Brewster, a great grand-

daughter of Elder William Brewster, leader of the pilgrim band which landed in Plymouth in 1620. She was the mother of several sons, one of whom died in military service near Bunker Hill during the revolutionary war, and two others were lieutenants in the federal army. Of these two, Robert married a daughter of a physician in Marlboro, Conn., Dr. Timothy Kneeland, one of whose sons was also a soldier. Dr. Kneeland died when his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was about sixteen years of age, and a little later she became the wife of the young lieutenant, whose home from childhood had been on an adjoining farm. After some years Mr. Chappell with his brother-in-law, Timothy Kneeland, and their households emigrated to Franklin County, New York, and began life anew with high hopes of prosperity. Some defect in the land titles, however, brought great loss and disappointment, and led Mr. Chappell to seek another place. This time he found a home in the rich and beautiful valley of the Genesee, in which many of his descendants are still living. Here at Geneseo, on the 5th of November, 1807, his eighth child, Eliza Emily, was born. In 1811 the father died leaving one son younger than Eliza, and four sons and two daughters older than herself. A family of seven for the widowed mother to care for, beside the eldest married daughter, whose

home was always open to them, and where the mother and one or another of the younger children were often to be found. Here the little girl, with blood of Huguenots and Pilgrims in her veins, heard from her mother stories of a heroic past, and dreamed her dreams of a heroic future. She was a bonny child, plump and fair, with curling auburn hair, and bright grey eyes, deft of hand and fleet of foot. From her earliest years she knew much of sorrow; felt it most keenly as it touched those dearest to her, and from her youth, scarcely past early girlhood, she was a constant physical sufferer. But she knew also, oh! so well! the "victory which overcometh" and so she became the glad undaunted, bright-faced woman whom we remember. The childhood of the little girl was marked by a few events of which she spoke so feelingly, as circumstances arose to recall them, that the depth of their influence impressed every one who knew her intimately. The first of these was the death of her father, and the peculiar closeness of her sympathy with her mother's grief. Although but four years old, this sorrow affected her whole life. She used often to say: "I was nursed in a widow's bosom." The elder daughters were married and had homes of their own, while she, the youngest, was left with the lonely mother and, at a very early age became the sharer of her

anxieties for the brothers, and, during the years when most children are busy with play, she was planning how to "help mother." So wise was the little brain, so keen the judgment that, perhaps more than was quite wholesome for the child, or than the mother realized, she was permitted to share in family councils. In such companionship she not only had glimpses of the many perplexities of the mature life, but saw also how by faith that mother laid hold of God's promises, and how real a thing was the intercourse of the loyal submissive soul with its Heavenly Father. The second event which marks an epoch was her first separation from this mother. A niece of Mrs. Chappell's of about her own age, a Mrs. Brower of Franklin, New York, came on a visit to Geneseo and asked that little Eliza might return with her to her home. Her husband was a prosperous farmer, they had a home of comfort, for that time of luxury, and were anxious to adopt the bright precocious child, as their own. The widowed mother, knowing how many advantages they could give the little girl, which it was quite beyond her power to provide, left the question largely to her own decision. The child consented to go, but on condition that it should be as their "little cousin," protesting, with bitter tears, against the plan for adoption. Her promise once given she felt that she could not re-

tract, but she remembered and told in her old age the story of the struggle, and the sense of desolation, with which, bound by her own word, she set out on the journey of two hundred and fifty miles. Mr. and Mrs. Brower had two sons, older than herself, her companions and schoolmates, and the vivacious little girl was soon the joy of the household. On the farm, in the charming country, her love of natural beauty was cultivated, while in the well ordered and generously hospitable home, she learned the arts of housewifery which were to aid her, in later life, to her rare skill in homemaking. She must have been a fascinating little maiden, for after years of physical suffering and burden bearing she had an exhaustless fund of quiet humor, and her merry laugh was infectious. But in those days she was strong and well, overflowing with physical life. Easily distancing her boy cousins in study, she was ambitious to rival them also in outdoor sports. Mr. Brower, a tall strong farmer, delighted to carry the petite maiden on his shoulder, and to listen to her wise questions and merry chatter from that perch; or to have her follow him from field to field, over the rich farm—and those years were to her a time of healthful development in many ways. But under the merriment was often a heavy heart, and deeper than the gatitude to these friends lay a resolve which

expressed itself, on her return at twelve years of age to her mother, as she threw herself into her arms and felt her embrace about her: "I kept my word and went, now I will never leave you again." The intensity of her sympathy for homesick children and the depth of her conviction that no superior advantages elsewhere could make it wise to sever the natural ties in even the poorest home gave a suggestion of what those years had cost her. Her girlhood was shadowed by a sorrow more grievous, and in which there was an element of discipline more painful, than in most bereavements. Her second brother Joseph, then a man of nearly thirty, left his home for the South. After he reached New Orleans no word of him ever came to the family. It was one of the years during which yellow fever prevailed and he was, doubtless, among its victims. The eldest brother was a soldier in the Canadian war, for some months a prisoner among a very rough and wicked set of men. As he was not a Christian the widowed mother's anxieties and prayers for him were scarcely less agonizing than for the other. The loving hearted daughter and sister entered into each grief bearing it for her mother as well as for herself. So through anxious watchings, hope deferred the longing for tidings which never came, the young soul was learning fortitude and equip-

ing itself with that armor of trust and calm which were to make her at once the tenderly sympathetic and the strong serene consoler of so many. The happy stories of her childhood were all connected with the farm life in Franklin. It seems as if her children must have seen, so clear is the picture from oft repeated description, the rustic bridge from which she fished in the clear brook for minnows; the big wheel and the little wheel in the kitchen of the farm house. Ambitious to spin, as to do everything else well, it may be that in this form of "light gymnastics" she acquired the erect carriage and quick even step which were so characteristic even after years of feebleness. An aged and almost helpless father of Mr Brower's was one of the household and in affectionate attendance upon him the little girl came to have a very tender and reverent regard for old age, which, all through her life, made her peculiarly quick to see its needs, and thoughtful for its limitations.

When at twelve years of age the little girl returned to her mother at Geneseo, this simple natural childlife was exchanged for one of constant burden bearing. She studied at school and worked at home far beyond her strength and probably thus laid the foundation for the lifelong suffering which she bore so bravely. Her mother was a woman of strong emotions and fervent piety. She is well described

in a passage from a recent book in regard to a New England woman of the same generation. "I can only compare our mother to an officer to whom is committed the task of bringing the household of a king from a distant province through an unfriendly country, to the capital of the empire, whose loyalty and devotion were so ardent that he would gladly give up his own life rather than that one of those committed to his care should be lost. But she was not content with this, she would lay hold of those by the wayside and by the sweet compulsion of her prayers win them to become her allies and escorts." Mrs. Chappell's anxiety for the eternal welfare of her children was intense and they were kept perhaps in too constant thought of the world as an "enemy's country." The only surviving brother of Eliza still speaks with strong repugnance of the preaching of that day, to which they listened, and one by one as the sons were brought to Christ they entered the Methodist church, where more was said of free grace than of election, and where their strong emotional natures found happy expression, amid a circle which welcomed instead of repressing their enthusiasm. The little sister was of a different mould. She had a natural taste for metaphysics, read Edward and other theological works with avidity. The difficulty of a problem was a challenge to her mental power and at-

tracted rather than repelled. She would not evade or shrink from the severest truth but set herself "By searching to find out God." In her fourteenth year she united with the Presbyterian church of which her mother was a member. She says of her youth: "I do not remember the time when I had not deep convictions of sin and firm purpose to be a Christian. I wept, fasted, prayed and studied my Bible but no light came." Her physical condition doubtless contributed not a little to the severity of the mental struggle, and as certainly, the distress of mind aggravated the bodily ailments and prevented recuperation. It probably never occurred to the friends of the struggling child, who burdened no one with the questions which oppressed her life, that healthful exercise and long hours of sleep were more necessary to clear vision of spiritual things at that crisis in her experience than "Fasting and prayer" and she was encouraged in, rather than withheld from the "religious exercise," which seem so pathetic as part of the experience of a conscientious and gentle girl. At fifteen she went with her mother to Rochester and boarded in the family of the Reverend Mr. Everest while she attended school.

A year of study amid congenial surroundings stimulated her desire for larger opportunities for intellectual attainment, but the death of her second

sister, Mrs. Cornelius Weeks, took both her mother and herself back to Geneseo. There were four motherless children left to be cared for, the youngest an infant of only five days. These Eliza took to her heart and shared with her mother the home care. She took charge of the neighboring district school at sixteen, and so had the older nephews and niece with her in the schoolroom as well as in the household. Longing to fit herself for higher teaching, she studied and read at every leisure hour, until her over-taxed body and mind were quite exhausted and her cousins Deacon and Mrs. Brower coming from Franklin to make a visit were shocked at her changed appearance and insisted on taking her back with them to the beautiful home of her early girlhood. The boys grown to manhood were delighted to welcome their little "pious cousin," for, serious as were her views of life, and severe as she was with herself, she was a charming companion, sympathetic, eager, keen of wit and quick at repartee. She was immediately placed under the care of the family physician and improved in the comparative freedom from care and under judicious treatment. But she was not content to be idle and engaged to teach in the vicinity in the spring. She kept the school about six months. All those who came under her influence were impressed by the depth and earnestness

of her religious life, but she was sadly dissatisfied with her own attainments and studied her Bible with constant longing to know more of the things of God. The following autumn she returned to Geneseo but was unfit to go to the home where her mother had charge of the group of little children, so spent the winter in the family of her Uncle Kneeland about a mile away. A Mrs. Spencer, who afterward became the wife of Major General Eaton, Commissary General U. S. A., was residing in her widowhood at Geneseo, with an only daughter. A brother of her husband proposed to provide for the education of the child in New England and the mother gratefully accepted his generous offer. She learned later that it was his plan to send the child to a Unitarian school, and he was so offended at her protest against placing her daughter under such influence that he refused to do anything for her. Mrs. Chappell greatly rejoiced in Mrs. Spencer's faith and firmness and when she decided to open a private school in G— — for young ladies and thus support herself and her child, Eliza was glad to become her assistant. Still contending against disease she entered heartily into this work, but before spring she was entirely prostrated and was carried to her sister Dolly's as all thought, to linger and die. Her sister watched in one room over her own daughter,

Evelina, who after months of extreme suffering passed away, while in another Mrs. Chappell cared for Eliza. For nine months she was very ill and grew so weak that physicians despaired of her recovery.

She said little in after years of the physical suffering of this time except in occasional reference to the crude medical and surgical efforts for her relief. Her spine was marked from the base of the brain its whole length by the scars of the tooth-like lancets used with the cups, and in many places by those of the cautery. She was so salivated by calomel that she lost all her teeth before she was twenty-five, and "suffered many things of many physicians." While she spoke rarely and never in detail of these things the story of another phase of her experience during those months has been often repeated: not as a commonplace tale, but in hours of deep tender confidence when she longed to impart to some other soul the "comfort with which she herself had been comforted of God." Some twenty years ago, one of her children asked her to prepare a record of her early years, that the story might be preserved for her family. She had not strength for the writing, as she was then as in her youth, giving her time to teaching, and too weary to use her pen when that was over, but she recalled the various incidents recorded in this

chapter and her husband wrote them out for the gratification of the absent daughter. From this record and the recollections of the one or two of her own generation who survive her this sketch of her childhood and early youth has been prepared. But the other story that of the real, the inner life, I shall venture to give in no other words than her own. Only those who knew her, and saw from day to day, how constantly and consciously the outward life which she lived in the flesh, was subordinated to and dominated by, the hidden life of the spirit can comprehend what this experience was.

CHAPTER II

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE AND ASSOCIATIONS

“For nearly two years I had been living ‘under the law’ and had lost all view of Christ as my Saviour. Condemned by a holy law I could see no escape from the wages of sin. Yet I admired the law, saw that it was perfectly holy, but I was ‘carnal sold under sin.’ God had done all he could to save me, yet my day of grace was past!

“My mother had said to me one day on coming into my room, when all despaired of my life, as she looked at me with distress and tender love: ‘My daughter I cannot let you die. I have long felt that God promised me that you should live to be my comforter in age, and close my eyes in death. If this promise fails then all my hopes may be groundless. If one link is broken the chain falls.’ I said: ‘You must give me up or, I think, God must certainly take me from you.’ She left me and at night came back, after a day of fasting and prayer, her face radiant with joy, and said: ‘I can give you up, my child. I can live without you if this is God’s will. You may go.

Jesus will be with me and with you.' After this I grew weaker and weaker until all strength seemed gone. I had my Bible under my pillow as was my habit for years. Hardly having strength to draw it out I asked myself: 'Do you believe this Book is the word of God?' Yes! Do you really believe every word of it. Yes! Every promise and every threatening? Yes! Do you believe there is a hell? Yes! I know there is, for I have felt it in my own heart. It is separation from God. Do you believe there is a heaven. Yes! I know there is. It is being like God. I know the Bible is true for it is exactly fitted to the wants of my soul. He that made my soul made the Bible. 'Will you believe what you now find in that Book as you open it?' 'I will.' I opened the Bible with trembling hand and read: 'He that believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die.' John ii. 25-26. The whole plan of salvation by faith seemed to flash upon my mind. It was wonderful, beautiful, enrapturing. My joy was unutterable. I saw that the design of God in all these years of trial and discipline was to bring me to cease from self and rest in Christ alone. I calmly, triumphantly cast all my care on him. As I read the words of verse twenty-seven: 'Yea! Lord I believe that Thou

art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world,' my soul was melted with intense gratitude and love. I had as much joy as my heart could hold. The simple plan of salvation by Christ alone, without the deeds of the law, burst fully upon my longing weary heart—and I exclaimed in wonder and ineffable love: 'Is this all, is this all.' Taking God at His word!"

Now she longed to live that she might serve the Lord who had done so much for her, and made every effort to gain strength. Medicines seemed useless. She had taken them until her system responded only to excessive doses. She put them all away, and encouraged by a kind Christian physician, began to use the remnant of strength left her. Unable to walk she crept about her room a few feet at a time, until she gained some control of her limbs. Then she again learned to walk, and with marvelous courage and persistence, fought inch by inch her way back to comparative health. Her life, so redeemed, given back from the grave, she counted as in a peculiar sense "not her own," and her journals and letters all through the years reveal the clearness of her conviction that she held it only as she used it for Him whose it was. Each new demand for self-sacrifice seemed to carry her back to that first consecration. She could not hesitate. She dare not shrink. She was the Lord's,

He should do what He would with His own—and in that might this invalid of twenty rose from her bed of pain, for sixty years of service. This “body of death” in physical suffering, she carried with her through the long pilgrimage, but her freed spirit triumphed during toilsome days and weary nights as it did when rest was near, and she said with a smile to comfort those who stood about her: “Do not grieve, it is not I that suffer, only my poor body.” There may have been hours of struggle and darkness later. If so no human friend knew them. To the circle whom her life blessed in closest ties of relationship, or to the larger circle whom it touched in friendship and affectionate ministry, she seemed the embodiment of courageous and dauntless faith. Faith which over and over again “removed mountains” of difficulty and opposition, and made her life like a streamlet, flowing often in quiet hidden ways, but carrying wherever it went health, cheer and blessing. Could she have attained this high vantage ground by any other pathway? That question who can answer? But surely we may say, as she would have done unhesitatingly, that what she gained was worth all the bitter cost, and that her knowledge of the darkness helped her to lead many a soul out into the light.

As soon as she could bear the journey she went

with her mother to Rochester. Praying for guidance as to duty and to know how the tide of sin in our land might be stayed, she opened her Bible for an answer and read Isaiah xxviii. 9, 10, 11: "Whom shall he teach knowledge and whom shall he make to understand doctrine. Them that are weaned from the milk and drawn from the breasts." She accepted this as God's call, and from that time was confident in her conviction that labor for little children had largest promise of result for the world. Wherever she went during her long life of varied experiences, she was untiring in her efforts to secure the best instruction for the infant and primary classes, and to establish Christian schools from the extreme North on the borders of Lake Superior to the banks of the Rio Grande. In Rochester Miss Chappell was the guest of a Mrs. Luce an Episcopal lady. The first service which she attended after her recovery was on Christmas Day, when she heard the Reverend Henry Whitehouse—later Bishop Whitehouse—preach. With her new views of truth she went into the assembly of God's people with exultant joy and entered into the service with a delight which she never forgot, and which gave her a personal association with the beautiful liturgy which made it peculiarly sacred to her. Her children did not know for many years why she made it a habit wherever she was

to attend the Episcopal church at Christmas tide, but it was a family custom, and one which kept her, as it has her household after her, in loving sense of the unity of God's people, and of being sharers with the one Holy Catholic church of a great past, rich in its noble and stately service. Attending church with Mrs. Luce she went to many religious gatherings with her Methodist brother, Robert, and was most welcome in the class-room or at experience meetings. As one and another heard her story they would exclaim: "Why! Sister Chappell, you have experienced the blessing of sanctification." She shrank from the expression and was never desirous, then or later, to label any spiritual attainment but she entered into the unconventional gatherings of the Methodist with the same appreciation of the real element of power there that she had among those whose outward form of worship was so different, assured that all who loved the Lord were indeed "very members incorporate in the mystical body of thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people." Bishop Whitehouse had a Bible class which she attended with great profit. As her strength increased she took a small school in the city, as her mother, now in failing health, had come to make her home with her son Robert. He was next in age to Eliza, only a year and a half older, of most

gentle and loving spirit, a leader in the M. E. church and one who deeply sympathized in the religious life of his sister. The same record from which earlier facts are taken, reminiscences jotted down by her husband, says:

“While teaching at Rochester, and testifying of the love of Christ, she made the acquaintance of the Reverend William James, pastor of the Brick church, of Reverend Charles G. Finney and of Mr. and Mrs. Burchard. Mr. James and Mr. Finney found in Miss Chappell a heart quickened to every spiritual influence and a mind keen and active in its search for truth and the friendships then formed were lifelong. Mr. Finney said of her years after: ‘She possessed the most Christlike spirit I ever met,’ and Mr. James delighted to study the Bible in her company, and longed to attain a like precious faith. The wonderful revivals of 1828 in connection with the labors of these evangelists began in Rochester and extended over the state of New York, and into New England. Miss Chappell labored much with Mrs. Burchard, especially for the conversion of children. She was hardly a disciple, rather a trusted friend and counsellor of the great evangelists, for before she came under their influence she had entered into a life of faith which made them look to her rather as a teacher than a learner in the ‘Deep things of God.’ She how-

ever always felt sincere gratitude for the opportunity of watching their work and great personal obligation for the association. It was fitting that this young woman trained in 'the strictest sect' of the Presbyterians, the zealous student of Calvin and Edwards, should, on the very threshold of the new life into which she had entered, be brought into close personal contact with the Ritualist, Mr. Whitehouse, the mystic Dr. James, the new schoolman of fire and law, Dr. Finney, the emotional Mr. Burchard, while she lived in a M. E. home and found many of her warm friends in that communion, then far more a marked and separate people than the Methodists of to-day. She had unusual opportunity to see the 'Diversities of operation,' and had already so learned Christ that she recognized in each 'The same spirit.' She rejected nothing, as she received nothing because of its name, but whatever she apprehended as of Christ she rejoiced in and entered into, while the mere externals seemed too unimportant to separate any Christian souls.

How well those who knew her best remember her quotation of the words: 'They gathered the good into vessels, and cast the bad away,' and the comment with the mirthful gleam in her eye: 'Did not stop to analyze the bad or discuss it, certainly did not leave bad and good together until

both were corrupted. Simply kept for themselves that which had value for them. What they counted 'bad' was not inherently so, only worthless for them, that they 'cast away.' So she did for herself, as she saw the truth, and the lessons of those years were priceless in fitting her to meet in later life 'all sorts and conditions of men.'

She had been an eager reader of whatever books came in her way, but now for two years she read almost nothing but the Bible; studied and pondered it. Ate it, and it was the joy and rejoicing of her heart.

After four months in her son's new home, where his young wife and Eliza ministered to her with loving care, Mrs. Chappell died.

The youngest daughter closed her eyes and was her companion at the last as she had desired, and the other members of the family most of them gathered for the final services when the mother was laid to rest, after her long loneliness, beside her husband. Mrs. Chappell must have been in some respects an unusual woman. Her daughter's recollections of her were delightful and tender, and the one niece who survives and remembers her, represents her as of strong character and clear mind. She clung to her children with passionate tenderness and I think of the peculiarly strong family affection, demonstrative and fervent,

found among all her descendants as a Kneeland trait. This impressed me greatly when I first saw the sisters and brothers together. Neither separation nor time took from the ardor of youthful affection, and as aged men and women they met with the enthusiasm and delight of a household whose interests had never been divided, and whose lives had not flowed in very different channels. This made separation peculiarly painful to them, and the resolution to leave all early associations, cost the young invalid more than those who saw her serene acceptance of what seemed the call of duty realized.

But her mother no longer needed her presence and she simply waited to see the Lord's way.

CHAPTER III

EARLY JOURNALS

BEGINNING OF WORK ON THE FRONTIER

A few years ago there was found among piles of old family papers, a series of journals covering a portion of the years 1831, 1835 in Miss Chappell's handwriting, the only written records of her life before the war, and the only journals which have been preserved. Her daughter did not venture at the time to tell her mother of the discovery but when they had been carefully packed and shipped with other things to a distant city, confessed her pleasure in the possession, and the concealment of the treasure. The reply was characteristic, after a little start of surprise and the question: "Why did not you show them to me?" Mrs. Porter said with a gentle smile: "God led me by a strange way, if it helps you to follow some of the steps I shall be glad, but how many things I have learned since then!"

I think she would say now, could she speak from the enlarged life of the "perfect day" into which she has entered: "If it helps any one to

follow the steps, I shall be glad," so I do not hesitate to quote some what fully from these the only personal annals of her experience. Portions of them were written for her home friends after she came to the northwest while other, passages were intended for no eyes but her own. During later years she was frequently urged to write some history of her life but invariably answered: "That which is worth telling, God's dealing with my spirit cannot be written, the other, the mere shell of life, is of too little value."

With a few words of explanation and introduction these journals shall tell the story of the next few years.

Among Miss Chappell's friends in Rochester were a Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, missionaries from the Sandwich Islands. Impaired health prevented their return to their former field and they were sent to the Island of Mackinaw to join the mission to the Indians, which was under the care of the Reverend William M. Ferry. Mr. Ferry had not only labored most zealously for the Indians but been a devoted and successful evangelist to the little community of tradesmen and army officers on the island. In a revival in 1828 many of these were brought to Christ, among them Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stuart.

Mr. Stuart was the son of Scotch Presbyterian

parents, trained from his youth in the Scriptures but with no apprehension of Christ. He had been a very gay and worldly man. In New York he met a brilliant girl, one of whose parents was a Roman Catholic, the other an Episcopalian. The young people were drawn to each other and, after a few months secretly married, just before Mr. Stuart set off on the expedition to the Pacific coast which founded and named the city of Astoria. The vessel on which they had gone around the cape was wrecked and the party found their way back across the continent to St. Louis, the first which ever made the overland trip. On his return to New York, Mr. Stuart claimed his bride to the great surprise of her friends, and after a time they went to Mackinaw, where Mr. Stuart was the resident partner of the great American fur company, of which John Jacob Astor was the head. Here, in the wilderness, the proud man of the world gave himself to Christ, and his wife too, learned that life was for better uses than any which her society career had set before her. Of strong characters and ardent temperaments they entered the service of the Lord with the same enthusiasm and leadership which had made them foremost in whatever circle they had moved. In the same revival Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft, the Indian agent, who afterward lived at Sault Ste. Marie, and with

whom Mr. Porter found his first home in the North West, was converted and several officers of the army, who did much for the spread of the Gospel in this wide territory. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart desired a teacher for their family of little children, and heard from Mr. Loomis of the ardent young infant school teacher in Rochester, whose heart went out to missionary work, but whose frail health forbade her entering upon it. After some correspondence upon the subject Mr. Stuart invited Miss Chappell to come to their home. Her friends thought it presumptuous for an invalid to attempt such a journey, and endeavored to dissuade her, but Mr. Stuart assured her that if ill she should have the care they would bestow upon a daughter, in his family, and she decided to go to Mackinaw. She spent a short time in further study of the Infant School system, which Mrs. Bethune had introduced in the city of New York, and in June 1831 set out for the North. She went first to Fort Niagara to visit her friends, Lieutenant and Mrs. Eaton, who accompanied her to Buffalo, where she took steamer for Sandusky. From this point she was to go to Perrysburg Ohio to visit her eldest brother whom she had not seen for fifteen years. She reached Lower Sandusky Saturday evening. The stage for Perrysburg was to leave Sunday morning but she refused to take it on that day; the driver

yielded and waited until Monday for his passenger. After a brief visit with her brother she sailed from Sandusky for her new home, where not only new but most unanticipated surroundings awaited her. She had lived all her life in a home of narrow means or among friends of simple habits. She loved to tell how, going to the "wilds of the North" among missionaries and Indians she feared that even her modest wardrobe, which although simple was in the then modern city fashion, might prove inappropriate. Whatever it was necessary to add to it was of the most inexpensive material and made in the severest plainness. Who that heard will ever forget the genuine mirth with which she told of her introduction in Mr. Stuart's luxurious home, to a style of living and attention to the conventional requirements of society such as were quite new to her. As the representative of the great company on the island, Mr. Stuart entertained all persons of note who visited that part of the country and the missionary or governess' wardrobe needed immediate attention to make it at all appropriate for the stately dinners and other gatherings at which as a member of his family she must appear. Miss Chappell was still so young, and always adapted herself so easily to new conditions that probably no one but herself realized her embarrassment and surprise. But all her life it

made her wonderfully quick to see and prompt to help those similarly situated. How many can recall some gentle word of advice, as to toilet, or some little gift which made the personal appearance more attractive, which perhaps she half apologized for or explained to her children by saying: "I remember how I felt at Mackinaw!" She keenly enjoyed dainty appointments and all the little elegancies in the home which wealth afforded and as long as she lived was fond of quoting Mr. and Mrs. Stuart as authority on points of social decorum. She admired and loved them both and they gave her almost parental care, while in spiritual things they looked up to her and sought her guidance. Their children were left almost wholly to her at home as well as in the school room, where she taught with them any other of those on the island, too young to attend the mission school. In the mission she found congenial friends and her whole life was enriched by the associations of those years.

The first word which has been found from her pen, is on a sheet by itself, probably never seen by any eyes but her own until it was taken from the great chest in Prairie du Chien in 1887, during the last summer that she was with us. From the date it must have been written about a month before she left Rochester and shows the spirit with which she entered upon that service upon the

frontier which was to be so largely her life work.

Rochester, May 28, 1831.

“Two years have elapsed since by the grace of God, I was led (by a train of circumstances which at the time appeared to be grievous afflictions) to deplore my awful condition, not as an impenitent sinner but as a pardoned rebel, who had promised unqualified submission to an injured and forgiving Master, and yet dared to live to myself, to seek the things that pertained to earth, not the things that were Jesus Christ’s. Oh! how rich the grace, how wonderful the love which has been manifested toward me the most rebellious of beings! Truly God’s ways are not as man’s ways, else I must have experienced the curse of Ephraim, ‘Because he is joined to His idols let him alone.’ But boundless love and infinite compassion, was and is still exercised. Grace, free rich grace! Two years did I say, since by the Light of Life I was made to see things pertaining to God and myself more clearly, and in view of six years of professed allegiance consider and realize with deep self abasement and sorrow that I was ‘earthly, sensual devilish.’ Whereas I had promised most solemnly to be the Lord’s, to renounce the world and all its vanities, upon examination in the Light which the Spirit of God now shed upon my dark heart (which was truly a cage of unclean birds), I

saw that I was lost. My condemnation oh! how just! I thought I must even in the darkness of the pit admire the justice which should sentence me there. Indeed it seemed that God could not exhibit His justice in any other course. 'The pains of hell took hold upon me, I groaned in my complaint and made a noise.' 'I cried unto the Lord and He heard me.' (Astonishing condescension!) and the dear Lord presented Himself 'strong to deliver and mighty to save.' Oh how clearly did He convince me that by the deeds of the law no flesh should or could be justified. 'Look unto Me all the ends of the earth.' None need hesitate on account of sin, but come on that account. For 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Forget now the things that are behind. Jesus Christ came to save the 'chief of sinners,' and I am the chief, therefore I am the one precious thought! My sinking soul was made to see and now to lift the feeble hand of faith to this Mighty Deliverer. 'Save Lord or I perish.' 'Canst thou believe that after all thy waywardness and vanity and and God-tempting sins, that I will receive you as a dear child, cause you to sit at my table and partake of children's bread.' 'In Jesus,' my enlightened comforted soul said: 'There is plenteous redemption. Lord I believe, help Thou mine unbelief, I make mention of His righteous-

ness, of His only. Let me rest under the mantle of His grace and there in spite of all the universe I am safe.' Such were some of my feelings. Why had not my blind eyes seen before? And 'Now Lord 'was my inquiry 'What wilt Thou have me to do? I am Thine—forever Thine.' I desired to be bound by everlasting bonds. Upon a bed of pain and extreme weakness, what could I now do for God? I had spent my life and strength in the service of the world and just as I was passing, as then seemed, in the 'Valley of the shadow' began to realize that it had been spent 'For naught.' Oh! at times how did my soul mourn in anguish, on account of mis-spent time, and marvel that the beauty of the Will of God had not charmed it into undeviating compliance. Let God be glorified now in me, was my desire in life or death or in any way, only let me never wander from the way of peace.

"Now did my soul most solemnly again renew her vows to be the Lord's, not in name alone but in truth. 'Forgetting the things that are behind' and henceforth engage that the life which remains 'In the flesh' shall be by 'Faith upon the Son of God.' (How firm a Rock!) Here Lord I give myself a miserable offering indeed! But in Him is all my salvation and all my hope. And now Father all, all that Thou givest of strength shall

be Thine! My soul vowed unto the Lord, and He is now proving me. He strictly requires me now to perform the vows my soul in anguish made, and let me ask am I—do I at the close of two years which have been filled with remarkable displays of mercy and fulfilment of promises find myself prepared to follow Christ to prison or to death? Jesus, Master, I appeal to Thee, 'Thou knowest all things' and may I not say too 'Thou knowest that I love Thee.' Though I find to my shame and humiliation that I am still the 'chief of sinners' and come very far short in the fulfilment of Thy requirements, so that I cannot bear to look at myself but through Thy precious robe, yet dear Saviour do I not love Thee? Do not I prefer the peace of Jerusalem above my chief joy. I desire this sacred morning to renew this dedication, cast all my care upon Jesus, promising in His strength to do all for His glory. Witness ye angels of His, and Thou blessed Spirit. Do magnify Thine office and continually convince of sin, and cause that my repentings may be rekindled continually. Thou Father of the fatherless accept this offering and be my Father for I am Thine. Save me, and enable me to keep Thy statutes. God, my Father, Thou knowest I am but a little child, oh! make me at all times to trust simply in Jesus. What fullness! Am I weak? He is strength, wisdom

and complete redemption. Lord increase my faith.

“I am not my own, ‘bought with a price.’ My time is not my own. Lord teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom. For the better regulation of my life I would adopt the following rules:

1. To rise with or before the sun.
2. To devote one hour to reading, meditation and prayer before leaving my room.
3. Should this precious season ever seem irksome and tasteless to remain until God manifests Himself.
4. To inquire with regard to all my movements: will this be for God’s glory?
5. To examine carefully the motives which through each day have influenced my conduct.
6. To endeavor in my intercourse with all to do as I would wish to be done by.
7. To speak evil of none. To do good to all.
8. To observe one day of each week as a season for private fasting and prayer.”

CHAPTER IV

MACKINAW JOURNALS 1832

The first of the journals bears date more than a year later than this paper, beginning in June 1832. In the meantime Miss Chappell had been teaching in Mackinaw, and in November, 1831 met for the first time "young Mr. Porter" on his way to Sault Ste. Marie. He remembers well his glimpse of the frail little teacher, as he found her in the Stuart's drawing-room, with her carefully marked polyglot Bible—a gift from Lieutenant Eaton—in her hand.

Mackinaw, June 17, 1832.

"The season for the annual visit of the fur traders and Indians is near, during which many things will occur, which by noting them, as they are presented, will enable me to give to my dear friends who take an interest in Mackinaw a simple idea of a summer here.

"18th. Mr. Stuart arrived safely a few days ago, after an absence of several weeks during which he visited my dear friends in Rochester, and was

the bearer of a package of letters which were to me 'as cold water to a thirsty soul.' Often am I led to give thanks to God for this most invaluable blessing, dear Christian friends. I sometimes think I receive answers to their prayers while they are yet speaking. Never did I feel such delight in trusting all to God's hands. I can say with David, 'They that know Thy name, will put their trust in Thee.'

"19th. This day closes my third term. Have had an examination in which the parents and friends of the school have evinced great interest. Could my dear friends at home have seen me surrounded by fifty-four (the present number of pupils) precious immortals, many of whom within nine months have learned to read and recite passages of Scripture—could you have looked in upon us this morning, and followed us in our exercises I doubt not your hearts would have filled to overflowing. I design to have a vacation of a few days. In spirit I shall visit you all. Thanks to God that we may thus meet and before our Father's throne unite our petitions and offer up our desires. Is not the time of our sojourning in this land of shadows indeed short? and all the way to the heavenly city even here we are made to rejoice with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' 'Christ in us the hope of glory.'

"21st. I am spending my vacation at the mission house. How kind is our Father thus to open in this desert land such a retreat for the refreshment of His little children! As I design to take you with me, or rather to take Mackinaw scenes home to you, you will allow me to be minute. Could you view with me from the chamber in which I am now sitting the Straits of Mackinaw and the beautiful Island of Bois Blanc, which rises in front of the mission house, and at this season presents to the eye all that is beautiful in a forest, you would exclaim with David 'all Thy works praise Thee,' and should we not together add 'and Thy saints bless Thee?'

"'I will say of the Lord He is my rock, my fortress and my high tower.' Last evening was our weekly season for prayer. I proposed to Sister Hotchkiss who has charge of all the small girls of the family to take her place with them, while she should join the other sisters in the prayer-meeting. As it was about the time for evening lessons, they repeated together the twenty-third Psalm, and the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. A hymn sung by sixteen sweet Indian voices was peculiarly touching, and the scene solemn indeed when I reflected that not one of this interesting group could say in truth in the words of the hymn 'Weep for joy my sins forgiven.' How awful the condition of the

children of this mission family! Will you not pray for them?

“22nd. I expect to return to Mr. Stuart’s this evening. God has opened in this dear family a place of domestic happiness, such as when I left your affectionate circle I never expected again to enjoy. A Father of the fatherless is God in His holy habitation.

“23rd. On my return from the mission accompanied by one of the sisters I called at some of the Indian lodges. We had a copy of St. John’s Gospel and attempted to read to them, but such indifference! Oh! when shall all this wandering miserable race believe the report? Soon! For the Day of the Lord is at hand.

“24th. Sabbath morning. Propose to meet some of my infant children in the school room for the purpose of leading their young minds to Christ. Dear Saviour wilt Thou not take even these lambs in Thine own arms, deliver them from the reign and superstition of the man of sin under whose influence they were fostered? Those of us who have been nursed in the lap of piety and early taught to fear God little realize the unspeakable blessing hereby enjoyed.

“25th. The Indians are making depredations upon the frontier settlements. Several families

have fallen victims to their savage cruelty. News arrived last evening of the murder of one of the missionaries who was riding upon a fine horse, which an Indian demanded; as he hesitated to dismount and endeavored to ride away he was shot dead. It is thought by some that these disturbances will soon be quelled, others think that much blood will first be shed. It appears that they have long been preparing for an attack upon the whites.

"26th. A few days since our hearts were cheered by the arrival of missionaries from Canada going to establish a colony near the Straits of St. Mary's; Mr. Hurlburt, a Methodist brother, accompanied by four Indians. I think they were sent from the Rice Lake mission. God is opening the way, and sending laborers into the field, who 'Through Christ strengthening them' shall Declare among the heathen the power of God in the forgiveness of sins. My soul hope Thou in God for the word of the Lord is sure and abideth forever.

"28th. Time is swiftly passing, rapidly bearing us toward the grave. What kind provision is made by our Father that our short stay in this world may be pleasant. What more could He do for His vineyard? as in Adam all die, so in Christ Jesus all may live. Through this new and living way free and intimate communion with heaven is

opened—and the vile children of earth made heirs of God and joint heirs with Him, who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person. All that was lost in Adam, in Christ our advocate is here restored. What manner of love!

“Visited yesterday at Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell's dear Christian friends whose mothers were Indian women. The fathers were men of wealth who educated their children. Mr. Mitchell exhibits the Christian in every act. Love seems to be the ruling principle of life. At their house I met a young convert from Sault Ste. Marie, where God has manifested the riches of His grace in bringing many to Jesus, you will bless the Lord with us for what He has wrought at the Sault. An exhibition of grace such as has never been recorded among the officers of the army—characters considered the most removed from religious influence. At that Fort (Brady) all the officers except one, with many of the soldiers have submitted to Christ. The revival commenced soon after Mr. Porter (a young brother sent out by the A. H. M. S.) began his labors among them last November. A church of thirty members has been formed and a number added also to the Baptist church which has a mission house and a number of Indian children under the care of a missionary sent out several years since.

“P. M. This morning Mr. Mitchell and lady called and invited me to walk in their garden. I suppose the idea of a beautiful garden in Mackinaw has not occurred to you as possible. I had a pleasant view of a plot of ground handsomely laid out and in a high state of cultivation. In speaking of Mr. Mitchell I told you he was the son of an Indian woman, his father a physician who educated him abroad as a gentlemen. The mother was devoted to her children and her ambition was to have them maintain the rank of gentlemen in the world. A large fortune was at her control to which by her industry and subtle management she continually made additions. She was engaged in a lucrative trade with the Indians among whom she had unbounded influence. The children had the prospect of independent wealth, but the failure of the northwest fur company of Canada (in which Dr. Mitchell's property was invested) reduced them to a mere competence. The son of whom I am now speaking engaged in the fur trade among the Indians in which he acquired some property beside supporting his family genteelly, until about two years ago, when he was made to feel that he was lost and ruined. When he heard of Jesus he believed, and is a bright example of the simplicity of the Gospel child. His business with the Indians was largely to supply them with ardent spirits.

The spirit which had taught him to love God, had also taught him to love his neighbor as himself. He now felt that the only means he possessed of supporting his family must be relinquished or duty sacrificed. He did not hesitate a moment. He considered all dealing in ardent spirits contrary to the law of Christ. For two years past, he has been waiting some opening in the providence of God, in which he may labor without doing violence to his conscience. The garden thus handsomely arranged by his Indian mother, has become the only means of support of this supposed heir of thousands. Not trained himself to labor, all the work on the place is done by old servants. Mr. Mitchell is the Indian's friend and brother. Indeed, a brother to all.

"This evening I expect some of my sisters in the social prayer circle. My dear friends, do pray much and fervently for missionaries. They need your prayers. What do you think would sustain us did not Jesus in all places give answers to prayer. His presence cheers and enlivens every path.

"29th. This day, one year since I bade adieu to friends of my heart and became a stranger and a sojourner. God has indeed verified the promise made to the Fatherless and the stranger. The Lord is my portion, whom shall I fear?

"30th. I expect soon to reopen my school. These dear children have a warm place in my heart. Oh! that in the strong confidence of child-like faith I may bring them to that Saviour who carries the Lambs in His bosom. He surely cares for these. His own hand has opened the way for them to obtain that wisdom which is from above, which is to be found by all who can read His Holy Word.

"July 2nd. To-day I dined at Mr. Mitchells in company with an Indian trader and wife who have just arrived from the wintering grounds. These traders usually marry squaws, which gives them influence among the people as the chiefs feel it an honor to give their daughters to these great men, as they esteem the traders to be. From these undesirable unions, entered into often only for the love of money, have arisen a race less stable in character than either whites or Indians. Mackinaw is inhabited principally by such. The mission school is composed almost entirely of this class, but few unmixed Indians. Mr. Stuart has two such servants, the eldest a dear sister, who through the instrumentality of the missionaries has been redeemed from a state of the deepest degradation.

"3rd. To-day Mr. Ferry kindly called to take me to ride, to take a view of the Island from Fort

Holmes. The scenery is most wild and beautiful. Vegetation has been very rapid in its growth; a cooler season than usual prevented early starting. We have had no weather that has been uncomfortably warm. Mackinaw is a most delightful summer residence for those who love nature in her wildness. The surface is very uneven. Little hills and valleys, rocks and pebbles. These make fine gravel walks and prevent inconvenience at any season from muddy paths. These natural beauties, contrasted with the high white walls of the Fort, and beyond the water interspersed with small islands, at this season covered with verdure gives a most romantic scene, and leads the mind to our Father in heaven, who has so kindly provided objects to delight the eye, and raise the heart, almost involuntarily to Him who sitteth on the circle of the earth, and before whom the inhabitants are as grasshoppers.

“July 4th. No public celebration to-day, not even the firing of cannon. The commanding officer is daily expecting orders to leave for Chicago, to aid the troops in this Indian warfare which is daily becoming more alarming. Many among us begin to tremble in fear of their approach to attack Mackinaw. The probability, however, is that nothing of this kind will occur. Several regiments are on their way to join those already in

the field. Efficient measures are taken to bring this unhappy broil to an issue soon.

“July 5th. Again resumed my change under encouraging circumstances, all seemed delighted to enter. How evidently God has blessed the establishment of this school. Oh! that from it He would consecrate a generation to his glory, and perfect out of the mouths of these babes a song of praise to that grace which opened to them a door for instruction. I am more and more convinced that parents and those who have the care of children do not regard with sufficient interest the first three years. How vigilant, during this early period should those be, to whom the care of such precious plants is entrusted. God Himself declares that if parents do ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he shall not depart from His law.’ This is throwing to a degree the eternal destinies of your children into your hands.

“July 7th. Mackinaw is now greatly perplexed. Fear and alarm take hold of many. The cause is not the movements of the Indians. We have not had any serious, perhaps I may say any fears from them. God appears to be dealing in judgment with our troops who are ordered to attack them. Three steamboats filled with troops are now on their passage. On Saturday the Steamer Thomp-

son reached our island with three companies of Virginia troops, who had in fifteen days traveled fifteen hundred miles—a wild goose chase we think it. They spent one night in our harbor and left behind them two sick soldiers, whose disease has proved to be the dreaded scourge cholera. The men have both died and others are ill. The two other boats have not arrived and the fears of all are excited lest pestilence is the cause of the delay. Our schools are all closed and fear takes hold on many. ‘Blessed is the man whose hope the Lord is.’

“July 8th. This is indeed a time of consternation on our small island. Four have fallen victims to the disease, none but those who were ready to fall by intemperance have yet been attacked, but all ‘Faces gather blackness and fear takes hold of the fearless.’ Dr. McM—— and lady took tea at our house last evening. He was hastily called out—a soldier was attacked with spasms. He was carried to the grave this morning. Yesterday in perfect health he was called to assist in administering to one quite sick. His fears were so great he was obliged to leave the hospital, and in less than twenty hours he was carried to his long and silent home. ‘When God’s judgments are abroad will not the earth learn righteousness?’ A day of prayer and fasting has been

appointed. Oh! that like heathen Nineveh we may truly fast, and like it turn away the wrath which is already kindled!

“July 9th. No new case of disease has occurred. We hope the plague is stayed. For a few days no ardent spirits have been sold and temperance in all things has been observed. How truly do we realize this Scripture. ‘Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil.’

“July 10th. The traders from the Indian country are daily arriving. Mackinaw at this season appears to be a business town. Mr. Ayer, one of the missionaries to Lake Superior, and Mrs. Ayer, with the wife of one of the converted Indians who belongs to the mission family, and who went out last summer as interpreter, arrived last week. Another sister from this station will leave in a few days. Oh! if there were four good teachers now in Mackinaw, the traders would gladly take them into the Indian country at their own expense. Great is the cry for laborers. We want most of all teachers, mechanics and farmers. Why does the church sit in her ceiled house and this desert lie waste for lack of laborers?

“July 16th. This is the blessed Sabbath. May

it be a day of Zion's enlargement, the birthday of many souls! This day our church is to come about the table of the Divine Master and 'In breaking of bread show forth the Lord's death.' Four are to be added to the church to-day. Captain Russell and lady, of U. S. A., are two of the number. They were subjects of the revival at Sault Ste. Marie last winter.

"Two new cases of cholera have appeared. Many among us will doubtless fall by it. Death appears near. But 'Perfect love casts out fear' even of the 'King of terrors.' Christ is all, here and hereafter. I am about to meet my Sunday charge, about twenty of my Infant children, some of them from Catholic families. By thine own word Lord God Almighty wilt Thou teach them that 'Except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

"Evening. This has been a deeply solemn and most interesting day. Surely Jesus manifested Himself to His disciples in the breaking of bread. It is delightful to see the officers of the army with their soldiers enlisting together in the service of the Prince of Peace.

"I have just returned from a call upon a sick widow. Her appearance, with distressing cough and sore mouth, brought so freshly to mind the dying scene of our much loved mother, that I was overcome.

“You know how fondly I have clung to my home and friends, and you would no doubt like to know if nature does not sometimes triumph and cause Eliza to look back with regret to the friends she has left behind. I do with thanksgiving to God assure you that through His grace I have never for one moment felt a pang of regret. While my friends were never dearer, yet I think I can with sincerity say ‘Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.’ Let me but hear the Master’s voice saying ‘This is the way,’ and I can ask no greater joy than grace to walk in it. My Father, my Father, Thou art the guide of my youth. Can I want any good thing? Only cause me to ‘delight in Thy statutes’ and then ‘My peace shall be as a river.’ ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son.’ What manner of love is this? If we have part in this love, how soon shall we be permitted to sit together in heavenly places, to go no more out?

“July 17th. My soul is moved within me while I look at fields ‘white for the harvest,’ and for lack of laborers so many must perish. Oh! that the spirit of holiness did reign among those who have named the name of Christ—and it shall. A sure word cheers and animates us. ‘As the Lord liveth Zion shall be redeemed with judgment and her converts with righteousness.’

“July 18th. The steamboat which conveyed the troops to Chicago has just returned. The ravages of cholera on board were most distressing. Fifty-one in a passage of three days fell by its cruel hand. The captain said that from Mackinaw to their place of landing hardly an hour passed but some soul from on board was launched into eternity, and the body committed to the deep. The soldiers were principally affected, but one officer died. Eighty-one were ill when the captain left. ‘The people tremble before the blast of His breath.’ There have been but five cases in Mackinaw.

“July 20th. The traders on account of the alarm of cholera make a short stay in Mackinaw this year. One of them whose heart the Lord has opened has expressed a strong desire to take a teacher into the Indian country. Should the brother expected from Utica arrive the probability is that Mr. Ayer will go. My feelings are very ardent on this point. ‘Shall it be told in Gath’ that the cry is continually made for help and none will come up? Let us take heed lest the curse of Meroz come upon us if we sit still or are quieted after having made a trifling effort. There has never been such opening of the way as at present. How easy it is for God to accomplish His purposes, how delightful the reflection that He is King in Zion!

“July 21th. Brother Hall from Utica has arrived just in time to allow Brother Ayer to go with the trader who offers to support him and the school. Books in the Chippewa language are preparing which will soon give them the word of God in their own tongue. .

“July 23rd. I have not yet opened my school since the alarm of cholera. I think I understand the tranquility of those ‘whose hope the Lord is.’ Though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea yet shall not my soul be greatly moved if Christ Jesus is my Rock.

“July 24th. Our island is a scene of excitement. Two of the traders who are members of our church are to be married to Indian girls of the mission family. This is the custom of the traders, who you understand are intelligent white men. They marry Indian girls and take them into the interior. Some of them are several thousand miles beyond us. Our school prepares these girls to make their families happy, and to be themselves very useful among their people if disposed.

“July 28th. Upon the subject of holiness of heart the Scriptures are most clear. I am from them daily convinced that unless our lamps have oil sufficient to shed light around our path, so bright

that all who see can behold it, we have not that which will bring us into the Bridegroom's presence with joy. If we have the spirit of Christ, then we have evidence that Christ is ours. If we have His spirit 'our meat and drink' will be to do 'The will of our Father'—and 'This is the will of God even our sanctification.' By the word of God I am taught that through Christ Jesus the whole man may be made new, and 'where sin abounded grace may much more abound.' Then may not grace actuate the whole soul? Oh! let us seek after all the 'mind that was in Jesus!'

"I rejoice this morning that Jesus 'Has power on the earth to forgive sins,' and while conscious of great bodily weakness am led almost to forget that I am not strong. 'The Lord is my light and my salvation.' I am in confident expectation of seeing some one soon, whose heart the Lord has moved to devote themselves to the children of this desert. 'The Lord has all hearts in His hands.'

"July 30. A very interesting Indian called last week at the mission for instruction. Last summer on his way to Rice Lake he came to the house, and, as usual when the Indians call upon them, some one of the family, through an interpreter, endeavored to lead him to God. He was perfectly ignorant having never even heard of such a being. As he said he was going to Rice Lake he was told

of John Sunday and Peter Jones (native converts) and promised to go to them to hear more about the Great Spirit. He returned a few days since. With his countenance beaming with animation he took the sister who had taught him by the hand and said: 'Me glad see you now. Me know more about God. Me love Jesus. Me love you too. Me went where you say. They all good. Tell me plenty about God. Bad heart. My heart very bad, get better heart of Jesus. Me go home tell all about it. Me drink no more whisky!' Oh! when shall this degraded people all be taught of God?

"July 30th. To-day a gentleman from Sault Ste. Marie called at my school. His heart was quite softened in view of what might be done by the establishment of infant schools throughout all this region. Upon leaving he exacted a promise that I would endeavor to find a teacher for the Sault, said he would engage to provide a home for anyone who would give herself to this work. Who will come and help us? Nothing more can be said. The command and example of Jesus must and will avail with those who love Him, more than father or mother, or even life. We want many who are made strong by the mighty God of Jacob. How small an offering when we give all! Give? are we our own? Has not the Master a claim upon all our service?

“August 3rd. This morning my soul has been greatly refreshed by the precious promise from the mouth of the Strength o’ Israel. ‘As surely as I live saith the Lord every knee shall bow and every tongue confess.’ What more need be said to the children of the kingdom except ‘Go forward?’ Not even the weakest effort made for the promotion of this work shall fail. Many must go out ‘Whither the Lord will lead’ them depending solely upon His spirit to counsel, direct and sustain. Were this course adopted how many pillars would soon be raised in the desert to testify that God had met with and blessed the pilgrim in his journeyings. Could two or three teachers come next September an opening would be found for each. I look upon the Infant school system as designed by God to open the way for the missionary of the cross, and ‘perfect His praise from the mouth of babes.’ You see the necessity that those who engage in a work which is to be instrumental in accomplishing this, should be themselves ‘rooted and grounded in Christ.’

“August 4th. ‘Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah?’ This that is glorious in His apparel and travailing in the greatness of His strength?’ It is the Lord Jesus who will overturn and overturn until He accomplish all that after which our souls pant. ‘Holi-

ness to the Lord' shall be 'inscribed upon all things.' I look around and see nothing but darkness—sinners blind to all that can render even their stay on earth desirable. I see those who profess to follow Jesus as such at distance from their Master that I am sure they do not behold in Him 'all the fulness of the Godhead.' I see a world perishing for lack of vision, and those whose duty it is to enlighten them by carrying the Gospel sitting at ease. I look into the Word of God and find the Eternal pledged for the redemption of man from ignorance and superstition. A sure word of promise that Jesus shall 'see the travail of His soul and be satisfied,' and hence I do rejoice and will rejoice as 'seeing things which are invisible.'

"I have just learned that Mr. Ferry is about to leave for the East. Have time for no letters to correspondents. I think our separation will not be long. In delightful anticipation I look beyond this land of shadows, to our 'Father's House' where are 'many mansions.' When you write do speak of every change in town and even on the farms that I used to know. Tell Aunt M—— I often think of her. Since I have lost my only tooth I think I resemble her in her old age. You can have no idea how the loss of my teeth has affected my speech and appearance. But the toothache I shall have no more! The vessel is under sail

and I must lay aside my pen! Adieu! all, all."

So closes the first journal the only reference to months of excruciating suffering from tic-douloureux during which an ignorant surgeon advised the extraction one after another of the few teeth which had remained after the salivation of two years before—in that brief sentence; with its characteristic presentation of the bright side of the loss, permanent freedom from toothache! The last few pages are an epitome of her life—always looking to "the regions beyond"—the need beyond—the attainment beyond. The next month's record shows how she did in those early years as she continued to do to the end—saw the point of peculiar need—went forward to encounter and overcome the first obstacles—sought helpers in the work and, when it was organized and ready for transfer, left it in their hands. In Mackinaw, as wherever she taught, her school was open to the poorest and most degraded. If unable to pay they were freely received, and so great was the confidence of parents in her judgment and influence that Mr. Stuart and other wealthy and aristocratic gentlemen allowed their own children to attend as paying pupils, assured that they were safe with any associates under Miss Chappell's care. At this time she was not quite twenty-five years of age, her slight form racked by neuralgia, and nourished only by the

food she could assimilate within an hour after eating, as she rarely retained anything on her stomach for a longer time, yet full of cheer and buoyancy. It was not strange that she won from those about her tender watchful care, and that rich and poor, missionaries and men of the world, sought her friendship and counsel, and went to her little school room as to a shrine.

CHAPTER V

TRIP TO NEW YORK TO SECURE TEACHERS FOR THE INDIAN COUNTRY

“August 11, 1832.

“Mrs. Ferry left very abruptly, so that I had no time to write letters except a short one of introduction to my brother’s family, and but for my scrap-book, filled at times when from weakness I must retire to my little room, I could have sent nothing. I hope Mrs. Ferry may spend a little time with you. She has been a kind attentive friend. I feel under great obligation to all the dear mission family. In them God has designed to make up to me in a measure, the loss of my ‘father’s house.’

“August 13th. How swiftly time is passing. Everything without and within admonishes me that what is done for eternity must be done quickly. My health for the few weeks past has been peculiarly feeble. I think the climate of Mackinaw almost too severe. But when I am weakest then I am strongest. Christ Jesus is all my salvation and all my desire. I am wonderfully sustained.

My school now numbers fifty-five. It is in a very interesting state. A desire to improve is manifested by all. A great work, only the wisdom of God can direct aright. Two or three more teachers are greatly needed for this region. As soon as any one arrives I shall look upon it as an indication for me to leave Mackinaw for the purpose of opening another school should my health permit. I am a pilgrim and sojourner having no abiding city here.

“August 23d. This evening had a prayer-meeting in my room. Thursday evening prayer-meetings are sacred seasons. How many fervent prayers have on these evenings been lodged in the court of heaven by my dear mother, and they are now realized in answers of peace by her child. What an inheritance is ours who are the children of pious parents. How poor is gold! how empty is fame! how low any honor but that which cometh from God! But a pious mother’s prayers shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

“August 25th. I was invited to the Fort last evening. A large party were assembled in Gen. ——— quarters. The room was hung with flags and everything appeared in military splendor. When I heard the General say that since he entered the army he had spent twenty-five thousand dollars in gambling, I felt indeed that the ‘things

that are highly esteemed among men are abomination in the sight of God.' The truth of Jesus never seems so precious as when contrasted with those things which are held in estimation by the children of earth. Phantoms of a day!

"September 14th. Have been confined to my room for several days on account of ill health. Feel clear that God calls me to resign my school at least for a time. Oh! my Father Thou wilt direct! If I am compelled to leave this interesting field, do Thou raise up others to fill it better. Do what Thou wilt and my soul shall rejoice in it. Have decided that God leads me homeward.

"September 17th. To-day I expect to leave Mackinaw, where I have labored with delight, and where God has manifestly appeared to bless and sustain, and now oh! God go with me! Thou knowest all my weakness, all my infirmities, all my wants.

"September 18th. This morning at six o'clock left Mackinaw. Little wind which prevented us from losing sight of the island for some time. Dear friends, your kindness has endeared you to my heart and, may God return to you what you have measured to me.

"September 20th. Last night quite a storm. This morning calm and fair wind.

“September 25th. Several days have elapsed since I laid aside my pen, and took refuge from sea sickness in my berth. After beating about and contending with winds and waves for two days we at length found a harbor in which we have remained for two days more, and are now quietly waiting for a favorable wind to carry us out. Danger has been great, but now we are again cheered by the light of the sun and made to rejoice that there is a God in heaven who ‘Heareth the young ravens when they cry.’

“Lake Huron (unknown islands). This harbor I shall name Hope for here we ‘Have hoped in the Lord, who saved us out of our distresses.’

“September 26th. The sun shines brightly but the winds are still contrary and we consequently detained in this harbor. This is the fourth day. Our situation is truly interesting. The number of souls on board the *Supply* is only seven—two of whom are dear brothers in Christ—one a native Indian, another a redeemed sailor taken from the lowest depths of sin. A Catholic, with his rosary and crucifix, the third, the fourth, a Universalist, the fifth a mission scholar unreconciled to God. Our field of labor was not closed when we left Mackinaw. We have morning and evening worship and all on board attend. Our cabin has been a Bethel to me.

“September 27th. Still lying at anchor desiring much a favorable breeze to drive us out of this nook. Rocky islands hedge us in on every side. The captain fears to make an attempt to pass out until the wind is fair. Oh! Thou who dost hold them in Thine own hand give us a quiet and acquiescent frame of mind. In thanksgiving and patience may my soul be hopeful.

“2 o'clock. Our vessel is now safely under way. Three canoes filled with Indian voyagers have just passed us, all they possess embarked in those light canoes, swimming like swans over the waves.

“September 28th. After having put out a few miles last evening, the wind rose and we made our way back to our harbor, which for five days has sheltered us so kindly from the storm. This morning at six o'clock our anchor was again raised and our sails spread against the wind which in four hours drove us in again, and here night finds us waiting. Ten days from Mackinaw, only three days sail! Our provisions begin to run low but He who feedeth the young ravens will not forget that we have need. ‘Our Rock is the Lord.’ In His name will we trust! Prospect of a severe storm. What thanksgiving should we render for this safe harbor?

“September 29th. This morning with a fair wind we were permitted again to set out from the harbor which protected us from the storm of the night. Are now rapidly sailing before the wind toward Detroit. ‘Thus saith the Lord, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,’ and where He is there must be Life.

“September 30th. About sunset last evening our fair prospects were all overcast. Dark clouds and deep waters compassed us about. At nine o’clock it was found that we were near land, and the darkness prevented our ascertaining how we were sailing. By soundings our danger appeared to increase. Our only hope was in God and, He heard and delivered our souls. This morning we entered the St. Clair River, have had a calm day and our wants supplied by provision sent from land. Never before have I known a scarcity of food.

“October 1st. This morning with a fair wind we passed out of the river and are now passing rapidly through the lake within a few miles of Detroit. Lord be with me as I mingle for a little time with Christians of this city. Go with and direct me in all my conversation. Twelve days from Mackinaw!

“October 2nd. Last evening about sunset arrived in Detroit. The scenery as we approach

is beautifully romantic. A Christian brother called and took us to the house of Brother H—— where we were most cordially received. Rested quietly on land.

“October 3d. With a fair wind we set sail from Detroit last evening and anchored a little below the city. This morning set sail for Buffalo. Thus far the Lord has favored us with a strong breeze which is bearing us onward at seven miles an hour.

“Is it a reality? Shall I again be permitted to meet the dear friends of my childhood? Much as I love them I have cheerfully given them up, and much as I long to see them what pain it has cost me to be compelled to leave that dear field of labor.

“October 6th. Left Buffalo in the mail coach for the purpose of visiting dear Christian friends at Fort Niagara. Reached their place of residence at about five in the evening, where I was most cordially received by both Mr. and Mrs. Eaton. How cheering and delightful intercourse with such friends!

“October 7th. I am led to bless God for this interview. May our conversation be in heaven, and our profiting appear unto all.

“October 9th. To-day we propose to open the book of Revelations as a subject for study during my stay at the Fort. Lord God open our eyes

that we may 'behold wondrous things out of Thy law!' 'The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.' Yes! truly, for the joy of heaven will be in having fellowship with the Father and the Son, through the uniting bond of the Holy Ghost, by whom all who in truth love our Lord Jesus are made even on earth to sit together 'in heavenly places in Christ. Strong bond indeed which binds together the children of the Kingdom! Indissoluble and precious! 'Many waters cannot quench, nor the floods drown.' Even the King of terrors cannot destroy the principle of Love which unites in one and binds to the throne of God those who are Heirs of salvation.

"Can a man who only conceives wickedness be as useful an agent in the enemy's cause as one who not only thinks and plans but also executes with promptitude and decision, and day and night works deceit? May we not on the same principle say that the good thoughts of the Christian unless they prompt him to action will do but little to forward the cause of the Redeemer. To think and to act are two things. Jesus says not He that thinketh to do, but 'He that doeth the will of My Father' 'shall inherit the promises.'

"October 15th. This day I expect to leave the Fort and resume my journey. Lord God of Israel be Thou my Shepherd. As these dear friends

have so kindly ministered to me in temporal things, give them every spiritual blessing.

“October 21st. ‘Oh! God Thou art my God. I will praise Thee. My father’s God I will exalt Him!’ Thou hast permitted me to return to the home of my childhood and be folded in the arms of affectionate friends. While I am with them, oh, my Father, wilt Thou give me wisdom and grace to exhibit Christ Jesus as the Beloved of my soul. Give me language and wisdom to plead the cause of the heathen among those in the sunshine of gospel light.

“October 25th. How kindly dost Thou my Father in heaven supply all my wants and cause Thy children to minister to my necessities. To-day a dear brother called and took me to his house to spend the day with his family. Our conversation has been much upon the subject of missions. Infant schools were not forgotten. Lord send Thy spirit to inspire a zeal which shall not tire in this precious cause for which Jesus left the throne of God and the glory of heaven.

“Seek not to ‘please yourselves.’ Blessed Master how little are Thy commands obeyed. Christian what hast thou to do any more with idolized self? To crucify. Yes! to crucify with its affections and lusts. How? asks the carnal mind. ‘Through Christ strengthening me,’ I can. Yes!

and by that grace I will. Upon the cross of Christ let every vile affection perish, and to Jesus and His cross alone shall all the conquest be ascribed.

“To-morrow I expect to visit my dear brother at Fairport.

“My soul is moved within me when I think of the field I have left. Father teach me to plead for them. Hear my prayer and send laborers. Teach Thy little child. Let me not move but by Thy command. Shall I go or remain? Do with me as seems good in Thy sight. Glorify Thyself. ‘Our sufficiency is in Him.’

“November 5th, 1832. Well may I ask ‘What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits’ and can I not truly add ‘I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.’ How shall I find language to express my thanksgiving to my Father in heaven for His unbounded goodness. Language cannot express what the soul feels. ‘It glows within my ravished heart, and Thou, oh God, can read it there!’ This day completes my twenty-fifth year, a year of wonderful mercies. Under my sister’s roof in my native town I am permitted to enjoy it. One year since in a heathen settlement—without any prospect of again mingling in this dear circle.

“November 7th. This is not my rest. I have no home but heaven. Lord teach me what Thou

wouldst have me do. Should it be my duty to spend the winter in visiting different schools, do Thou accompany me, and direct all my steps in wisdom.

“November 15th. ‘Ask and it shall be given.’

“Grace, infinite grace! Angelic powers do ye comprehend it? No! You also ‘desire to look into’ but your high intelligences cannot fathom the ‘Height and depth, and length and breadth of redeeming grace and dying love.’ This day I have peculiar mercies to recount. My dear aged aunt speaks of joy unspeakable and ‘The liberty of the gospel.’ The time has nearly passed which was to be spent with my friends in Geneseo. Father be with me in separating from them as I go not knowing whither.

‘When thou vowest a vow, delay not to pay it.’ Under what solèmn obligations do I rest to devote all, all. Wilt Thou, Oh my Father, permit me to see my desire accomplished for the children of the desert. Is it not Thy work? Three teachers have offered themselves. Expect to leave for Utica soon.

“November 15th. On the canal boat. My Father as I move among strangers wilt Thou give me favor in their eyes, and if Thou canst accomplish anything by me, although the trembling opposing flesh shrinks from action, yet Lord my heart

does say 'Here am I, direct and I will follow.'

"New York, December 21st.

"Surely I have been led in a path I had not known and one I should have avoided. Deep waters have encompassed me yet the God of Israel has caused a path to be opened in the deep, and I am permitted this morning to 'Walk through on dry land.'

"Last night had a severe attack. How often am I admonished by disease to 'set my house in order.' The sustaining of my body in this diseased and deranged state is sufficient proof, had I no other, that God is almighty and will do what He will with His own. Yesterday visited Mrs. Bethune's Infant school. My heart yearns with intense desire over the dear infants of the desert. My hope for them is in God. They are His. He is pledged for their deliverance.

"Doubting unbelieving heart, do you not think Jehovah will accomplish what He has proposed? Jesus shall 'see the travail of His soul' and more still is added, 'He shall be satisfied.' Shall He? Then may every little one lift up the head and work in full assurance of faith knowing that Immanuel will not 'be satisfied when a few are born into the Kingdom. Open the eyes of Thy children. 'Speak Lord! for Thy servant heareth.'

"January 1, 1833, Allen St., New York.

“It is profitable to recount the mercies which have marked the past year. How changed the scene compared with last January. Then in the depth of the wilderness surrounded by minds darkened by sin, and unenlightened by truth; now in the midst of a Christian circle with all the refinements and luxuries which a gay and dissipated city can present. My soul is moved within me. Father Thy children here are asleep upon the subject of missions.

“Infinite forbearance that can see His laws trampled under foot and condemned, and the precious blood of His Beloved poured out as an atonement for the rebel ‘esteemed as an unholy thing’ and all that a Father’s love can dictate to reclaim and rescue made a ‘reproach and a by-word.’ ‘Because I am God and not man, therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed.’

“January 4th. Weeks have elapsed since I came to this city. When I have finished the work upon which I came, then Father conduct me to my friends in safety. It is delightful to see God causing two leaved gates to open before the approach of one of His little children. ‘The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.’ ‘I am poor and needy but the Lord thinketh upon me.’

“Geneseo, March 6. A few short days have been spent with my dear sister. Never did my friends

appear more lovely, and the delights of refined Christian intercourse so precious. But I hasten from them gladly. The souls of the perishing heathen are still dearer. Shall the Christian talk of self-denial when immortal souls are to be won to the Redeemer and eternal life secured? God Almighty go Thou with me and I shall not want. Select and send those only into this field who stand so strong in the Lord that their 'Labor shall not be in vain.'

This trip to the East must have been one of peculiar interest, as it was certainly in many respects of great success. A society called the *Chappell Infant School Society* was formed in Utica which sent out and supported several teachers. Many new acquaintances were formed and some of the friendships which then had their beginning were lifelong. In New York City Miss Chappell was first the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hall—old Geneseo schoolmates. Mr. Hall was at that time secretary of the A. H. M. S., and entered into the plans of the enthusiastic teacher and missionary with great interest. In the home of Mr. Finney then pastor of the Tabernacle church, she found another delightful resting-place, and entered in to his work there, as she had done in Rochester. As far as strength permitted, she visited schools and studied methods, and wherever she went as a guest

or on business she presented the need of the opening northwest, and tried to enlist men and women of consecrated spirit for service on the frontier.

She was, during the winter, as at Mackinaw and later, subject to attacks of hemorrhage of the stomach which prostrated her utterly, but with indomitable courage she resumed her search for teachers as soon as she was able to leave her room, and began at once to make arrangements for the opening of schools at several points. On her return from New York she visited Dr. James' family in Albany and went with Dr. James to see Miss Julia Preston whose religious views and experiences were somewhat like her own. So, enriched by new friendships, with a circle of Christian women pledged to sustain the Infant schools that should be planted, she set out on her return feeble of body but strong of soul; the thought always in mind that her time of service must be short and that she must hasten to lay foundations on which others might build.

CHAPTER VI

RETURN TO MACKINAW 1833

The following pages from the account of her return to Mackinaw are a revelation of the shrinking woman. From them, one would judge that this was her first long journey without the escort of some older friend. In these days of constant and rapid travel there would be nothing unusual in a young lady's making a trip of many weeks by herself, but this was sixty years ago.

Brave of heart as Miss Chappel was, she evidently felt keenly her unprotected condition and the perils of the way were very real to her.

"Rochester, April 1, 1833. Leave Rochester this evening at four o'clock.

"Dear home friends:

"April 2nd. I design in this book to note passing occurrences, as I have opportunity, and give you a hasty account of the mercies which mark my path as I become a stranger and pilgrim who tarry but for a night. I would give thanks to our Father in heaven who enables me to say 'all is peace,' peace which no earthly enjoyment can

give, peace which the world cannot take away. I hear the voice of my Master saying 'Daughter be of good cheer. Lo! I am with you., Shall I then fear? Forbid it, oh my Saviour, and let me not dishonor Thee by distrusting Thy care, although all before is dark, since I have a written promise from Thee. Let me not doubt but go on my way rejoicing, knowing that 'Faith is substance.' Yes! it is firm unyielding 'substance.'

This morning Brother King took me in his own wagon to Byron where I met Miss Owen, whose heart the Lord has opened to assist in the work. She closes her school in Bryon to-day and will prepare to follow me soon. 'The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want.'

"April 3rd. Left Byron about noon for Buffalo. The roads much better than I had anticipated. Rode all night, reached Buffalo about eight o'clock, just in time there to catch a hasty meal. Took a seat in the stage again for Fredonia. Traveling bad upon the lake shore but I was most kindly provided for. Found myself seated beside a Christian stranger who kindly took charge of my baggage and entertained me with Christian converse. 'He is faithful who has promised.'

"Reached Fredonia about eleven o'clock in the evening, where I designed to spend the two remaining days of the week with the Sabbath. All

before is dark so far as vision is concerned. I doubt not 'He who has delivered will deliver.' 'I shall yet sing of mercy.'

"April 4th. In Fredonia met an early friend with whom many hours in childhood had been spent. A few weeks since she yielded up her affections to the Lord Jesus Christ. Her husband opposes the work of God in her heart. I trust our intercourse may not be altogether in vain. Our dear cousin, Mrs. Merrick, received me with the warmth of feeling she has ever expressed. Much kindness from all.

"April 8th. A dark stormy morning. Took seat in the stage at an early hour for Cleveland. Recognized in the only passenger beside myself an elder in the Baptist church in Fredonia whom I had met the day before in church. He was going all the way to Cleveland and tendered his protecting care. What provision is this! 'It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.' Rode nearly a hundred miles without being interrupted in our Christian conversation by a third passenger. How strong the bond which unites in one the children of God. In every country speaking the same language which is to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness, but to them that believe the wisdom of God and the power of God.' Roads remarkably good, all well.

“April 9th. Cleveland, 4 o’clock. Just arrived much fatigued. Had almost hoped that a boat bound for Detroit would be in this port. Father I am indeed a stranger in a strange land. Must here part with my kind protector. He has taken the whole charge of luggage and bills to this place and will engage passage and settle my fare to Perrysburg at which place I hope to be in about twenty-four hours. You will, my dear friends, give thanks with me for the constant care of my Father in heaven which in so marked a manner is exercised over me.

“April 10th. Set off at five this morning from Cleveland. A gentleman and lady were my companions to Elyria, where I took breakfast with the prospect of pursuing my journey alone, but after breakfast a gentleman came in and inquired if I was going in the western stage, saying he should find pleasure in taking charge of my luggage, which from his candid appearance I felt no hesitation in allowing him to do. I found in conversation that the young man had been strongly beset by the adversary of the soul, and from being convinced that he was a sinner and must perish without a Saviour he had almost come to the resolution, so he said, of throwing himself upon the general mercy of God, believing that, with the whole world he should find a Saviour not from but in his

sins. Could God create men to damn them? We conversed upon the plan of salvation upon which his mind was dark, but in the Word he seemed to see more clearly, and doubted much the possibility of a sinner being saved without a change of heart; indeed, he at length said it could not be and promised to give himself to the work of faith by believing what he should find in the Word of God,

“Oh! the blindness of man! Out of Christ ‘God is a consuming fire.’ At four o’clock my traveling companion left me, and now within sixteen miles of Maumee swamp, thirty miles in length, a stranger, a new coachman, a dark night—a slight trial of faith. Found great peace in believing. A Saviour’s presence is Life. His loving kindness is better than life. In meditating upon His promises forgot that I was alone. The sixteen miles were soon now over. At twelve o’clock at night found myself at the entrance of this dark forest, but my heart was fired, trusting in the Lord, and I could truly say ‘I fear no evil.’ The landlord told me one gentleman was to be my only companion. He was very kind, spoke not one word to me until morning light, when I discovered that he was a foreigner, an Irishman. He said he believed he had been very poor company, but he did not like to speak lest I should think him rude as he was a stranger. So you see how kindly God has pro-

vided. He has the hearts, the lips of all in His hands. 'I will magnify His name forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'

"April 11th. Found a log cabin where we took breakfast about seven o'clock, within sixteen miles of my dear brother's house in Perrysburg, at which place I arrived about twelve.

"Brother Joshua soon presented his infant daughter about a week old, and little Emma had many kisses for me and many inquiries after the uncles and cousins. My soul is drawn out in prayer for Perrysburg. How much might here be accomplished by the active decided efforts of Christian business men! These are the men that are most needed in the rising and flourishing towns and villages of the West. Professional men and mechanics could do much, very much for Christ and souls here. Oh! that Christians did seek those things which are Jesus Christ's and not their own

"How much my sisters might effect in the capacity of Infant, Sabbath and common school teachers. In every town and village there is room. Great Christian simplicity and wisdom is needed in those who emigrate to this western world, for the ostensible object of doing good. The people are prejudiced against eastern men for the most natural of reasons. They show to a great degree a feeling of superiority and pride, which wherever exhibited

will produce the same effect. Human nature is the same among the civilized and savage, proud and unbending, unwilling to acknowledge even the Almighty as superior. The servant of Jesus, then, by way of contrast should be, 'Gentle, easy to be entreated, full of good works,' believing that godliness is gain, and not as many who profess to follow Christ appear to believe that gain is godliness.

"The probability of vessels leaving Detroit in a few days for Mackinaw must prevent a long stay with these dear friends.

"April 13th, Saturday morning. In some doubt with regard to duty. If I remain here until Monday, fear the vessels will leave for Mackinaw before I reach Detroit. I wait the direction of my Father in Heaven. While doubting what course to pursue for the day, Brother Joshua came in saying: 'Do you wish to leave immediately? if so a steamboat will leave in about thirty minutes which will be in Detroit this evening.' This was the order for which I had been waiting. It was kind that a boat should be offered. I had ridden so far in the stage that I was grateful for the change. Twelve o'clock embarked on the General Brady which plies between Perrysburg and Fort Gratiot, seventy miles above Detroit. Adieu to the last home friend. Still alone! God would try me in this respect!

“April 14th. Reached Detroit in safety about twelve at night. I was the only female on board, but slept in my cabin as securely as I could have done anywhere. So sensibly did I realize my Father’s care and presence I forgot that I was alone. Sabbath morning the captain walked with me to Mr. Hastings, where I was most kindly received by those dear friends who have so often ministered to my comfort. Upon leaving the boat the captain informed me that a vessel would leave the next morning for Mackinaw, said he had engaged my passage and asked if I would have my baggage sent that morning. I begged that it might remain until after the Sabbath, which he granted.

“April 14th. Head wind, cannot go to-day.

“April 15th. Upon my arrival at Detroit learned that Mr. Sibley, the brother whose company I had expected from that point had gone into Ohio on business which would detain him several weeks; of course I must go alone, or remain here. The path of duty appeared plain and I anxiously awaited a change of wind which I should consider as a signal, spent the intervening time very pleasantly with Christian friends.

“April 16th. Fair wind, orders for sailing. Here I am, my dear friends, surrounded by a crew of coarse sailors. My principal companion will be Keton, the colored cook. I am not alone. There

is peace in believing. Father give wisdom, give understanding.

“April 17th. Little wind, still in the river. God has done great things for me, thanks to His precious Love. This constitutes my joy, and I am happy in a situation which it would once have terrified me to have imagined. Read Henry Martyn to-day. Oh! that the number of such disciples might be increased! There is much of Christ in his experience. Read the word with great delight. Have a ‘nearness of the inheritance.’ Jesus is near and I need nothing more. All around are kind and respectful. ‘It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.’

“April 18th. A fair wind is now bearing me toward the land of darkness, away from all that in other days I have clung to with so much fondness. Had I ten thousand lives I would gladly offer them for this service.

“April 18th. A little sea sickness to-day. The motion of the vessel is so powerful that I cannot command my pen. “God is my refuge and strength.”

“April 19th. Kindly preserved. Suffer but little from sickness, enough to prevent writing.

“April 20th. Lying at anchor on account of head wind. Hope to reach Mackinaw to-morrow.

“April 21st. Fair wind this morning bearing us

rapidly toward Mackinaw. My heart would sink within me, in view of the field, did I not know that through Christ's strength, His followers are made strong.

"April 22th. In full view of the island. 'Truly God is good and His tender mercies are over all His works.' Casting anchor! Safely in our harbor. Give thanks to God!

CHAPTER VII

OPENING OF WORK AT ST. IGNACE

“Mackinaw June 5th 1833.

“Expect the arrival of teachers soon; may they be filled with the Holy Spirit. Spent last night at the mission house. Dear fellow laborers! How we need the mighty influence of the Spirit. Great unbelief prevails. No one layeth hold on God with Israel’s grasp. Dear sister O— is apparently sinking. She has spent life and strength in the mission cause. Has ‘fought a good fight.’ Her crown is in view.

“11th. ‘Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.’ Have been confined to my room several days. ‘When am I weak then am I strong.’ Enabled to cast all my care upon Jesus. He will care for his own honor. His own work. My heart has been cheered and my hands strengthened to-day by the arrival of Miss Owen—a teacher from Mackinaw. ‘Delight thyself in the Lord and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart. This is my salvation and my joy. All my desire is unto thee. Oh most Mighty.

"18th. With delight I have been permitted to meet two sisters, who have been led by the hand of God to this field of labor. I consider the arrival of Miss Plimpton, the Methodist sister as a special and marked answer to feeble petitions. She will doubtless go to Point St. Ignace. Master, shall mine eyes see my desire with regard to that poor degraded people? Thanks to thy name for the promise. Jesus 'shall see the travail of His soul and be satisfied.' Is not this enough? Daughter of Zion awake lay hold on strength.

"19th. Last week after Miss O's arrival, went to the Point, four miles from Mackinaw to see if a school could be opened there. Never have I witnessed such scenes of wretchedness and want. About one hundred and eighty inhabitants. All Catholics except one or two families. French and Indian languages alone spoken there. Every man in the settlement a confirmed drunkard. Mr. B—who is a native of Vermont, was formerly in the army—has an Indian wife and five very interesting children, is very anxious to have a school. He has offered me a home in his family if I will come there and teach. The case of this man interests me much. He said with tears. 'Oh, my poor children, I often lie awake at night and cry over them. I once knew the love of God, but now I am here living in sin.' I doubt not God has designs of mercy

for this place although they fear a Protestant teacher and know nothing of the value of education. Spent two or three days at the Point, making arrangements to go forward. A little house is to be fitted up and an effort made to draw into it those dear perishing lambs. Jesus, it is Thy command 'Feed my Lambs'; cannot we claim Thy promise?

"20th. Returned to Point St. Ignace accompanied by sister P—. The house nearly ready.

"23rd. Our little school-room was finished on Saturday and we determined to open with a prayer-meeting on Sabbath. Spoke to several who said they would attend. Sabbath morning dark and stormy at the hour appointed and observed at home for the assembling of the saints. We entered our schoolroom, and found indeed that we need not 'Go up to Jerusalem to worship the father.' The Master Himself was with us. Two or three Indians who knew His law took an active part in the meeting. Spirit of the Eternal God breathe upon this mass of death. Mr. B— led in prayer. Another man, a Universalist, read the tract 'Eternity.' We appointed another meeting for Wednesday evening. Master direct!

"25th. Storm so violent yesterday we did not open our school but began this morning. To our surprise more than twenty were assembled, five or six interesting Indians young men from Sault St.

Marie. From Mackinaw I took a little Catholic child about ten years old whom I had there taught to read and understand English and French, for my interpreter. It was an interesting circumstance for me to receive assistance in my labors so soon from one whom I had just taught. Literally sowing and reaping.

"26th. Nothing could be more interesting to those who love to instruct the ignorant than the little group by which I am surrounded. In the family are four dear children. They cannot as yet understand me, but are improving the time. In a few months they will be able to read the word of God in English. Quite near is a family consisting of a father and four motherless children. A daughter fourteen years old has the care, has done all for the family in the way of housekeeping for the last two years. Poor children! In a state of wretchedness and ignorance beyond thought. I have two of the children in school, the two eldest are obliged to labor, but improve every leisure moment in my room. They manifest a great desire to learn to read and in a few months will, I doubt not, be able to read the Holy Bible. To know and fear the Lord is all that I desire for any of my charge.

"27th. A Christian Indian in school to-day. How different in character from those around him. Visited a poor woman who is rapidly wasting away

with a fever sore, which has spread over her foot until it has become a mass of putrefaction. I prepared her some rice for which she seemed thankful. Miserable woman vainly supposing she is ready for heaven while a slave to sin. She begged me to call again. Lord teach me in what manner to lead her mind to Jesus as a Savior.

“28th. A beautiful morning. Every thing in nature delightful. All God’s works are perfect, but man—poor degraded child of perdition how art thou fallen from that perfection in which thou was created! Angels may well wonder at the way by which thou art cleansed and made a partaker of heavenly purity. Great is the mystery! Miss P—returned to Mackinaw yesterday. My Master’s presence is enough. Jesus is all and in all. Have written to the Methodist missionary at Sault Str. Marie for a native teacher.

In a little hut a few yards from my schoolroom is a poor hermit bent to the ground with age. Forty years he has lived in this secluded spot. A rigid Catholic, a Canadian Frenchman.

“30th. Sabbath evening. Went to Mackinaw yesterday. Found an Indian preacher there who accompanied us home. Surely in this God has appeared for us. ‘My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in Jesus my Savior’ who manifests Himself in this desert place. I ask no

greater joy on the earth than to be permitted to lead the blind to the light and teach infant voices to lisp the praises of Jesus. 'Create in me a clean heart oh God and renew a right spirit within me.'

"July 2nd. The sun has set in splendor and the rising moon—bright emblem of the Daughter of Zion—proclaims in silent but most irresistible power 'The hand that made her is Divine.' How delightful from this sink of moral pollution and sin to look away and be cheered by the fair face of nature which uncorrupted and perfect moves on in the path ordained by God, and in which we see and love the author of 'Every good and perfect gift. Three Indian women spent the afternoon with me; they saunter about constantly between their eating houses, sit, lean upon their elbows, or rest upon each other, pick live vermin from hair or clothes and kill them without the least appearance of diffidence or any sense of impropriety. Lord God enlighten their dark minds and show them that there is a more excellent way. I shall leave the Point to-morrow if the Lord will—Jesus, Master, direct.

"Mackinaw 6th. Spent the day at the mission. While there, was powerfully reprov'd by the conduct of an Indian chief, who came in while we were at table. It seems he has a granddaughter at the mission. He searched every part of the room with his keen eye, at length it met the object of his quest.

He rose with much apparent joy, took the child in his arms, and kissed each cheek. While the tears glistened in his eyes. Their manner to each other when meeting is very affectionate. The conduct by which I felt reproved was relative to eating with us, which upon being invited to do he refused, saying he feared to eat with praying people lest he should be sick. He stood before a room full of Christian worshipers and with quiet dignity and boldness declared 'I do not worship your God, neither will I defile myself by partaking with you.'

"Such firmness on our side for Christ would lead a man to 'Come out and be separate, to touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing.' Poor deluded Indians. Ye shall yet know the truth. The heathen shall be given to Jesus.

"7th. To-day Mr. Clarke, a Methodist missionary on his way to Green Bay in company with Peter Jones, John Sunday and several other converted Indians, entered the house of God at Mackinaw.

"My heart is burning with intense love for the dark minded Indian.

"8th. Mr. Ayer has just returned from Utica, where he has been to superintend the printing of an Indian spelling book. Mr. A— is a true apostle to the Indians. His soul is wedded to them by the love of Christ, which constrains him to 'Count all things but loss that he may gain some.'

"13th. Brother Ayer was married last evening to sister Taylor. They will leave soon for a journey of six or seven hundred miles in an open boat.

"15th. Passed across the straits in company with brother Hall, for the purpose of spending the Sabbath at the Point, hoping, once more to preach Christ to this people. What a scene of misery and degradation. Breath of the Lord, Oh! breathe upon this mass of death! The school still flourishes. Sixteen children in Sunday-school.

"20th. The dear missionaries left this morning for the Indian country under the protection of traders of the Fur company, they go rejoicing in God.

"Brother Boutwell goes into the interior about a thousand miles west of us, among a savage band of Indians. Brother Ayer and wife seven hundred. Hester Crooks who was formerly my assistant in Infant School work goes with them.

"27th. Visited again Point St. Ignace, found the school in a most interesting state, about thirty children in attendance. Sister P's heart is ready to break in view of the vice and sin which surrounds her, Jesus Master, strengthen her for this great work, 'Thou art a High Priest touched with a feeling for our infirmities.'

"29th. Left Mackinaw for Chicago I go out

once more as a 'Stranger and a pilgrim' but my Master goes before and he will not forsake me.

"30th. Safely anchored at Chicago. Inquired for boarding-house. All places filled, was asked into a Christian home to dine. Brother Porter called, very little prospect for opening a school. Captain and Mrs. Wilcox have just sent an invitation for me to spend my time with them. Capt. W. was brought to Christ in the revival at Sault Ste. Marie and has since married a pious lady, with whom I became acquainted at Mackinaw. 'Oh my Father, teach me to walk before all I meet as becometh the Gospel of our Lord.' "

CHAPTER VIII

SCHOOL WORK IN CHICAGO

The following paragraph from Andreas' History of Chicago and another paper in possession of the Historical Society, gives the main facts connected with Miss Chappel's school work there, while her own journals show the spirit in which the work was done. "Miss Chappel came to Chicago from Mackinaw with Mrs. Seth Johnson in June 1833, with the intention of establishing a school, and upon arriving here became a member of Captain Wilcox's family. Here she was at the time of the Indian payment and treaty, when Mr. Robert Stuart of Mackinaw came to assist in the negotiations. Mr. Stuart was detained after the business was accomplished by the prevailing south winds and interested himself in starting a school for the children of the Fort and village. He met several officers who have children and other citizens and proposed Miss C— as teacher, testifying to her great success at Mackinaw. Much interest was awakened, a committee was appointed and reported that sixty-seven dollars had been subscribed to sustain the school,

and twenty-five scholars were promised who could pay tuition. The school opened in September, in a little loghouse just outside the military reservation; used up to that time by Mr. John Wright as a store. While Miss C— was waiting for Mr. Wright to vacate the log store, he was erecting a frame one, the fourth built in the village, into which to move his goods. This removal being accomplished Miss C— took possession of the log building with her scholars and Miss Lucy Beach who was her assistant. The house was divided by calico curtains into two apartments, one for schoolroom the other for lodging-room. The wife of Sergeant Adams who lived near the bridge, prepared the meals for the two teachers and brought them to their cabin; many of the scholars furnished chairs for themselves, but those who were unable to do so had primitive seats supplied them. None of these had backs and there were no desks, but there was a table on which the older pupils did their writing. At one end of the room was a small raised platform with a table for the teacher. The apparatus consisted of a numeral frame, maps of the U. S. and the world, a globe, scripture texts and hymns, and illustrations of geometry and astronomy. Miss Chappell continued to teach in this log schoolhouse until January 1834 when she moved into the First Presbyterian church building

in which soon afterward her infant school gave an exhibition which was highly satisfactory to her and to the patrons. An appropriation was made by the commissioners from the public school fund for the partial maintenance of this school, by which official act Miss Chappell was recognized as the first teacher employed and to her must be accredited the honor of having taught the first public school in Chicago. Miss C— soon conceived the idea of educating the girls who lived on the prairies. Her proposition to the parents of these girls was, that if they would send in their daughters with provisions upon which to subsist, she would give them a home in a one-and-one-half-story frame house owned by a sergeant in the fort which stood on La Salle street nearly west of the jail. In response to this offer, twelve girls were sent to her school, and made their homes with her in the Sergeant's house. After getting in this older class of pupils it was decided to fit them for teachers so this became the first normal institution in Chicago. Beside Miss Beach, Miss Mary Barrows—afterward Mrs. Dudley and the mother of one of the pioneer missionaries of the W. B. M. I. in Japan—was associated with Miss C— and when she resigned the charge in 1835, it passed into the care of Miss Ruth Leavenworth.

To return once more to the journal beginning "January 18 1834."

“Surely ‘God leadeth the blind by a way that they know not’ but if ‘God lead, I need not, shall not’ fear. ‘How can I sink with such a prop.’ The earth may be removed and the heavens pass away but the little child with head pillowed on the bosom of Jesus may rest secure.—

“19th. My school prospers. Mountains seem to be giving way. ‘God shall work and none shall hinder.’ Much has already been done, for this wicked and gain-saying people. I was permitted to attend the dedication service of a Presbyterian church on the first Saturday of this month. A pleasant and commodious building—the third church building in this place including the Catholic. When I arrived last September; there was no house of worship here. A small circle of Christians met in a log school-house. The Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists, now meet at their respective places.

“26th. Last evenng a prayer-meeting at my room. God himself was in our midst.

“Feburary, 16th. ‘Bless the Lord oh, my soul and all that is within me bless His holy name.’ What infinite fulness. My weak contracted soul can take in so little. Thanks to his grace I shall soon triumph over mine enemies. This diseased and quivering body shall be exchanged for one, ‘Like unto his glorious body.’ Shall I indeed be

assimilated body and soul to Jesus? Yes! I shall rise with Him, reign with Him. A sinner the 'chief of sinners.' Saved by *grace*. Richest most precious truth! My bodily infirmities are great, but they are my treasures. They teach me where is my strength. They drive me to Jesus. In strong confidence I rest there. I cast my infirmities on Him. He takes my sicknesses. I pant after His holiness. I long to be conformed to His likeness. I see in his word that this is His will. 'Even our sanctification.' It is indeed His will, that with faith unfeigned we should take Him for our sanctification and redemption 'Jesus is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' Faith is the principle. It triumphs over the world, and unites in one all the children with the Beloved, in whom the Father is ever well pleased.

"March 30th. A quarterly examination of the school took place two weeks since. Parents and patrons expressed much pleasure. More interest is manifested in the progress of the school than could have been anticipated. How wonderfully has God wrought for us!

Immediately upon the close of school left Chicago, in company with my assistant, Miss Beach, for the purpose of visiting the settlements about thirty miles south in one which her father resides. Mr. Porter and Mr. Freeman, who labor here,

ride alternately across the prairie to minister, to those in these settlements who will hear the word of life. These dear brethren have encountered much to make these trips the last year.

“April 1st. I hope to open school to-morrow Oh! my Saviour, what responsibility! I must see thy salvation in the conversion of these children. I cannot live if God do not appear for salvation!

“April 15th. ‘Heaven and earth may pass but the word of our God endureth forever.’ ‘My soul fainted for thy salvation, ‘saying when will thou comfort me.’ What wonders hath God wrought. My school-room is a Bethel. Yesterday was a day long to be remembered eternity alone can reveal its issues.

“18th. Hearing of two individuals, at a distance of twelve miles, upon whom God had laid His afflictive hand and who had expressed a desire to come to Jesus, I was led to believe that it was the will of the Lord that some of his children should go and, ‘Instruct them more perfectly’ accordingly with a dear brother and sister I went to search them out. Upon our arrival found that we had not been misled one already hoped in Christ. The other yielded to the power of God and spoke of pardoning love.

“24th. Two dear souls have as I trust yielded

to Christ, in my room this evening. It has been, I trust as 'the gate of heaven' to many souls. O! Lord! increase my faith! How little of Christ have I. How unlike my Saviour! Let me 'Be conformed unto His image.' Let the old man of sin die. Let God become all.

"June 6th. A teacher has just arrived designed to take my place in the school in Chicago. Jesus, Master give grace, wisdom, all she needs for the work. Shield her, keep under 'the shadow of thy wings.' Thou knowest well the sorrow of a stranger, and thou knowest too how to apply the healing balm to the weak and weary.

"17th. Excruciating pain of body. Sweet afflictions! I will esteem anything precious which leads to new discoveries of His love. May I strive to be conformed in character to the image that I may be esteemed. Thy 'sister.' What condescension! 'Whosoever shall do the will of my father the same is my mother and sister and brother.' 'Not as men pleasers but as doing the will of God from the heart.' The motives which prompt the children of the world and the children of God are, must be, entirely different, and as motives alone, in the sight of God gives character to acts with what abhorrence 'He must look upon much which the world counts good and great. How degrading to the Christian to be influenced in his conduct by

no higher motive than the approbation of the enemies of His master. Indeed that man who is governed by no other motive is far from righteousness this being one of the distinctive features of the children of this world 'They love the praise of men more than the praise of God.'

"July 6th. Have been permitted to-day to sit with my Beloved at His table I was led to contrast this with the first such season enjoyed in Chicago about nine months since. Then in a little log-cabin, a few, very few, altogether unknown almost to each other, but bound by the cords of Christ's love. To-day within the consecrated walls of a commodious church, a multitude assembled. Not a few active devoted Christians brought from almost every quarter. Several from our midst came forward and took upon themselves the solemn vow, henceforth to know nothing but Jesus.

"31st. How have I realized the power of God in sustaining me in a ride of ten miles on horse-back during the last week. I went to visit a school recently opened by a young lady who had been engaged with me in the work. God has opened in that dark corner an effectual door for labor. About twenty five children gathered from a distance of several miles around. Some fourteen years of age, who have not been taught that Jesus

Christ came to save them. Oh! gather them in thine own arms carry them in thy bosom. Saviour divine.

“August, 9th. Received letters from missionaries in the frontier settlements among the Indians requesting that an Infant school teacher be sent them. Several other places call loudly for help, Shall I go to Mackinaw for counsel in this matter?

She did make the trip and writes from there.

“16th. Met Miss Grant, principal of Ipswich seminary, Mass. Miss G. wishes to prepare and send out teachers. I consider this meeting most providential. We shall be enabled to open a way for many to press into this valley without delay. Miss G. is a superior woman and her plan of instruction highly approved by those who love the cause of Christ. Lord inspire these young women with a desire to devote themselves to teaching the ignorant and degraded.

“26th. Left Mackinaw very abruptly this morning for Chicago.

“October 28th. Many weeks have passed since I have written here. Much, very much, of importance has occurred. Indeed to an immortal being destined for eternity, what is not important? If, to our Father in heaven a sparrows fall is worthy of notice, what is too trifling for our improvement?

“November 5th. My situation at present is one involving deep and eternal responsibility, surrounded by a family of twelve, who have been committed to my care by their parents, and a school of sixty. I look up and cry ‘God of wisdom direct.’ Let these souls live, let them now be born of the spirit. Lord Jesus my hope is in Thee.

“27th. What mighty changes are affected in a few short days, and that for which we have long toiled and with the greatest care secured, removed in a moment—and only the cheerless echo left. Shall we rejoice to have it so? Yes! The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken ‘Blessed be the name of the Lord.’ I will greatly magnify His name in that He will not suffer His children to retain other Gods. Take all that hinders Thine entrance into our souls. Thou art our only portion, none else shall have dominion over us. Since Jesus has bought us at such a price, we will acknowledge no other Master. How I long to look into this plan without a veil, to know as I am known, to behold His beauty and inquire in the upper sanctuary. Lay aside every weight, Oh! my soul, and run for the prize, which is set before. Hid in Christ.’ My surety, my all! Darkness covers the land. My soul is sick when I look upon Zion. How is her beauty marred. Is this the Lamb’s wife? Oh, Lord Almighty. Wash and purify for thy name’s sake.

For thine honor's sake appear. These thorns in the flesh these bodily pains and infirmities are tokens that the day of my release is at hand —of late, by reason of increased debility I have been led to believe that my work in Chicago as a teacher is nearly finished. Lord not as I will but as Thou wilt.

CHAPTER IX

MARRIAGE AND MOTHERHOOD

Here the reader should be more formally introduced to 'Young Mr. Porter' with whose life that of Miss Chappell is from this time so closely linked. Jeremiah was the youngest child of Dr. William and Mrs. Charlotte Porter, and was born in the quaint and beautiful town of old Hadley—the village of the wide street and great elm trees—in the Connecticut valley just under the shadow of Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom. His father was one of long line of physicians, a grandson of Pres. Jonathan Edwards, and his mother, a Williams from Hatfield. The Hadley home had been in the family for two centuries and there the great roomy house, known to this generation as the old homestead, was built upon the site of a much older Porter mansion. Dr. Porter, was genial and generous and Mrs. P. a typical Puritan matron; looking well to the ways of her household, with ever ready hospitality, a woman of intense convictions, conscientious, thoughtful, and with the touch of melancholy which so naturally associated

itself with the stern religious teaching of the day. At twelve years of age, her youngest son thought he had given his heart to the Saviour, and, with the approval of his parents, desired to make public confession of his faith. The good pastor and deacons considered the case, and although they found nothing unsatisfactory in his experience, feared that he was too young to realize the meaning of the step, and advised him to postpone it until he should be more mature. Years went on. The lad knew that no change had come in his determination or desire, but accepted the judgment of his seniors, that he had not been converted, and went through his preparatory studies at Hopkins Academy, his college course under Dr. Griffin, at Williams, and two years of theological study at Andover, desiring and pleading for the coveted "change of heart." He was too honest to profess a transformation which he did not feel, too humble minded to assert that he had been a Christian from early youth. The officers had gone contrary to the usual course, in allowing a young man not a member of any church, to remain so long in the theological seminary, and he turned sadly away at the close of the second year. His own desire was to preach the gospel, but how could he proclaim to others that of which he had not experienced the saving power? For two years he took

charge of a Monitorial high-school in Troy, New York, and while teaching there, with great hesitation and self distrust, once more asked admission to the visible church, and made public profession of his faith in Christ. His last year of Theological study was spent at Princeton, and immediately upon his graduation he was ordained and commissioned by the American Home Missionary Society. He was first sent to Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and on his way, as has been mentioned, found Miss Chappel in the family of Mr. Stuart at Mackinaw. From that point his journey to the Sault was made in a birch bark canoe—which had been sent down for him by the Indian agent, Hon. H. R. Schoolcraft, the little craft was manned by French Canadian voyagers, and the party were three days on the way, camping at night on the shore, the last night in a snowstorm, for it was late in November when Mr. P. reached his place of labor. During the winter 1831-1832, the garrison and little community felt the mighty power of God's spirit, and many were brought to Christ. After eighteen months the troops from Fort Brady, (Sault Ste. Marie,) were ordered to Fort Dearborn (Chicago). As a large proportion of the little church were either officers or soldiers they urged their pastor to accompany them. The following story of their arrival at the Fort on Lake Michigan,

and welcome there, is taken from Andreas' history of Chicago.

“As there was a Baptist mission at the Sault sufficient to meet the needs of those left at that place Mr. Porter accepted the invitation to accompany them to Chicago—the Home missionary society had requested him to explore the shores of Lake Michigan, and see if there were any settlements where the gospel might be preached. Mr. Porter therefore, in company with the troops under command of Major John Fowle, arrived off Fort Dearborn May 12th, 1833, but on account of the roughness of the lake, did not land until the next day. Major Fowle had come to relieve Capt. Seth Johnson, and the little body of Christians in the Fort were much cast down, over the departure of the captain, who was a devout Christian, and a warm-hearted man. They knew what they were to lose, but did not know what they were to gain; hence it was natural that they should feel impatience and anxiety to know the religious character of those on board the schooner—On Monday, the waters being sufficiently smooth, the troops and others on the vessel landed, the surprise of those in the village of Chicago, was very great and agreeable to find that the schooner brought not only a minister, but the nucleus of a church organization, and a very warm welcome was extended to the

strangers. John Wright, an old acquaintance of Mr. Porters, in Williamstown, and one of the praying men of the village, taking his hand said: 'Well I do rejoice! Yesterday was the darkest day I ever saw—Capt. Johnson who had aided in our meetings was to leave us and I was almost alone—I have been talking about and writing for a minister for months in vain, and yesterday as we prayed with the Christian about to leave us, I was ready to despair, as I feared the troops coming in would all be utterly careless about religion. The fact that you and a little church were at the hour of our meeting, riding at anchor within gunshot of the Fort is like the bursting out of the sun from behind the darkest clouds.' Temporary arrangements were made for preaching in the fort; the carpenters-shop being emptied, cleaned and seated and the next Sunday Mr. P. preached his first sermon in Chicago. On June 1st. arrangements were made for public worship outside the Fort as many citizens objected to going there. In the course of the year the first church edifice was built and it was dedicated in January 1834.

This as has been said became Miss Chappell's school-room. Her work there, with the care of a family, and the many inconveniences of the roughly finished and crowded house, constantly overtaxed her strength, yet we find her abounding in other

labors. The ladies' prayer-meeting and missionary society were organized by her, and whenever there was sickness or bereavement in the little community she hastened as adviser and consoler. During the autumn and winter of 1834—1835, there was deep religious interest in the church and many outsiders were brought in. The earliest converts were from the school and its rooms were a sort of center for the work which followed. The last of January Miss C's body refused longer to respond to the call of her unwearied spirit, and she was prostrated upon a bed of pain, from which neither physicians nor friends expected her to rise again. Seven weeks of suffering reduced her to extreme weakness, but while others looked for her release she expected to recover, and, ready to hear the call either to go, or to arise and labor, she was kept in a calm and joy which was a wonder to all who saw her. In March there was decided improvement, and while still too feeble to leave her room, while any plan for labor, even for life seemed almost presumption, she promised, should she be restored, to become the wife of the young pastor, whose true helper in all parish work she had already been. Naturally, the family friends of Mr. Porter were distressed at the thought of such an association for the home missionary devoted to pioneer service. Miss C's most loyal admirers also,

like Mr. and Mrs. Stuart felt constrained to remonstrate—Mr. S. said, impetuously: "I never knew Miss Chappell do anything wrong before but this certainly is wrong;" and Mrs. S. wrote years afterward "It seemed the maddest thing in the world." Sensitive to the opinion and judgment of her friends this must have been a keen, although not unanticipated, trial to the invalid, but she knew herself better than they knew her. A sufferer always, she was conscious of such physical endurance as is rare, and had not, after the decision was made, any anxious care as to its wisdom. Mr. Porter had known her only as a sufferer, understood her limitations, and having asked counsel of God, they truly believed that not only their greatest happiness but their largest usefulness lay in the union of their lives.

Mr. Porter, the youngest child of a large family, was peculiarly dear to his mother, as the one whom she had given to the work of the ministry, and it was no less a trial to him than to her, that in his choice of a wife he should so grieve her. He had however, absolute confidence that he had done wisely and thought it only necessary for his friends to know his strong-hearted, if physically frail, Eliza to rejoice with and congratulate him. A packet of old yellow letters written during the few weeks of their separation before their marriage tell the story

from his own standpoint, letters almost too sacred even for the eyes of their children, which breathe the devotion which they saw lived before them year after year—and which formed their ideal of a love without selfishness, strong enough to overcome all things, and having its reward in a unity of aim and purpose so complete as to have made their lives an idyl. Miss Chappell wrote nothing which is preserved of her engagement, and probably did not inform her friends of her plans, until she went to Rochester in April 1835. From her youth she had been doing the most unanticipated and apparently impracticable things. She had carried out, and been successful in, enterprizes which appeared Utopian, and her family friends had almost come to believe that whatever she undertook would prosper. She had gone alone to the wilds of the west, they could hardly do otherwise than rejoice that for the future—whether longer or shorter—she was to have the loving care of one whom they had learned to respect and admire from her description of the pastor so devoted to the up-building of Christ's cause on the frontier. Mr. Porter went east in May as the delegate of the Ottawa Presbytery to the General. Assembly in Pittsburgh, Penn. and returned to Rochester in the following month. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Tryon Edwards, in the Brick church of that

city, June 15th, 1835. The wedding feast was at the home of a brother of the bride, Mr. Robert Chappell, and friends from Geneseo and Mt. Morris, were present to wish them joy. They went immediately to New England, where the young wife made the conquest of the hearts of Mr. P's. friends which he had anticipated. There must have been, however, not a few trying things about the visit. The mother and sisters were energetic competent women beside whom the little bride seemed very frail and delicate. Madame Porter was erect, queenly, and most direct and plain of speech. Charmed with the brightness and spirituality of her new daughter, she was filled with foreboding as she saw the too manifest tokens of disease. Sitting beside her one day she took the transparent little hand in hers and exclaimed almost involuntarily, "Oh! what can such a poor little hand do?" The story was told when Mrs. P. looked on hands no longer shapely and transparent, but toil-worn and wrinkled, and said, with gentle humor "What haven't these poor 'little hands' done in the fifty years since then?" The New England household may not have been at once convinced of the wisdom of Jeremiah's choice, but they never wondered at it after they knew his wife and grew to regard her, as the years went on, with an admiring affection which quite satisfied her husband.

On the 30th, of July Mr. and Mrs. P. reached Chicago on their return. It had already been decided that the church should seek another pastor and Mr. P. had tried to secure one while at the east, but he was to remain with them until some arrangement for the supply of the pulpit could be made.

In August the Juvenile missionary society, organized by Miss Chappell, had a sale of fancy articles made during the two years, and realized \$140.00 which was sent to Gutzlaff's mission in China, "for the distribution of Bibles in that great Empire." Suggestive certainly, as the young pastor and his wife were later to make their personal offering, that of their children, to the same dark land.

In September Mrs. Porter, went with her husband to visit his cousins at Hadley, Ills. a little settlement of Hampshire Co. colonists near the present site of Lockport. Dr. and Mrs. Moses Porter, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Williams, and the Rev. Lucian Farnam were all living there. Dr. P., Mr. W. and Mrs. F., were cousins of Mr. P.

Mrs. Porter, remained with the friends for two weeks, and the foundations were laid for most delightful and life-long friendship.

About this time came calls to the churches in Green Bay, Wisconsin, and Peoria, Ills. After

careful consideration it was thought best to go to the latter place, and there November found them.

They took with them a little motherless girl, who had been committed to Miss C's care by her dying parent, and whom, on her return to Chicago, she found with friends awaiting her in the hope that she would give her a home. The three went into the family of Dr. and Mrs. Cross, who had at the time three children. They had been there but a few weeks when the eldest daughter—a lovely child of eight years—died, and the bereaved household and the pastor's wife were brought into very tender relations by the sympathy and aid given at the time.

In March, 1836, the first child William Robert, came to rejoice the hearts of the parents. Mrs. Porter had looked forward to this event with quiet confidence, and while her friends had the greatest anxiety for her, as she had been very ill during the winter, she was kept in entire restfulness of spirit. Her really fine physical endowment revealed itself now as in every similar experience. For a few months the bright and healthful child was the delight of the circle, but in less than a year, the following February, he was seized with convulsions and taken away after most distressing suffering. Mrs. P. had received the child as peculiarly "from the Lord" to Him she gave him, with

the same submission which made all her life, however full of pain, free from struggle, and with a deep sense of the joy which lay even in such a loss she wrote "They only can be said to possess a child forever, who have lost one in infancy." Yet the tender mother heart was sore for her first born, and many a mourner, with whom she wept, knows what precious lessons she learned in that school of sorrow, for the solace of other stricken ones.

The year 1837, was a sadly eventful one in the little community, as well as in their home. In the autumn Mr. P. was away for some weeks to attend meetings of the Presbytery Synod, and an anti-slavery convention at upper Alton. There he saw for the last time Elijah Lovejoy, who shortly after was killed by a mob. The journey was made in stormy weather across a soaking prairie, and the latter part of it under great excitement, as in siding with the abolitionists, he was going contrary to the judgment and desire of almost all his friends, and placing himself in the ranks of a hated and maligned party. He preached twice on the Sabbath after he reached home, although burning with fever. This was his last work for many weeks, he went down into the very shadow of death. Mrs. Porter endured the fatigues of the long nursing in a way which surprised all the circle who shared the care with her. In this emergency as in many

which came after it was found that the "frail little woman" was the one whose strength and courage never failed, and that she was able to bear a strain under which the strong fainted.

Before Mr. P's recovery the third and last child of Dr. Cross was taken from them by disease, and the first time the pastor and wife went together from his sick room, it was to that house of mourning. Shortly after came tidings of the death of Mrs. Flavel Bascom, who had come to Central, Ills., as a bride about a year before. The new country, with its great stretches of undrained prairie, proved most unhealthful for New England people, and within a few years Mr. P. noted in his journal the death of seven minister's wives and of many children. Restored to health again, with his wife carried safely through the long anxious watching they came to the end of this year with peculiar gratitude. In December they removed to Farmington Ills., and then, for the first time in their married life took possession of an entire house; up to this time they had either boarded or lived in a few rooms under the same roof with others, and established themselves in their own home—although still a rented one. There in February they welcomed the second son James Wolcott, and in November of the following year the third, John Edwards. There are no more journals, very few let-

ters from Mrs. Porter's pen during these and many subsequent years. Dear home cares and untiring parish work filled all the hours. Mr. P's journals still, as through all the years since he left them, went regularly to the New England friends, and from these the sequence of events is easily gathered. They are filled, however, more with details of ministerial than household life, and convey above everything else the impression that neither of the two ever forgot that the end of life was service, and to "sow besides all waters" if by any means souls might be won to Christ.

Early in 1840, the church at Green Bay, which had twice before desired Mr. Porter, as their pastor, again urged him to come to them and in April of that year they set out for the new field. James was at this time little more than two years old and baby John about six months. The trip to Chicago was made by private conveyance. A friend from Farmington, Mr. Wilcox whose invalid wife was to accompany them to the north, drove the carriage in which the ladies and children with Mr. P. were. The roads were bad, the days stormy and often the wheels of both carriage and wagon were sunk deep in the mud; the desired stopping places could not be reached at night, and the weary travelers, and half-sick children were glad to find lodging in the log-cabins or small rude frame

houses of scattered settlers. Coarse fare and poor accommodations often, but every where, kindly if rough hospitably and the young mother was never too weary for some thoughtful aid, some word of sympathy and cheer, which made the visit memorable as that of one who was walking in a light not of the earth and so not shadowed by its vicissitudes. She had need now of clear vision of the things unseen for weary watchings, long weeks of painful anxiety were before her on that pilgrim way. After many delays and exposures they reached the homes of the circle of cousins at Hadley, but not before little John had become very ill. Since their previous visit Mr. and Mrs. Williams had been stricken by the death of their children, and only little Mary, now Mrs. E. W. Blatchford of Chicago, was left of the dear group to welcome them. Mrs. W. a great hearted, noble minded woman, had too recently seen own her children pass away to be hopeful for any feeble child, and from the first, thought the baby could not recover. For two weeks the parents and friends watched the little sufferer, and at the end of that time it seemed best for them to pursue their journey. In Chicago, Mrs. John Wright made them welcome to her home and there for another week they awaited the coming of a steamer for Mackinaw. Physicians assured them that the lake trip was likely to be

beneficial, rather than otherwise, to the malarial poisoned, and fever parched babe, and they embarked hoping to go directly to Green Bay, but again, as in almost every move on this journey, they were disappointed. They waited a week at Mackinaw for a schooner for the Bay. The time must have passed wearily, as their friends, both in community and mission were gone, and they were strangers in a comfortless hotel.

In July they at length reached their destination, having been seven weeks and four days on the way from Farmington, and all that time watching the struggle with disease of the suffering child. They were welcomed by Mr. Mitchell, early mentioned in Mackinaw journal by Miss Chappell, who was now a resident of Green Bay, and taken directly to his home. There for another week the gentle mother devoted herself to her baby boy, and then with relief as well as sorrow, saw him released from pain, and began life in her new home with only little James as her child comforter. Perhaps in the early days of her loneliness, was born in the boys heart that tenderness for his mother which through childhood, youth and manhood made him her peculiarly devoted knight. The bracing climate of northern Wisconsin, was a great contrast to that of the malarial prairies of Illinois and with reviving strength, the pastor and his wife entered upon the new work with chastened hope and loving zeal.

CHAPTER X

GREEN BAY LIFE. THE HOME AND THE PARISH

This was there home for eighteen years, the home in which the family life developed, which all the household now surviving remember, the only one in which they were for a succession of years together. There the mother learned many of the deeper things which belong to her character as they it, and about it the fondest and dearest of the home memories cluster. We need not trace the events year by year, but may glance at the vicissitudes, the duties and responsibilities of the increasing family and the parish and see how they met by this gentle woman who "loved those her heavenly Father permitted her to call her own, with a constancy and tenderness which no language can represent," and yet held even these as a trust, given not to release her from, but to give new solemnity, to that peculiar consecration of her youth. Her old friend Mr. Stuart said after visiting her in Green Bay, "Well! I was mistaken. Here is that little woman, whom I thought just slipping into the grave, more devoted than ever—a perfect wife, a perfect

mother and a perfect housekeeper." Was she that? No one would have answered emphatically in the negative with such emphasis as herself. Her standard was the law of God. She did not reach her own ideals, and these she knew to be far below His perfect will. Those who know her most intimately give uniform testimony to her rare faithfulness, in that which is least. Had she attained without apparent struggle that which she set before her household as the aim, there would have been less tenderness and not more of reverence in the affection of her children than came with their occasional glimpses of the imperious will, so habitually restrained; her keen sarcasm and look of scorn were far more dreaded by them, than any other punishment. She saw through a subterfuge, at a glance, and could by an attitude or gesture make a weakness seem so petty, for she was a natural mimic. They loved her the more, that with such weapons in her armory, she forbore to use them, and they admired as well as loved her, the more that they knew she forbore, and was not incapable. Mr. Porter first found a home in the large mansion of Mr. Mitchell, into which they had been welcomed as guests, and then established his household in another, owned by the same thoughtful and generous friend. In 1847 he purchased the low rambling story and a half cottage, diagonally opposite

the church, and that was, and is to the family the Green Bay home. Its ceilings were low, its rooms of very moderate size, it had quaint corners, and stairways and closets in unexpected places. A wood-house, carriage-house and ice-house in a long L. had over them the most charming of attics for adventurous climbing upon beams, and hidings in the dark corners of the sawdust-packed walls about the ice chamber. To the south and east of the house lay the vegetable and flower gardens, while to the northwest, shut in on two sides by the house and the above mentioned L. and from the street by a high board fence, was the grassy yard, devoted largely to the children. Long wood piles had their place, and clotheslines were stretched over the lawn, but these only added to its interest and possibilities for entertainment. In it were the teter and swing, and against the woodhouse a long carpenter's bench. But one window overlooked it, and that was from mother's room. In all the neighborhood it was understood that there was no place for play like that yard and the delightful L. and it was the gathering place of the children. Remembering the mother's busy life one wonders now how she could have endured that noisy group just under the window. It seemed to the children that she always was there, the mending basket, replenished as soon as emptied, by her side. Reproofs

were infrequent, bright kindly suggestions came often to the screaming, laughing company. Galantry to girls was the fashion on that playground: was it because the soft-voiced hostess spoke so courteously to boys that she at once made them feel themselves gentlemen? There were times when the voice was not soft; when the rudest quailed before a flashing eye, and note of scorn in the tone which was not easily forgotten and which no one wished twice to encounter; that was when something cruel was done, an insect tortured, or a shrinking little child teased. No one who had seen it could doubt the capacity for righteous indignation in the usually placid woman. Many a boy shrank away from another look, accompanied by few words with which she dismissed the guest who violated the hospitality of the yard by vulgar or profane speech. To many things she was apparently deaf; while play was good-humored and language clean, the neighborhood were welcome to her lawn, and the companionship of her cherished children. Not a difficult thing perhaps in the earlier years, but as time went on a large foreign population came into the town and a number of families of the ignorant class took possession of a tenement house near the minister's. Should these children, dirty, unkempt, knowing little English and of that, alas! a good share better unknown, be also

the companions of her sons and daughters? She considered the question as she did every one—before the Lord. She belonged to Him, so did those whom He had entrusted to her. Were they not to be used for the service of the lost also? Was any life too young, too weak, to have part in the “seeking and saving?” If any one in the parish were excluded from possible help she might give, would not the soul be “Required at the watchman’s hands?” We knew nothing of the struggle; we only knew that our clannish unwillingness to share our pleasures with “Those children” was made to appear very unlovely in our eyes, and we vied with one another in efforts to win our bashful neighbors. The large boys soon went to work, and we saw no more of them, but the little girls in the quaint caps and short waisted dresses of the old country peasantry became our devoted friends. We sewed patchwork together under that low window and the tireless mender within found time and thought to teach the motherly maidens to darn and patch for the babies who rolled on the grass beside them. When sickness and death came to the home she took us with her when she went to put one of our baby dresses on the little form before it was laid in the coffin, and was more than rewarded when the poor mother exclaimed “Oh! the Holy Mother herself is not more kind. I will teach the children

to be good if you will show me how!" The sense of responsibility of stewardship was ever upon her. She used to say so often and earnestly. "Don't miss the little opportunity for doing a kindness. It may not come again to-morrow; it is only by being very careful to use each one that we can be ready when a great door opens." For herself she seemed always on the watch for that "Great door." All daily service and friendly ministry was to win a way by which to make her Lord lovely in the eyes of those about her, and find the heart door into which He might enter.

No where was her wise forethought more manifest than in the domestic arrangements, the ordering of her household. She could not gratify her love for beautiful things, narrow means and limited time forbade that, but her home had always the adornment of exquisite neatness and its simple belongings were arranged with a care and taste which made them appear at their best. She used to say with a smile, "I was always too busy to wait upon my children. I had to do what was far harder; teach them to on themselves." So there was watchful care to make it practicable, rows of nails in convenient places, within the reach of very short arms, and the gentle reminder never neglected or forgotten. If they forgot she seldom did the thing for them, but let them find the discomfort and annoyance of

neglected duty. The penalty was as far as possible the deprivation of the very privilege abused. A cap or bonnet thrown down meant the quiet but absolutely inexorable refusal to allow the offender to go out the next time he or she was ready for play; a disorderly room a call from the merriest game to set it to rights, and the reason given more often than any other was "We cannot have a pleasant home unless you learn to remember." Very soon to her own thought, and early to theirs came the oft repeated: "My children must acquire such habits as will make them the least care to others, for mother will not be with them, to do things for them." Northern Wisconsin seemed almost as far from school privileges in those days as the remotest frontier town, in the new west does now. The elder boys were sent to Mr. Porter's old New England home when mere children; each in turn had years in the family of kind uncles and aunts in Hadley, and all but the youngest, at one time or another were in the academy there.

Nowhere were Mrs. Porter's conscientiousness and executive ability more clearly displayed than in her dealings with those who came into her service. She was never able to bear the entire burden of household labor and never tried to do so, but she could often secure only the most untrained and incompetent help, and much of her time was

necessarily given to the details of the kitchen. An excellent cook, she made it her aim to prepare very simple food so daintily and nicely that it should be always inviting. To set a thoroughly wholesome, attractive and yet inexpensive table is no easy task with all modern conveniences and labor saving devices, to do it forty years ago was yet more difficult, and to do without expending upon it hours which were more valuable for other service was her aim. How often have I seen the long snowy, sand-scoured table in the little kitchen, covered when we sat down to breakfast, with her morning baking, already taken from the oven, the fruit of her busy hands, while the house was still, and her guests, if not her children, asleep. Mr. Porter was usually in the garden for two hours before the seven o'clock breakfast in summer, and she in the buttery caring for the cream and butter or doing the baking for the large household. The girl was often just from northern Europe; Norwegian, German, or Belgian, ignorant of everything American even to the language and needing constant supervision in the simplest details. Some of those helpers went from Mrs. Porter's kitchen to pleasant homes of their own, and wherever they went, each carried memories of most thoughtful kindness, painstaking teaching in the lines of domestic work, and very few left the home who had

not learned to read or write while in her service. How did she find the time? Took it where there was no other teacher, but after her children had mastered the First Reader she had no lack of happy co-adjutors. One at least sat often on that sand-scoured table before she was tall enough to reach up from a chair, to follow the big finger of German Mary, as it went from side to side of the Tract Primer, in laborious ploughing of the lines of that elementary text-book. How often the mother said "God sent Mary to help us in the kitchen so that we could teach her about Him!" and there was a sort of shock when we learned that in some household this department—the school in the kitchen—formed no part of the domestic economy. None could have accomplished what Mrs. Porter did who was not skilful in marshalling her forces and setting others at work. One trifling instance of this will suggest her methods. The browning of coffee was a task too delicate to be trusted to careless or inexperienced hands yet one for which her own time was quite too precious. For many years a poor old neighbor, dependent on the parish for support, came weekly for the berries which she browned with most painstaking care to the exact shade desired, over her own little stove, and took her toll for her own drinking. Another neighbor famous for her skill in putting up fruit, relieved

the pastor's wife from much of that care and in return received a share of the fruit, and was assisted in knitting for her family by the tireless fingers of Mrs. Porter, whose needles were always in motion while she received guests and listened to the stories of domestic or parish difficulties, poured from all quarters into her sympathetic ears. The household always included others than her own; during almost all the years at Green Bay she had some lady teacher in the family; through whom she was able to gain influence over the young people. Miss Mary Waters, afterward Mrs. John Smith of Peoria, Ills., was first with them, beloved as a sister by both Mr. and Mrs. P. Later Miss Sabra Adams, (now Mrs. H. H. Benson of Wauwatosa, Wis.,) and her sister Miss Martha Adams for many years and still a devoted laborer in A. M. A. work at the south, were in the home. A nephew of Mr. Porter's, stepson of one of his sisters, was for five years a member of the family while studying law, and beginning its practice at Green Bay. He was a man of brilliant mind, just from college, critical and inclined to skepticism—but was soon won to admiring love for Aunt Eliza and ready to admit that her goodness was genuine and her mind as keen as her heart was kind. She saw through shams and hated them as vigorously as did the arrogant student, but she believed in

God and goodness as he was trying not to, and as he watched her daily life he acknowledged a power, not of the earth which made her in her weakness, strong. The daughters of her younger brother who lived in Illinois, spent years in her family, three being there in turn, and part of the time two together. Aside from these inmates of the home, transient guests were constantly coming and going. Green Bay was the terminus of the steamer route from Buffalo, so that almost all ministers on their way to and from the east, passed through there. The pastor's house was always open to them, and they were entertained with a beautiful hospitality which made such visits long to be remembered. Home missionaries with their families, weary preachers off for vacation and not a few tourists whose names are widely known, came to the little home. How either house or purse proved adequate to the many demands upon them is hard to understand, but the well ordered household was prepared for emergencies and the great hearted woman who presided over it accepted each guest as sent of the Lord, and her ministry to physical need as part of the service rendered Him. The parish extended far out in the country, not a few came from a distance for Sabbath worship, some of these were very poor people. One family who lived seven miles dis-

tant brought several little children. If they stayed to the afternoon service they must have, and even if they went back before it, they needed a mid-day meal. How should it be provided? Could the already over-burdened house-mother undertake that also? Her courage almost failed but never quite, and she loved to tell how God made plain the way.

Among those brought into the church during the early years of Mr. Porter's ministry, was an elderly lady whose husband was a judge in very comfortable circumstances. He was much displeased that his wife left his, the Episcopal church, which however, he rarely attended, for the "Fanatical Presbyterian" and would contribute nothing to its support. The wife however, had control of the household expenditures and for years, each Saturday there came to the parsonage loaves of bread, cards of sweet raised buns, and often a great pan of doughnuts from Grandma—there was no more question about the Sunday lunch, and many an hour of tender helpful teaching Mrs. Porter gave while serving tea, buns and doughnuts to country parishioners. At one time the family from Duck Creek came in the week time with sick children to get medical advice.. The weather was bitterly cold, they could not be sent home beyond the reach of a physician, so room was found or made for

them in the little cottage and the mother, comforted and instructed in the art of nursing while Mrs. Porter watched with her for many days over the little ones. Both recovered and the only comment in Mr. P's journal is "We are very grateful that we could help bear their burdens." Not a word of what it cost! Four untidy, ill-cared for persons taken into Mrs. Porter's daintily neat and carefully ordered home!

Other guests came too, stole in under cover of the night, whose presence must not be known even by the neighbors, for there was a strong pro-slavery element in the parish and not a little ill-feeling at the pronounced abolition views of the pastor. This story we can give in Mrs. Porter's own words as she wrote it out at the request of Dr. William Crawford, when he was preparing a historical discourse for the fortieth anniversary of the Green Bay, church. She wrote: "I am not surprised that you could not learn much in regard to the concealment of the fugitives for it was secret service, before the Lord, which, had we taken counsel of wise men in church and state could not have been performed. The facts were on this wise. A letter came from Mr. L. Goodell of Stockbridge, saying that a father and his children had for some time enjoyed refuge in that Indian nation, but pursuers had discovered their resting place and would find

means to re-enslave them. Friends had planned to send them by night to Green Bay. Would we receive them and send them to the steamboat on the coming Tuesday? Surely we could do that small service without disturbing any conscience however weak, especially as the captain of the boat was said to be an abolitionist. They would arrive at night and could be put on board without observation. They did not arrive at the hour appointed; but at midnight we were awakened by a knock at our window, and there stood the poor trembling father, and three cold hungry children. Our house was already full and the boat was not in port, and they feared the pursuers were on their track. In a few hours many inquisitive eyes and ears would be open. Mr. Porter said: 'Where can we hide them. In the ice-house? In the side closets of the parsonage?' I asked the God of all wisdom, love and truth to direct and during the act of prayer a text of scripture came to mind which suggested the church. 'Yes. That is the place,' Mr. Porter replied, 'the belfry!' They were warmed, fed and comforted with the assurance that they were among friends and then Mr. Porter took them to the sanctuary—to the highest place in it. The boat we looked for at dawn, did not come; four long days and anxious nights passed, and the dear man fed and cheered them and

did not grow weary. On Saturday morning the question came what effect the Sabbath services might have upon their retirement; indeed many questions were arising which were solved by the delightful announcement that the boat was in sight, already in harbor. Mr. Porter, Mr. Kimball and others made arrangements for their departure. When I opened the church door, the glad father and happy children rushed out and took their places in a little sail-boat which was waiting for them at the shore and were carried to the steamer Michigan, when Capt. Stewart took them into his care and conveyed them to her Majesty's land of freedom. On landing the first act of the grateful father was to prostrate himself, kiss the free soil, and give thanks to the Lord who had brought them out of the house of bondage." Mrs. Porter adds in parenthesis: "There were so many ludicrous incidents connected with the whole affair that as I write I must need pause and laugh alone".

At another time a very tempest of revolt was stirred up in one little girl's heart by "a dirty black girls'" being lodged in the child's room. When, however, in the middle of the night the poor fugitive sprang up with wild cries that "the officers are after me," and the penitent child saw the marks of the cruel whip across her shoulders, a passion of desire to atone for her selfishness took possession of her,

and the patient mother, who a few hours before had tried in vain to win cheerful consent to the defilement of her presence in the room, now had equal difficulty in persuading the impetuous little creature that she ought not to give all her most cherished possessions to the poor girl to "make up."

Evidently a house full of such ardent little people was not a safe place for concealment and the wanderer was hurried on to Mr. Tank's more quiet home to await a steamer. Among Mrs. Porter's marked characteristics were her fearlessness and quiet under the most trying circumstances, an instance or two of this fortitude and calm will show how, as if instinctively, her mind went forward to the thing to be done, and emotion was held in abeyance for action. Soon after their coming to Green Bay, while they were in Mr. Mitchell's large house the eldest son, not four years old, was seen one day perched on the ridgepole of the high roof. He had made his way up a long ladder to the eaves, from there to the top, and was in a position of real peril. The mother saw him, hardly dared to look for a moment, realized that no one could reach the child without startling him and increasing his danger. She stopped for an instant of prayer, then spoke in the quiet tone which he was always accustomed to obey. "You have been on the roof long enough dear, come down to mam-

ma," There was no suggestion of anxiety or fear, it was so simple and matter of fact that the baby boy was not disturbed, but unconscious of danger made the perilous descent. A friend who was inside the window, and who told the story said: "I sat and cried, but Mrs. Porter just looked up smiling to encourage the child, and did not go near the ladder until he was within her reach." At another time, one Saturday morning the nursery was arranged for the weekly baths—the tubs set near the stove, and a great fire of pine kindled. the stovepipe loosened near the chimney and began to fall. Cotton clothing was lying about the room and three little children playing there. Mrs. P. saw the danger to them and the probability that curtains or bedding would take fire, she stepped forward, caught and held the almost red hot pipe, and said, "Go quickly for papa!" Before help came the hands were blistered, in one or two spots burned to the bone, but she had not loosened her hold. Not a hair of baby curls was singed, little nerves scarcely startled, for there had been no exclamation either of fear or pain, just the eager mother look of protecting love, while she waited.

There were never any but little children in that home. The eldest son left at nine years of age for New England, the second before he was twelve, and the eldest daughter went to Chicago,

to the home of Mrs. John Williams, for her ninth winter. They returned to be sure, but the boys for no long continued home life and the daughter was in the Hadley academy at fourteen. In 1845 Henry Dwight the fifth son and sixth child was born. He was a frail delicate boy, and when a little sister came fifteen months later, had not learned to walk. What should the mother do with two helpless babies? She loved to tell the story how her sallow-faced, great-eyed boy was brought to her bedside, and she explained to him that this was his baby, a little sister come to be his peculiar charge. Oh! wise mother! She had reason to anticipate chivalry from his father's sons. The sick baby boy did not disappoint her trust, however much he needed mother's care, a sound from the cradle was a signal for his slipping from her lap and "My baby cry," was his plea for her to take up, not himself, but, "little sister." The tired mother rejoiced in her generous boy, and of all household stories loved to repeat none better than incidents of his unchildlike unselfishness and devotion to the chubby unappreciative usurper of all the peculiar rights and privileges of that kingdom which belongs in every home to the youngest.

The year 1849 saw the birth of the last daughter, a sweet fair-headed blue-eyed maiden who seemed especially mother's because more of a Chappell than



MADAM TANK (1870)

Porter, in coloring and feature. She stayed with us but a year, and dear memories in the home, and another little mound in the graveyard were all left on earth of the mother's namesake Eliza. Two years later the ninth and last child came to the circle named Robert, for Mrs. P's father and Otto for Mr. Tank, who had the year before come to Green Bay and was already one of the most beloved friends of the family. No life of Mrs. Porter would be complete which did not give somewhat full mention of this singular and remarkable household. This cannot be better done than by a little sketch prepared for the Chicago Advance at the time of Mrs. Tanks death in 1891, which will be found in the appendix. In desire to promote the cause of Christ, and devotion to his service Mrs. Tank and Mrs. Porter were kindred spirits, but in all the circumstances of their lives, and in their natural endowments and qualities there could hardly have been a greater contrast. Practical work, the guidance and control of those about her, and the details of household management were as easy for the one as difficult for the other. No man, woman, or child, came into Mrs. Porter's circle with whom she did not soon find or make a common interest, while Mrs. Tank looked in vain for that which was sympathetic or congenial among this busy alien people. The two households soon

became very intimate. Mary, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Tank, was allowed to associate with almost no other young people, but was soon at home in the pastor's family. She and Charlotte Porter were of the same age and their child friendship grew with the years, and was a most helpful one to both. Mrs. Porter appreciated and loved Mrs. Tank, and she in turn had the most reverent and tender attachment for the wise and practical friend, whose judgment she trusted and whose methods and aims seemed to her so Christlike.

CHAPTER XI

THE SCHOOL IN THE COURTHOUSE. HOMELIFE AND OTHER INTERESTS

The private schools which Mrs. Porter's influence had secured from time to time at Green Bay, met very inadequately the needs of the growing town. The want of proper instruction for the youth was a constant burden to her and no sooner was she released from the demands of the nursery than she determined to do something to supply the lack. Robert was but five years old when she decided to established a school which should at least be a beginning of better things, and encourage others to carry them forward. Two sisters, recent graduates of Knox college were found, daughters of old Mackinaw missionary friends, who were willing to come to Green Bay, and enter upon this school work with no fixed remuneration. They were to have a home in Mrs. Porter's family, and receive such sums as should come from a moderate tuition. No child was however, to be excluded from the school because not able to pay for its privileges. The upper floor of the court-

house building was secured, four large and two smaller rooms. In the main room Mrs. P. herself presided, while her assistants heard recitations and had charge of the older pupils in the others; two nieces, then in her household, gave her some aid in caring for the one hundred children who were gathered in the barely finished and not very comfortable large room. Mr. Porter was enlisted for recitations each day, in higher mathematics and Latin, which for want of other room were crowded into the entry. The family at the parsonage now numbered thirteen. Happily a strong and efficient middle-aged woman, generally competent in her own department, presided in the kitchen so Mrs. P. was not obliged to be head cook as was so often the case; but general manager she was, arranging and perscribing the duties of each one of the somewhat complex family. One of the nieces was an invalid, able to meet only the lightest responsibilities, the other had been sent to her aunt's care because of over-wrought nerves and needed special thoughtfulness and wisdom in her guidance. The efficient servant was mildly insane and while she performed her duties thoroughly and well was not to be relied on as to temper, and might be confidently expected to produce a sensation periodically, by the development of some new eccentricity. The young ladies from Galesburg came from a very different home;

they must be made happy in the little crowded parsonage, and not allowed to feel too keenly the contrast with their accustomed life. Mrs. P. had taken up each of these responsibilities, one after another, with stong conviction of duty, and her courage did not fail as she faced them all. From kitchen to parlor, from nursery to school-room she went, not forgetting or neglecting one interest for another and for months she showed to the community that there was need and demand for a school of high grade, which should fill the place of the New England academy.

The result was the beginning of the present system of graded city schools, and Mrs. Porter was repaid for all the anxious thought and many months of varied labors by seeing the next year a public school established with a thoroughly qualified teacher at its head, and a corps of good women as his assisstants.

Mr. Porter's parish included two or three preaching places besides his own church, and in these outlying districts Mrs. P. took the keenest interest, especially in a Sunday-school, which she had been instrumental in gathering, seven miles from town at the already mentioned settlement of Duck Creek.

It has been said that Mrs. P. wrote little during these years, it need hardly be added that she—the

eager student, so fond of books—read little. The other occupations were too manifold, but here she was more favored than many women. She was never allowed to lose her interest in, and knowledge of current events, but kept in sympathy with the thought of the time in theology, literature and politics. Mr. Porter read aloud as naturally and easily and with apparently as little fatigue as to himself, and wherever mother was, in pantry, nursery, or parlor, he followed with the latest newspaper or magazine. Neither the one nor the other were so voluminous or so varied as now, but they were read more conscientiously than in the present deluge of periodical literature, and the great events of church and state were known and discussed in the household. This reading aloud was Mr. Porter's relaxation and rest, the occupation of his leisure hours; and what a refreshment to the busy house-wife and mother to be taken from her little world, without neglecting it, into the larger sympathy and broader outlook of those who were leaders of thought and action in Christian philanthropic and scientific lines! In hours of study she was also when practicable, her husband's companion. The work-basket beside his table, instead of at her window, that she might share his reading and thought, if only by snatches. The children early learned to think of such hours as mother's

special pleasures, and to steal away with their eager demand for her sympathy or aid, which were never denied them, unuttered, because "mamma's in the study!" Clergymen and scholars who enjoyed her hospitality wondered to find this over-burdened housekeeper, surrounded by a group of high-strung exacting children, so ready to converse on current topics, so familiar with the questions of the day. Her mind grasped easily and held tenaciously whatever was presented to it,—and her quick comprehension and fine perception made her a real inspiration to those who had intellectual stores at command. They soon found themselves bringing out their best and finding it better than they had known as this gentle woman, with her keen appreciation and delicate tact drew them on. Her sense of humor was unailing, she was not witty, had small liking for jokes, and practical ones she abhorred, but the humorous side of things appealed to her and the look of amusement which would steal into her eyes was often a great relief to her children, as she pointed out to them the enormity of some infantile transgression. When everything went wrong, and there was no way out of a difficulty, the ludicrous side of it laid hold of her, and while many a nervous woman would have cried, she laughed. The secret, however, of her abounding joyousness, was neither in the tender love

which surrounded her in her home, nor in her natural buoyancy and versatility. She fed upon the word of God. No human presence was so real to her as that of the Divine friend and Helper. In her work-basket, or held open on a table, wherever she was, lay her little text-book. She went to it, often and eagerly, as a thirsty man seizes a glass of cool water. One of her sons said: "We have been brought up on milk, and proverbs." It was almost literally true. The simplest, most nutritious food for the body, God's word the standard and law for the spirit. We must obey her because it was His requirement. The solemn repetition of "Even a child is known by his doings" made us feel long before we understood it, that our little trivial acts were part of ourselves, the mere showing out of that which we were. For every crisis and place of decision she had some "word of the Lord" and the Psalmist's most ardent expressions as to the word, upon which his soul feasted, seemed the unexaggerated statement of her love and delight in that "Law and testimony."

Everything which perplexed or troubled her she carried to the secret place, and often, as she came from the little closet, there was a light on her face which seemed the very reflection of His upon which she had looked. The absolute calm with which she held to a purpose once formed, the in-

flexible determination with which she carried it out, were born of the conviction that she had "Received it of the Lord." This gave a gentleness to her firmness, a patience to her determination which made each well nigh invincible. She could wait, but she could not abandon a purpose which she truly believed to be God's plan, and so those about her came to share her conviction that whatever she thus undertook would prosper, and that Mrs. Porter's judgment, might be relied upon for their own, as well as for her personal decisions.

In the journals there are periodical references to the meetings of the Juvenile Missionary society often with the addition of such a sentence as "The children enjoyed a lunch together;" or "The boys and girls had dinner at the parsonage." No church in which Mr. P. was pastor but observed the monthly concert of prayer for missions, and none where Mrs. P. did not gather the children to teach them of the need of those in the places to which the gospel light had not gone, and to show them that their little gifts might help to open doors, and have their part in bringing the blessed light of life to the needy. Before Mr. Porter left Green Bay the little circles at De Pere, and Fort Howard to which he had preached, had church buildings and pastors of their

own, and the Duck Creek Sunday-school had become a regular service, under the care of a noble Christian lawyer, from the Episcopal church.

The people in these places however, as in other communions in Green Bay, itself, still looked to those who had been with them so long as counselors and helpers in times of difficulty and sorrow. Roman Catholics and Protestants, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, were among their warmly attached friends and not a few count it still, among the blessings of their lives that in youth they knew and loved Mrs. Porter. The Green Bay church, although able to pay but a meagre salary was not a Home Missionary one, during Mr. Porter's pastorate, but it was the only self-supporting one in the region. The town was the port for lake steamers from Buffalo and Chicago and, as there were no railroads in those days, all traffic from the east passed through it. Mr. and Mrs. P. naturally received and entertained most of those sent out by the A. H. M. S. as they came and went, and knew intimately such households and their needs. So, as naturally, home missionary boxes, were received, and their contents assorted and repacked in the home, and sent here and there as deemed wise. At how many such assortings the children assisted and what a holiday task they counted it! No word of condemnation ever came from the lips of

the mother, who knew from experience how quickly a mildly expressed criticism of hers would grow into indignant expressions of scorn from the intense little people who surrounded her; but there was an unmistakable look in her eye, and a smile such as none of them ever wished to bring to her lips by any action of their own, as she drew out old crinoline or battered beaver-hats and said: "Take those up to the dark closet and put them in the far corner." None of them ever knew where or by whom that "far corner" was emptied, but it must have been so periodically. There was another expression on her face, one of such gladness and tender exultation, as she found "Just the thing for Mrs. ——, baby," "Such a nice suit for Mrs. ——." "A beautiful coat for the oldest boy at—" and made up the bundle with loving hands. More than once I have seen a weary home missionary mother sit beside her, shedding tears of relief and gratitude as they looked over the store set aside for her need, and, even as a child, I realized the delicate thoughtfulness which hid away the almost insulting gift of cast off finery, or clothing too much soiled for a home of refinement, and brought out only that which made the offering seem one of sisterly love from eastern friends, and relieved the need without wounding the spirit of the recipient.

So the years went on until 1858, full of cares and duties, and each one knitting closer the ties, which bound them to the northern Wisconsin home and work. At this time it seemed desirable to Mr. Porter both for his own sake and that of the church that a change of pastors should be made, and he resigned his charge. The family were scattered; the eldest son in broken health on a sea voyage seeking restoration, other children in school at Hadley, where all were sent for the winter except little Robert, who went with his mother to Western New York, among her kindred. Mr. Porter accepted a call to a mission church in Chicago, and there after a few months his wife joined him.

CHAPTER XII

THE CHICAGO PARISH 1858-1861. BEREAVEMENT— THE WAR

During the winter of 1858-59, they boarded near the Edward's chapel, which stood on the corner of Harrison and Halsted streets.

It was in the midst of a very needy portion of the city, and there was no other Protestant church so far to the south or west. A home was found and purchased a few blocks farther south on Halsted street, nearly opposite the now well-known *Hull House*, then recently built, and the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hull, with their son and daughter. They were most kindly and thoughtful neighbors, ever gratefully remembered by Mrs. Porter for the tender sympathy and aid in the months which followed. In March 1859 the scattered family gathered in the new house. Such a glad reunion, and such a welcome as the mother gave her wanderers! There were to be no more wide separations; Beloit with its college was near; the sons could spend their vacations at home, the eldest, if unable to study, find occupation there

while the daughters and younger son could attend school in the city. Happy planning for a united family life. It was enjoyed for a few brief months, from which some summer visits were subtracted, but in the early autumn disease invaded the circle; first the youngest son, and five weeks later, the eldest daughter were taken away. The little boy's disease was slow, insidious typhus, so that up to the very last days the physicians thought the case not a serious one. The mother was early alarmed and saw her child slipping from her while no one else recognized his danger. She led his thoughts to the probability that he might not recover and rejoiced in the simple child faith which seeing Jesus as his Saviour knew no fear. One Sabbath morning the change came, and there was a day of terrible suffering. It was most distressing to look upon and the pathetic voice again and again pleaded with those about him "not to cry." He had no need to plead with his mother, she was too intent on ministering to every want, on finding some relief for his anguish, for tears. From dawn until evening she stood beside him; just as the sun was setting he sprang into her arms, in the last struggle for breath. She held him high, only his feet touching the bed, and as she laid back tenderly the form which had been his, knowing that he was gone, she seemed to

look beyond to that into which he had entered, and exclaimed, "I wish you joy, my darling!"

Another fortnight and she was watching her eldest daughter's contest with the deadly typhus. It was in her case, of quite another type, violent from the first. Physicians said only Mrs. Porter's wonderful nursing kept her alive the last week. How could she give her up, just at the dawn of her young womanhood, her gifted and lovely Charlotte, returned to her after two years of absence, ready to be mother's right hand, and so well fitted for the service of Christ in the world? As long as there was anything to be done she contended with the disease, but after three weeks it was plain that the poor body could bear no more, and the desolate mother, until now so alert, so resolutely hopeful, quieted herself as a wearied child, "Dumb, because Thou did'st it." The dear cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Williams and their daughter Mrs. Blatchford, took the members of the stricken household to their homes on the south and north sides of the river, while that on Halsted street was fumigated and renovated. After ten days, those who were left returned, and Mrs. Porter found vent for her love and sorrow in labors for the suffering and wretched, and in the work of the parish. The sympathy of family friends and of the few who remained of the circle whom she had known in Chicago

in the early days was very dear to her, and in the renewing of such ties, and in association with persons of congenial tastes, intellectual and spiritual, she found real pleasure and help to bear the loneliness of her home. She could less than ever, allow it to be a selfish one. There were too many who needed her to permit any self-indulgent grief, only those who came upon her unawares, when she thought herself quite unobserved, knew what bitter tears she shed for her own, and by what pleading for strength, was won the serene and cheerful spirit which pervaded her life.

Every room in the city house was full but it was not as large as the queer rambling, often-added-to Green Bay cottage, and more crowded, with two nephews and a niece in the family, beside her own household, than that had been. This home which had been made ready with such loving care for her children, is associated most closely with renunciation. Much of parish work was done there, there was not a little of sweet and wholesome family life; to it the sorrowful came for comfort, the wayward for counsel. One dear niece found here the man of her choice, as an elder sister had down in the Green Bay home. Here in June 1860 a large company of friends gathered to celebrate the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Porter and here many of the problems of city mission

THE OBERLIN

Missionary Home Association

The idea of a Home for the children of foreign missionaries in Oberlin, was first suggested to ladies connected with the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior by the manifest demand for such an institution.

It is a hard necessity of missionary service that the children of missionaries in many fields must be separated from their parents at an early age, and brought to the home land for their education. Few can be suitably provided for by relatives. All need a place which they can call "home," where parents can be relieved of all unnecessary anxiety concerning them, and where they can receive the kindly sympathy and care which only a real home can offer. Already Oberlin had become a gathering place for missionaries during their seasons of rest in this country, and older children of missionaries in large numbers were in the college and its related schools. Simple justice to those who are making so great sacrifices that they may represent us and do the Lord's work in foreign lands, and Christian kindness as well, seemed imperatively

to demand that a Home for younger children should be provided and sustained at this educational center.

Accordingly, the Executive Committee of the Ohio Branch of the W. B. M. I., in February, 1890, invited seven gentlemen to form a corporation for the purpose of founding and maintaining in Oberlin a Home for the children of foreign missionaries.

Accepting this invitation, on the seventeenth of February, the persons named effected an organization, adopted a constitution, and became duly incorporated under the laws of the state of Ohio as "The Oberlin Missionary Home Association." As the existence and purpose of the Association became known, contributions were received which enabled it to give financial aid to certain children of missionaries studying in Oberlin, and also to purchase a lot, admirably located, upon which stood a small house. By the spring of 1892 this building had been enlarged and transformed into a cottage in which the Home could be organized and temporarily provided for,—its ultimate use to be that of an auxiliary cottage and a temporary home for missionary families visiting Oberlin. This arrangement was made possible by the gift of \$1,000.00 by a friend in Western New York, who, as a memorial of her sister, gives the cottage its name,—“The Judson Cottage.”

On April 1, 1892, Mrs. Sarah Cowles Little,

who had been appointed superintendent of the Home, moved into this cottage, with her family, and received one child from the Zulu Mission, and one from the North China Mission, as the first of the children of missionaries who are to enjoy the benefits of the Home.

As it became known to missionaries that this home was available for their children, applications were soon received for more than could be accommodated in Judson Cottage, and it is evident that the erection of the main building should not be long delayed. Judson Cottage can provide for only eight children, but the urgency of need has seemed to compel the admission of ten,—two of whom must find lodging in a neighboring house, for lack of room,—and other applications have been reluctantly refused. It is evident that when the contemplated main building is ready for use it will be speedily filled. Of the ten children now in the Home, one is from Japan, one from Mexico, one from the Zulu Mission, one from the North China Mission, one from the Foochow Mission, two, sisters, from India, and three, two brothers and a sister, from Micronesia. The ages range from five to eighteen years, the four youngest being motherless children.

The Association desires to erect, during the summer of 1893, a building which will accommodate thirty young people, with the necessary care-takers, and which will cost not less than

ten thousand dollars. The interest, sympathy, and material aid of every reader of this appeal is earnestly solicited.

Miss Mary H. Porter has been from the beginning one of the most helpful of the friends of this Home for missionary children. Her wise counsels and active sympathies have been freely bestowed, and gifts secured by her have aided very largely in bringing the enterprise to its present stage without a deficit. Her own gift to the Home is made in the form of the accompanying record of the life of her beloved and revered mother. The entire proceeds of the book are most generously given to the Association.

ORGANIZATION, 1892-3.

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work were considered by those who have become acknowledged leaders in its prosecution. But to the family it was specially the home of bereavement; as parents and children they were never again to be together as one household. Happily they did not know this, only knew that with the breaking out of the civil war theirs was one of many circles to be scattered. The war-time greatly changed the condition of the city, and it was necessary to reconsider the whole question of the support of the mission church. The eldest son and two nephews from Mrs. Porter's family had enlisted, and when the necessity for other than military service for the army became manifest, both Mr. and Mrs. P. desired to enter upon that rather than continue in the work of the parish. When the N. W. sanitary commission was organized they were invited to aid in one of its departments, and there began a service which ended only with the close of the war. Mr. P's. connection with it was short, as after a few months he received a commission as chaplain in the First, Ills., Light artillery, of which his old friend, afterwards Gen. J. D. Webster was colonel. Mrs. Porter remained one of the field agents of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission until its work was finished, the last lady to leave, as she had been the first to enter upon its work.

CHAPTER XIII

THE NORTH-WESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION—WORK IN THE ARMY

The story of the war time must be culled from records made while the facts were fresh in memory and while the documents of the North Western sanitary commission were available. Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw wrote a very full and interesting narrative of that organization entitled "Our Branch and its Tributaries" which was published in 1868. From this and from a paper prepared for the Chicago Historical society by Mr. Porter in 1880, the following pages are gleaned. Mrs. Porter's own journals—few in number—and those of her husband written, during these eventful years, were all lost in a trunk which was stolen on its way to the north, with the exception of a few pages found among the papers of the commission which appear in this chapter.

The first incident from Mr. P's. paper belongs to the time of parish work, but is linked with that which followed as illustrating Mrs. P's. interest in the colored people. Whatever the war meant

to others, to her it was God's scourge, by which the land was chastened for its sin of holding men and women in slavery. Its object was to break the yoke that the oppressed might go free.

Mr. P. says: "As we were going to church on a communion Sabbath my wife proposed leaving me to go to the colored church on east Harrison street. Friends of the ex-slaves had arranged that vessels and railroad cars should take that day as many as would embark for Canada. Reaching the African church my wife found the people, as the Israelites of old in their exodus from Egypt; the Red Sea before them, the mountains on their right and their left hand and the Egyptian hosts behind them. As Mrs. Porter went praying that that trembling people might be taught of God, what to do in such an hour of agony, she was comforted by such words of wisdom from the colored pastor and his brethren as she had hardly heard before. The pastor said: 'My brethren, I usually come to you on Sunday with messages of love, and warning to save yourselves through the blood of Christ, from the slavery of sin, believing that you had escaped from human slavery. But to-day I find we have no country. This is no longer the land of the free, the government is powerless to defend its own people, we must flee to another land.

The time may come when we may hope by fire

and sword, by guns and bayonets, to defend ourselves, and secure the rights that our God and Father has given all His children, and at such a time he who will not fight for his own and his children's liberty is not worthy of that blessed gift. To-day we may not fight, but on this God's holy day must flee from this sacred house and seek freedom in Canada, leaving here all we have, our homes, our many white friends who do not know to-day whether they have a country.'

Mrs. Porter thus saw in what spirit the pastor and his children and his Christian brethen met this tremendous crisis, one and another expressing similar fears hopes and resolves. An escaped slave daughter had come from Boston to welcome her mother, who had just come from the South to the free city of Chicago, hoping to pass her days in happiness here, but the long black arm of slavery reached up to this young giant city of the West, swung its lead-loaded whip, over its wigwam and court-house and demanded the return of every-fugitive, to bondage, the resort of that African assembly was to that God who three thousand years before had said 'If thou afflict any widow or fatherless child, and they cry at all unto me I will surely hear their cry, and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows and your children fatherless.' Be-

lieving that vengeance belonged to the Lord and that He would avenge them speedily that people escaped to the shelter of Victoria's throne. You will not wonder then, that after Major Anderson had been compelled by the demand of that same blighting slave power that had said 'Lincoln shall never be the president of the United States' to yield up the national flag in Charleston harbor, that Mrs. Porter when asked if she would let her son go into the army to protect the flag and break the yoke of oppression said: 'If I had a hundred sons and they were prepared to die, I would give them all.'

The *Northwestern Sanitary Commission* was organized in October 1861, under the modest title of the *Chicago Sanitary* commission. By the invitation of its president Hon. Mark Skinner and its treasurer Mr. E. W. Blatchford, Mrs. Porter went into its rooms in the city. This story can best be told by Mrs. Henshaw. She says:

"From the close association between the supply department of the enterprise, and the women of the country, upon whom the main support of that department must evidently devolve, it was thought advisable to secure the constant presence at the Sanitary rooms, of a lady of intelligence, character, and social position. After much canvassing Mrs. Eliza C. Porter, wife of Rev. Jeremiah Porter was

induced to assume this position. Lovely, gentle and refined, yet courageous, heroic and devoted she here commenced a series of self-denying labors for the army, that finally took her to the front, where she faced privation, sickness and death; and neither paused nor rested from her work so long as the war, lasted. . . . In the spring of 1862 came the first battles of the Western army, the wounded and sick were sent to hospitals in Cairo, Paducah, Mound City, and other points on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers—and supplies and nurses were dispatched from the North. . . . The battle of Pittsburg landing found Mrs. Porter at Cairo, where she was distributing stores. Hearing that a boat load of wounded was in route for Mound City she hastened there to assist in its reception. The boat arrived in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Porter went on board, and passed through scene after scene of sorrow. They spent the night in administering refreshment to the fainting, stimulants to the sinking and comfort to the dying. Many a farewell to father, mother, sister, wife and friend was given to their tender keeping.

One young man in his last moments, painfully drew from his bosom a picture of his betrothed and with broken dying accents said to Mrs. Porter, 'Tell her—I love her! Tell her—I loved her to the last!' Then his head dropped back on

the pillow and he was dead. The survivors were placed in Mound City hospital. Having done what she could there Mrs. Porter hurried back to Cairo, where a telegram from the Commission informed her that six ladies were on their way thither, as nurses for Paducah. These she conducted to that point and placed in hospitals there which were also filled with the wounded from the battle of Pittsburg landing. Then she hastened to the front. Here, she was on her own suggestion empowered by Dr. McDougal to procure for the wounded a supply of female nurses. She went back to Chicago, obtained the number desired, conducted them South and distributed them among the hospitals at Savannah, where they labored under the supervision of Mrs. Bickerdyke.

From this time Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke occupied the position of 'agents in the field' for the Chicago branch. Their work lay in the hospitals and was of the most exhausting character. They distributed supplies, attended the sick, sacrificed their needful sleep, lived in sight of wounds, suffering and blood, inhaled often a tainted sickening air; were wet and cold and hungry, slept on hard beds, dressed in rude clothing, ate coarse food, and endured every kind of privation. Much of the time labored together. They were so admirably harmonized by contrast that in Sani-

tary work each seemed the complement of the other. Mrs. Porter was gentle. Mrs. Bickerdyke, brusque. The mildness of the one was an offset to the positiveness of the other, the noiseless efficiency of the one to the turbulent energy of the other. The culture and social position of Mrs. Porter gave her ready access to the officers; Mrs. Bickerdyke followed her own bent and adaptation, in devoting herself to the rank and file. In person Mrs. Porter was petite; Mrs. Bickerdyke, the reverse, their very voices acquired during their wonderful army life a permanent quality which in Mrs. Porter was an accent of pity and sympathy, in Mrs. Bickerdyke of protest and cheer. Enthusiastic testimonials were forwarded from different points during this campaign respecting the fidelity and wisdom in distributing the stores of the commission, evinced by Mrs. Porter who took great pains to make the soldiers understand the source from whence came the goods which she dispensed.

The Soldiers' Home at Cairo established, nurses placed in the hospitals and reliable agents in charge of Sanitary stores in that region Mrs. Porter went down the river to Memphis.

"At Fort Pickering in that city her husband was chaplain of a convalescent camp, containing fifteen hundred men; and here for ten months her care was chiefly bestowed. Here she established

a rudimentary form of a diet kitchen, preparing the daily food of the feeblest invalids over an open grate in her own room, with a few empty cans for utensils. This room was one in a 'Secesh' house, which stood within the fort and had been appropriated by government. In it she ate, slept, cooked, received visitors, and stored her sanitary supplies.

After a little while a cooking stove was obtained and, under the supervision of Dr. Andrews of Chicago, then surgeon of the first Illinois Light artillery, Mr. Porter's regiment, a diet kitchen was opened, where under Mrs. Porter's administration, was done the cooking for the sick. With what skill this idea was adopted by Mrs. Wittenmeyer and elaborated in the 'special diet kitchens' of the Christian commission, established toward the latter part of the war, and how much energy and executive ability she exhibited in their management, is well-known throughout the country. It may be worthy of mention that Mrs. Wittenmyer who was well acquainted with Mrs. Porter and her work, wrote to her asking her to take charge of what was called the 'great diet kitchen' at Nashville. The Christian commission authorized the proposition offering to pay expenses and a salary. Mrs. P. was then with the army at the South, and other labors seeming more imperative, she declined the overture. During the time she

attended the convalescent camp in Memphis, Mrs. Porter made several journeys northward to stimulate supplies; this endeavor was particularly successful in that part of Illinois called Egypt. Some towns there, supplied her for months with a sufficiency of chickens, eggs and butter, to provide for her worst cases of illness.

The first school established on the Mississippi—the practical beginning of Freedman's Bureau work—was opened at this time through the instrumentality of Mrs. Porter. After the 'Great Proclamation' the negroes flocked by hundreds into Memphis. Mrs. P. visited, almost daily their crowded camp and hospital, riding from Fort Pickering on a gentle pony set apart for her use. As if to shame the prophecies respecting their idleness, they worked ten hours a day on the fortifications of Fort Pickering, under a burning sun, and built themselves, in addition, quite a little town. This collection of cabins they named "Shiloh." One Sunday, Dr. Andrews, at Mrs. Porter's suggestion proposed a school in the new settlement. Tractable and anxious to improve, the negroes were filled with delight. In the course of a week they sent word that the school house was ready. Friends at the north were at once appealed to and entered heartily into the scheme, forwarding supplies and books. From Chicago came

also a teacher, Miss M. Humphrey, who taught with much success this first school for colored people ever opened in Tennessee. On the day when the school was inaugurated Mrs. Porter, on her pony rode down to the new Shiloh. The delight of the docile freedman was unbounded. The end of all scholarship was to them the reading of the Word. 'Grandpa,' the patriarch of the settlement, asked to see Mrs. Porter, and broke out into a strain of rejoicing akin to that of the aged Simeon. 'I'se waited long for dis yer day! I'se prayed dat my chil'n might read de bressed Book! I'se old now but de promise hab come!'

After Mrs. Porter had been many months in Fort Pickering, one of the ladies from the Chicago headquarters of the sanitary commission went down on a tour of inspection and visited Memphis among other points. She was affected somewhat as one might have been whose only knowledge of military life was that of the camp in time of peace, or of dress parade. It was much as if such an one coming upon soldiers in the field had been shocked by muddy boots, stained uniforms and tattered flags. The brief correspondence is interesting. Mrs. P with all her gentleness had no lack of personal dignity, and the quiet pride with which she reminds her friend that, as the Commission have not made themselves responsible for her by giving

her any compensation for her service they are in no way compromised by her shabbiness—is very characteristic. It should be added that she must have had, at this time, a comfortable wardrobe, although not accessible, but later she lost everything and came north, at one time in a water-proof dress, stained in hospital and on the battle field, because all her “reserves” had been stolen during her absence at the front.

But to the letters.

“Chicago, April 15th, 1863.

My dear Mrs. Porter:—

I said but very little to you when I was in Fort Pickering about my distress at seeing you so comfortless in your comparatively delicate health, but I resolved to talk on my return to the rooms of the commission. . . Suffice it to say a camp chest is bought for you of good size, a large bill of hospital necessaries purchased for you, which are being shipped to you to-day, and you are henceforth to be recognized as an agent of the Sanitary commission with salary. . . My object in writing you now is to get you to send me a list of such articles of clothing as you need—a full, large and ample list—include everything. . . The feeling is at last awakened that you are doing a great deal of good and must be taken care of. It would have been understood earlier, my dear Mrs.

Porter, if you were not so very modest, quiet and unobtrusive. I never realized it until I saw you in your humble home at Fort Pickering and conversed with some of your convalescent patients and learned from Miss Humphrey, Mrs. Bickerdyke and others how you labored, sacrificed and toiled. I never saw Mr. — more grieved than when I narrated to him your self-denial, patient labor, and modest manner of doing a great work and we have all resolved that you are to be better cared for hereafter. . . . Do not delay to send me the list of your needs in the way of clothing. If you decline I am directed to make the purchases at hap-hazard; so you see you had better aid me to act intelligently." To this Mrs. Porter replies:

"My dear Mrs. —

Your letter expressing such deep concern in my welfare was duly received, and while I fully appreciate your kindness and tender my sincere thanks I cannot suppress a feeling of mortification that after so many months of unceasing toil to carry out the wishes and forward the work of our noble commission, it should be necessary for you to 'talk' and make such an effort as you speak of to convince them that I really was at work. I felt at first quite disposed to recapitulate and contrary to all former determinations, for once, to make a report; but I think the old position was

taken with the highest aims, and if my works do not tell upon the comfort of the soldiers I do not desire them to be written. I trust my work may commend itself, and the approbation of our Father who careth for us with the 'blessing of those ready to perish' upon our hearts we can but rejoice in labor, although self denying and unknown. I thank you most kindly for your interest, and hope since it seems I have not been regarded as representing the commission, that neither you nor they will feel disgraced on account of my dilapidated condition. Indeed I have been so entirely absorbed in pressing care for those whose claims, and wants could not be deferred, that I have not realized, I presume, the necessity for improvement in that direction. Your proposition is so extensive and liberal that I hardly know how to meet it unless I resign myself wholly to your care, which with your present responsibilities would be anything but benevolence, and really, after practising so much self-denial as you give me credit for, I should not like to take a course which should lead you to feel that I had expended all of that quality which I possess in caring for soldiers, and become regardless of others' burdens. No! my dear Mrs. — you must accept my most hearty thanks for your sisterly anxiety and kind proffer, but I could not, without doing violence to my sense of

right, allow you to take such additional care. Indeed I think some slight additions to my wardrobe will make me quite comfortable and I will try to look more respectable next time you and the surgeon general visit me. Pardon my folly and accept in behalf of the commission and for yourself my love and most earnest desire that you may always abound in every good word and work and receive the 'Well-done' of good servants who have much committed to them." Mrs. Porter's evident annoyance, that those who had taken office work, which she had relinquished for that in the field, should think of themselves as agents of the commission and ask that she be made such, is doubtless the "folly" for which she begs pardon. She had been doing its work from the very beginning, that she had not been taking anything from its treasury for personal use, did not seem to her to make her connection with it less real. From this time however, she did receive a small salary while in its service.

During the summer of 1863, the convalescent camp was very unhealthful. Mrs. Porter was worn with labor, and the constant draft upon her sympathies, and became very much prostrated. One of her children, distressed by the accounts which reached the North, determined to bring her home and, in spite of the assurance that a permit for

travel into the military district could not be obtained, succeeded, in reaching her. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning when she drove into the Fort, and up to the Chaplain's quarters. Her mother came out in astonishment to greet her, so thin, wan, and shadowy that the first thought was "It is too late she will never see the North again." But she had a loving welcome and no upbraiding for what seemed so wild a journey for a young girl. One of the marked impressions was the home like aspect of the little house, under the trees the daughter said, "Could any one, but you, mother, make a room look like this with no furniture but dry goods-boxes and camp stools?" Mrs. Porter laughed as she answered "Oh! you do injustice to my resources. I have beside a good supply of army blankets, some of them *red*, a grate, and cot beds behind that curtain. Yes! and a guest room too," and she opened the door into a little hallway, where behind another curtain was the place for the way-farer. Examined more in detail the blanket-covered boxes, were found filled with sanitary stores, and over the grate-fire in tin fruit cans, chicken broth, beef-tea, and dried fruit were in preparation for "the boys" too weak for service, but too strong for the crowded hospitals of Memphis.

There for a few weeks the daughter saw the

army life of her parents, and realized how poor and small the physical comforts given were in comparison with the unflinching love, the wise counsel, the hopefulness and cheer, which were poured out in unwasting abundance. Never more than in this time of failing strength did Mrs. P. long to impart some "spiritual gift" to every one who came within her reach. She was the "Daughter of a King". She felt her royal lineage, that she was sent there to tell of His loving kindness to prepare these who stood face to face with death to go before Him with joy. I believe it is almost literally true that every cup of broth and saucer of fruit, handed out by herself, was accompanied by some word of advice, caution, or cheer, and many a man had slipped into his hand an illuminated text, or tiny book of scripture selections. Poor, broken down soldiers sat under the trees before her door, or crawled to the veranda which surrounded the low cottage, waiting their turn for the tender greeting. Almost every day, in spite of the June heat she mounted her beautiful pony, which whinnied with pleasure as she came in sight, and rode to Shiloh for a part of the school session. "Aunties" and "uncles", clumsy plantation boys, and chubby babies knew both the pretty silver maned sorrel and its rider, and stalwart men ran to the roadside, eager for the privilege of lifting "Mis' Porter" down, and

tying her pony. She gathered the mothers about her in the low cabins for prayer and instruction in the most rudimentary principles of house-keeping, praised those who washed the children's faces, gave cast off clothing from those unfailing northern boxes, to the most needy, and seemed to leave a line of light behind her, in better cheer, awakened conscience and kindled affection. A little scene may illustrate how, when no other motive was likely to appeal to the men, she could use their regard for herself, to save them from evil. One day in a hospital kitchen, the soldiers were, with too good reason, bitterly angry with one of their officers. Loud talking and disorderly conduct were likely to bring swift punishment, but no one in authority was near, and the uproar increased, one rough fellow swore terrible oaths.

It was more than Mrs. Porter could bear, she ran swiftly across the court-yard, laid her soft hand on the rugged one of the soldier and said: "That's my Father's name John!" The man caught his breath; that fragile creature, with her eager face upturned, had stood beside his bedside when he was coming back to consciousness after a terrible operation, had helped him bear the first agony of knowing himself crippled for life, and now he had hurt *her*! He sobbed, like a child and said "I wouldn't a' said it, if I'd known you was there, and God help me, I never will again!

The daughter had gone to Memphis to take her mother north; but the seige of Vicksburg was in progress, there was likely to be special need of hospital stores, and nurses and Mrs. Porter believed that she had strength for that demand. It was quite a new experience to both. Absolute divergence of judgment and neither ready to yield. The daughter did, probably the best thing she could have done to gain her point, although sorely against her will, succumbed to the malarial fever prevalent in the camp, and so evidently could neither remain where she was, nor go north alone that her mother took passage with her for Cairo. From this point Mrs. Henshaw takes up the story. "Coming North in the summer of 1863 Mrs. Porter staid a few weeks at Chicago, taking her old place in the Sanitary rooms, during the absence of Mrs. Hoge and Mrs. Livermore. Here for two weeks she supervised the preliminary arrangement for the great Sanitary fair. So much material was each day mailed that at first playfully, and finally in all seriousness it was measured in a half-bushel waste basket that was in the office. Seventeen bushels of mail matter relating to the fair, were, by actual measurement sent out, under Mrs. Porter's administration.

"She had been deeply impressed during her sojourn, in the stifling hospitals of the South, with

the necessity of northern air for the more speedy recovery of convalescent soldiers. This idea had indeed been acted upon after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, but the effect had been, so to deplete the army that the plan lost favor. Mrs. Porter bent her energies toward its re-adoption. Reasoning that what one state did for its soldiers would be done by the rest, she addressed, upon the subject, Senator Howe of Wisconsin, and his excellency, Edward Salomon, its governor; they promptly interested themselves in the suggestion.

“The result was an order from President Lincoln, permitting all Wisconsin soldiers pronounced by competent authority unfit for duty, to be removed for a specified time to northern hospitals. The poor fellows rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

Mrs. Porter, who deeply realized the weariness and home sickness of the hospitals, rejoiced for their sakes and also, because a precedent had thus been established. Mrs. Harvey, wife of that lamented governor of Wisconsin whose tragical death had added deeper gloom to the scenes at Pittsburg Landing went to Washington, to obtain the order and to the South to see it faithfully executed.

“From Chicago where Mrs. Porter had, as stated, taken temporary charge of the Sanitary rooms, she returned to Vicksburg, with stores for the fifteenth

army corps. Finding en route that this corps had been ordered to Chattanooga, she followed and overtook it at Corinth. The stores she distributed came like a godsend to the troops setting out on one of the severest expeditions of the war. To reach Chattanooga from Corinth they traversed the whole of Northern Alabama. It was late in the autumn; the roads were frozen and stony; marching in haste their shoes gave out, they substituted bandages and continued their journey with bare and bleeding feet. Their clothes grew threadbare but they did not slacken their haste. Their commissariat was none of the amplest, and the weary distance was accomplished upon reduced rations. In this condition they reached Chattanooga and hastened into the fight. . . .

Mrs. Porter wrote to her husband from Corinth October 11th, 1863. . . . "I little expected when I left Chicago last Monday morning to be in Corinth, to-night. But whatever the result of my stay from my husband (Mr. P. was at Vicksburg, for which point she had started) I must feel that God has directed my steps. I left Memphis this Sabbath morning. Nothing but a clear sense of duty could have induced me to start on the holy day. God has preserved me kindly but they say my dear son and his company have not arrived and company A. has left. Sherman and his staff are ex-

pected this evening. I am now in the Sanitary rooms. . . . There is great commotion in town to-night as two brigades are ordered out a few miles below, to meet the rebels who are annoying our troops and disturbing the railroad.

“Monday morning, October 12th. There are several unpleasant rumors this morning but nothing reliable. Colonel Hoge thinks Battery B. has not arrived. My impression is that it has gone to Chattanooga and I shall not see the boys (her son and nephew) unless I go there. . . . October 15th. I waited Monday watching for the coming of our dear boys; on that afternoon, Dr. Warriner arrived and soon after in the mud and rain, it was announced that the Illinois batteries were at hand. I went out to catch a glimpse of them, and saw several familiar faces, first among them our own dear James. A smile of recognition, a bow and a glance was all he could give me. Harmon (the nephew) dismounted, to provide the men with bread, and was at the door for a moment. He told me that James had been contending with ague all day in the mud and rain. They moved slowly forward out two miles or more and I retired to wait for the morning, but my boy in chills in a new and wet encampment with the rain and high wind of the night prevented much sleep.

“In the morning Col. H. sent an ambulance to

take me to the camp, over a bad road but a pleasant location when reached. I found Capt. Rumsey's tent and learned that James had left on foot for town a short time before. I drove back and found the dear boy on a cot in a deep perspiration, reaction from a chill, which took hold of him on his arrival. Dr. W. ministered to him, and he soon recovered from it. Harmon came in and others of the battery this morning. James felt pretty well but about noon a chill came on, and now the deep perspiration; he is waiting for an ambulance as he must return to camp."

If the soldier son was "under orders" no less did the mother count herself to have given up the personal and family claim for the needs of the many whose wants could be so inadequately met by her utmost diligence. She could not delay, even to be near her suffering son. Mrs. H's. story continues: "When the troops to which at Cornith. she distributed her goods, passed on to Chattanooga Mrs. Porter went back to Vicksburg and joined Mrs. Bickerdyke. Together they distributed the commission's goods in hospitals in that vicinity, and then by request of Gen. Sherman, started to join the forces at Chattanooga. Their route took them through Cairo. Here Mrs. Porter, always ready for a fresh call of duty, remained for a month in charge of the Soldier's home, while Miss Ostrom,

its matron, sought rest and change as preventives of impending sickness."

From Cairo, Mrs. Porter made a hasty trip into central Illinois to see Gov. Yates and other influential persons and urge upon them the scheme so near to her heart, Northern hospitals for convalescent soldiers. After an absence of a month she rejoined Mrs. Bickerdyke who, Mrs. Henshaw says, "Wept for joy at the sight of her gentle colleague, and together they commenced a new chapter of labor toils and sacrifices." A letter written by Mrs. Bickerdyke years later at the time of Mrs. P's. golden-wedding, gives a glimpse of those days from her standpoint.

"My dear Mrs. Porter who came to me in Cairo, when the clouds hung so black, it seems I can hear her cheery words to-day. At Savannah again, she came with her aids, like an angel of mercy. At Memphis, also with her words of hope. At Ringgold, Georgia, I see my little brown bird stepping out of the car. Never was there burden lifted from woman's shoulder as that sight lifted the burden from mine. I feel it even to-day, after these years. We both went with our supplies to the bloody battle of Resaca arriving there at sunrise. As Maj. Woodruff, expressed it when he lifted my little brown bird from the ambulance, 'Never before was woman so welcome.'

"I shall never forget how my dear Mrs. Porter with a bucket of water and her own handkerchief washed the face of a poor bleeding soldier who had just received a terrible shell-wound. All day long did that frail woman with her little hands staunch and wash the blood from those poor wounded soldiers, whose name was legion, not knowing whether her own son was among the number. I can never forget the terrible scene, when the smoke was black as night and the earth vibrated beneath us as if an earthquake was actually shaking the land, when her son darted in like a deer exclaiming 'Mother, I'm all right!'—and as quickly and unceremoniously disappeared amid those midnight clouds of battle.

Your ever loving and far-away friend

MARY A. BICKERDYKE.

San Francisco June 19th, 1885."

Many a soldier lovingly remembers the brown suit, which harmonized so well with the soft hair, the bright eyes, and the peculiarly quick and noiseless motions which suggested Mrs. Bickerdyke's pet name. One day when vexed at some especially stupid misapprehension of a direction of her own, which Mrs. Porter quietly adjusted, making peace between the belligerents, Mrs. B. turned sharply upon her with "You mite of a woman! how is it that you make everybody mind you, and every-

body love you?" Then seeing the pale face and look of weariness, for standing between angry parties exhausted even Mrs. Porter's nervous vitality, she added penitently—"I'll never scold any one again as long I live, when you are around; if you'll go to bed now——"

So all through those weeks this strong great-hearted woman, on the one hand leaned upon, and on the other cared for and guarded her equally resolute but frailer companion. Happily we have the story of their work together during that campaign from Mrs. Porter's own pen. A journal published in the Sanitary Commission bulletin in New York.

CHAPTER XIV

REPORTS MADE TO SANITARY COMMISSION

“Chattanooga, Jan. 24th, 1864.

“To the Sanitary Rooms, Chicago:

“I arrived at this place on New Years' eve, making the trip from Bridgeport of a few miles in twenty-four hours. New Years' morning was very cold. I went immediately to the Field hospital where I found Mrs. Bickerdyke hard at work as usual endeavoring to comfort the cold, suffering, sick and wounded soldiers. The work done on that day told wonderfully on their comfort. The wind came sweeping around Lookout Mountain and uniting with currents from the valleys of Mission Ridge poured in upon the hospital tents, overturning some and making the inmates of all tremble with cold and anxious fear. A great rain had preceded adding much to the general discomfort.

“Mrs. Bickerdyke went from tent to tent in the gale carrying hot bricks and hot drinks to cheer and warm the poor fellows. ‘She is a power of good,’ said one. ‘We fared mighty poor till she

came here,' said another. They fully appreciated 'Mother Bickerdyke,' as the soldiers call her. The Field hospital of the 15th Army corps was situated on the north bank of the Tennessee river on a slope at the base of Mission ridge, where after the terrible struggle was over 1,700 of our wounded and exhausted soldiers were brought. Mrs. B. reached there before the din and smoke of battle were over and before all were brought from the field of blood and there she remained the only female attendant for four weeks. Never has she rendered more valuable service. Dr. Newberry had arrived at Chicago with sanitary stores which Mrs. B. had the pleasure of using, as she says, 'just when and where needed.' And never were such goods more deeply felt to be good goods. 'What could we do without them?' I often hear asked and answered with a hearty 'God bless the Sanitary commission.' Its great usefulness is now everywhere acknowledged.

"The Field hospital was in a forest, five miles from Chattanooga. Wood was abundant and the camp was warmed by immense burning 'log-heaps,' which were the only fire-places, or cooking stoves of the camp or hospitals. Men were detailed to fell the trees and pile the logs to meet the wintry air. Beside these fires, Mrs. B. made soup and toast tea and coffee, and without gridiron broiled mut-

ton, often blistering her fingers in the process. A house in due time was demolished for boards to make bunks for the worst cases. The brick of the chimney was converted into an oven, in which Mrs. B. baked bread for these patient sufferers. She had found yeast in the Chicago boxes, and flour at a neighboring mill which had furnished flour to the secessionists until now. Great multitudes were fed from these rude kitchens. Companies of hungry soldiers were refreshed before these open fires; and from these ovens. On one occasion a citizen came and told the men to follow him and he would show them 'a reserve' of beef and sheep that had been provided for Gen. Bragg's army. The prize was about thirty head of cattle and twenty sheep. Large potash kettles were found which were used over the huge log fires; and various kitchen utensils for cooking were brought into camp from time to time, almost every day adding to our conveniences. After four weeks of toil and labor all the soldiers that were able to leave were furloughed home and the rest brought to a large hospital nearer town, where I am now writing.

"About nine hundred men are now here, most of them convalescents, waiting anxiously to have the men and mules supplied with food, so that they may have the benefit of cars promised to take

them homeward. Hence there was great joy in the encampment last week, at the arrival of the first train of cars from Bridgeport.

“You at home can have little appreciation of the feelings of the men as the sound greeted their ears. Our poor soldiers had been reduced to half and quarter rations for weeks, and those of the poorest kind. The mules had fallen by the wayside from very starvation—and this state of things had to continue until the railroad was finished to Chattanooga, and the cars could bring in sustenance for man and beast. You will not wonder then at the hurrahs of men in the hospitals and camps as the whistle of the long looked for train was heard.

“The most harrowing scenes are daily witnessed here. A wife came on yesterday only to learn that her husband had died the morning before. Her lamentations were heart breaking. ‘Why could he not have lived until I came?’ Why? In the evening a sister came whose aged parents had sent her to search for their only son. She also came too late. The brother had gone to the soldier’s grave two days previous.”

“Near the Battle Ground, Sugar Creek, Ga.

“Gen. Logan’s Headquarters, May 15th, 1864.

“I have just reached this place, where I hear the constant roar which tells of battle and of death. The battle has just commenced, and several wound-

ed have been brought in who are to be sent north. Our batteries are engaged. The poor privates who are wounded cannot leave at once.

“Mrs. Bickerdyke left on the 10th for Chattanooga. I followed on Wednesday, in company with Rev. Drs. Budington and Thompson, N. Y., agents of the Christian’s commission, sent here on a tour of observation. We reached Chattanooga yesterday morning. I found Mrs. Bickerdyke had gone on to Ringgold, and so I took the noon train and came down to Ringgold, where I found Mrs. Bickerdyke in the Sanitary rooms, preparing supplies to take forward in teams that were going in the morning. We slept in a soldier’s tent that night and were in readiness to start in the morning. Mrs. Bickerdyke had sent forward the evening before such Sanitary stores as could be taken with the teams.

“I wish I could give you a description of our train—a long solemn train of mule teams: most of them looking as if dragging heavily, and many making a mighty effort to take their last load to the scene of strife. Can you imagine such a train reaching all the way from Ringgold to Sugar Creek, a distance of twenty-five miles? Such a train has almost literally filled the way with supplies to our army to-day. The supplies are to go by railroad soon, and the mules which are falling on the right

hand and on the left, from over-work, poor fare and exhaustion, will be relieved.

“We reached Sugar Creek about 6 o'clock, and were most kindly received at Gen Logan's headquarters, where I am now writing, by Gen. Smith and others of his staff. They informed us that Gen. Logan had been on the battlefield since last evening. The enemy's guns are loud and rapid now, and although I do not think we can go to the battlefield to-night, it will be difficult to stay away from it while this roar of artillery continues, knowing that many fellows are needing our care and attention.

“Col. Smith has assured Mrs. Bickerdyke that the ambulance or anything else which he can furnish, shall be supplied to aid her in her work. Mrs. Bickerdyke was very desirous of going to the hospital in the field, immediately to-night, but it was not best. It is five miles distant, and she needs rest.”

“Monday, May 17.

“Never have I passed such a Sabbath as yesterday, and I wish I could believe there never would be such another. We arose very early, after hearing the artillery all night as the fight went on, terrible in its echo, and terrible not only to our enemies, but to many of our noble brothers, who have suddenly fallen, or are left mutilated to languish in extempore hospitals at the front.

“Gen. Logan’s headquarters, where we passed the night, are about four miles from the battle-field. The wounded were brought into hospitals, quickly and roughly prepared in the forest, as near the field as safety would permit. Upon arriving at the place for the First Division hospital, we were met by the familiar face of Dr. Woodworth of Chicago, whom we knew would do all in his power to relieve the suffering. What a scene was presented! Precious sons of northern mothers, beloved husbands of northern wives were already here to undergo amputation, to have wounds probed and dressed, or broken limbs set and bandaged. Some were writhing under the surgeon’s knife, but bore their suffering bravely and uncomplainingly. There were many whose wounds were considered slight, such as shot through hand, arm or leg, which but for the contrast with severer cases, would seem dreadful. Never was the presence of women more joyfully welcomed. It was touching to see those precious boys, looking up into our faces with such hope and gladness. It brought to their minds mother and home, as each testified while his wounds were being dressed: ‘This seems a little like mother about,’ was the reiterated expression of the wounded, as one after another was washed and had his wounds dressed. Mrs. Bickerdyke, and myself assisted in the operation. Poor boys; how my heart ached that I could do so little.

“After doing what we could in Hospital No. 1, to render the condition of the poor fellows tolerable, we proceeded too No. 2, and did what we could there, distributing our sanitary comforts in the most economical manner, so as to make them go as far as possible. We found that what we brought in the ambulance was giving untold comfort to our poor exhausted wounded men, whose rough hospital couches were made by pine boughs with the stems cut out, spread upon the ground, over which their blankets were thrown. This forms the bed, and the poor fellows’ blouses, saturated with their own blood, are their only pillows, their knapsacks being left behind when they went into battle. More sanitary goods are on the way, and will be brought to relieve the men as soon as possible.

“Now all the supplies of this immense army are brought from Ringgold by teams, and food for the army must be forwarded first. I have seen no bread for several days but army hardtack. The boys think it good, and so it is to the hungry men, when cooked in soups and panada.

“We found in the Third and Fourth hospitals much the same condition of things; all doing what they could to perfect the hospital arrangements and extemporizing kitchen tents and beds by the hundred, all made as I have described.

“The young surgeons are most of them doing themselves great credit by their attention to the suffering. I have seen as yet but few except young men in the hospitals. There are some venerable workers, who should have the grateful thanks of the nation for their devotion to the suffering.

“This evening we were cheered by the arrival of the sanitary goods, which were loaded at Ringgold, under Mrs. Bickerdyke’s direction. They are the only sanitary goods here, except the delicacies brought by us in the ambulance, which was sent us direct from Chicago. From them every wounded man had not only a cooling draught of lemonade, but many other comforts which seemed to be just what was needed, and which have called forth repeated blessings upon the Sanitary Commission. Last night there was sharp fighting again, if the constant roar of heavy artillery tells truly. Our tent was spread near the wounded and the dying, and was filled with barrels of lemons, pickles and various other articles of comfort. Our bed was composed of dry leaves, spread with a rubber and soldier’s blanket—our own blankets, with pillows and all, having been given out to sufferers long before night. Our tent is located about two miles from seat of action, and every discharge is distinctly heard. This morning report says the enemy are going toward Atlanta.

“Several wounded men have died during the night. Mrs. Bickerdyke and myself are going out to look after another division of wounded men. Mr. Tome, of the Sanitary commission, has just arrived, to make some arrangements for getting forward the supplies which are now so much needed, and will be demanded yet more in a day or two.”

“May 19th.

“I wrote the above two days since, and have had no more time to write until now. But since then I have passed through thrilling scenes, and have witnessed many deaths, which have left fond wives in widowhood and made many children fatherless, who had looked forward to July with fond hopes. ‘Then father’s time in the army will be out, and we will be so glad.’

“Yesterday there was a sanitary agent here, Mr. Tome, and we received from him a few articles such as crackers, canned milk, bandages, and a few bottles of raspberry vinegar, all so very acceptable to our suffering patients, four of whom have passed beyond our care, and already lie in the newly opened burying place. Yesterday, Mr. Smith of the Christian Commission at Nashville was here, and Mr. Lawrence from Chattanooga. With his usual carefulness for the comfort of others, he left with us his rubber and woolen blankets, which, as we

put our last piece of bedding under the wounded men, were gratefully received. He has gone for more supplies. When he returns, we hope the wants of our boys will be met.

“You cannot imagine the condition of our wounded men who have had no change of clothing. Think of a wounded man lying in a shirt saturated with blood, and wearing it until it becomes dry and hard, his blanket in the same condition, and he lying on the ground without pillow, except his knapsack. We brought several pillows, and when I put one of them under the head of a great sufferer, he said, ‘Oh, that is so soft.’ As I passed along, yesterday, one of the boys looked up imploringly, and said, ‘Oh, my bed is hard.’ I had just taken a pillow from the bed of a man just dead and laid it out to dry, I asked, ‘Shall I bring that?’ ‘Yes,’ he said, and when I brought it, stained with his comrade’s blood, and laid his weary aching head upon it, he replied, ‘Oh, that is such a relief!’

“We know there are sanitary stores in abundance, and that they are on the way, and we also realize the difficulty of getting anything to us, in our remote locality, so far from the railroad, where everything must be brought by teams. We are hourly expecting sanitary goods, which will furnish the boys with comforts that mothers, wives and sisters have prepared.

“Mrs. Bickerdyke has succeeded in bringing about a little more order to-day in feeding these three hundred men. The painful work has commenced of removing these men to Resaca, about three miles from the place where they were first received. This arrangement is deemed best, as it brings them at once upon the railroad, where they can be sent North at some time, and I am told that most are to be sent North as soon as practicable. No one who has not seen the immediate effects of a battle can have any idea of its horrors. I am daily grateful to God for having raised up and strengthened for the work of comforting the wounded ‘Mother Bickerdyke,’ as the soldiers truly call her. She has followed them with a mother’s self-sacrificing devotion, and the high patriotism and benevolence which exist in her nature. She never fails in the time of the soldier’s necessity, no matter what that necessity may be. Like a true mother she is ready for it. She is ready to contend for his right, as many in authority have been made to feel, and she is sustained in labors which seem supernatural. I hope mothers, wives and sisters will appreciate her service, and give to her dear fatherless boys aid when needed, as she has rendered it to theirs.

“To-day every kettle which could be raised has been used in making coffee. Mrs. Bickerdyke has made barrel after barrel, and it is a comfort to

know that multitudes are reached and cheered, and saved. Two hundred and sixty slightly wounded men just came to this point on the cars on their way North, all hungry and weary, saying, 'We are so thirsty!' 'Do give us something to eat!' Mrs. Bickerdyke was engaged in giving out supper to the three hundred in wards here, and told them she could not feed them then. They turned away in sorrow and were leaving, when learning who they were—wounded men of the 20th Army corps—and their necessity, she told them to wait a few minutes, she would attend to them. She gave them coffee, kräut, and potato pickles, which are never eaten but by famished men, and for once they were a luxury. I stood in the room where our supplies were deposited, giving to some crackers, to some pickles, and to each hungry man something.

"One of the green cards that come on all the stores of the Northwestern commission Mrs. Bickerdyke had tacked upon the wall, and this told the inquirers from what branch of the commission the supplies were obtained. They were mostly from New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and most grateful recipients were they of the generosity of the Northwest.

"You can imagine the effort made to supply two barrels of coffee, with only three camp kettles,

two iron boilers, holding two pailfuls, one small iron tea-kettle, and one saucepan to make it in. These all placed over a dry rail fire, were boiled in double quick time, and were filled and refilled till all had a portion. Chicago canned milk never gave more comfort than on this occasion, I assure you. Our cooking conveniences are much the same as at Missionary Ridge, but there is to be a change soon. The Medical Director informs me that this is to be a recovering hospital, and a cooking apparatus will soon be provided."

"Field Hospital, Resaca, Ga., May 20th.

"All convalescents are this morning ordered from this hospital. Mrs. B. and myself feel that we must leave these now comparatively provided for, and hasten to the front, to those who are in the condition in which we found these. Many of the wounded are doing well. All who will recover are improving. Yesterday we received from the government, tents, cots, and other comforts for the relief of our wounded, who have been lying on the ground, though bunks have been prepared for many.

"Mrs. Bickerdyke is among the wounded, and is doing good as she has opportunity. Last night as I slept in my tent surrounded by the wounded I was wakened by dreadful cries and groans as if of one in distress. It continued seeming like the

death agonies of a strong man. My first impulse was to go to him but that I could not do. At length the groans ceased, and when I inquired of our surgeon, from whose tent they proceeded, he said it was a wounded rebel prisoner, who died in the night. The rebel wounded bear their sufferings less bravely than our men."

"Kingston, Ga., May 23rd.

"Yesterday morning we arrived at Kingston, sleeping in cars, and accompanied by officers, and a minister sent by the Christian Commission. The cars were filled with sacks of corn upon which we rested. We reached here and took breakfast with agents of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. There is great hurrying to and fro, for an order has been issued for a forward move to-morrow, and all are making preparations. Rations for twenty days are ordered. Mrs. Bickerdyke took an ambulance and rode out to Gen. McPherson's headquarters, to learn from him what we should plan to do. The General encouraged our going forward, by assuring us that transportation should be furnished for sanitary goods. On the matter of transportation, Col. Smith, or rather the Quartermaster of the corps, informed us that the best ambulance and driver should be at our command, if we would go forward, and that our services were appreciated so highly that everything should be done to facilitate

and aid us in our work. From other officers we received the same assurance. We took out a few comforts to the batteries, and found them in remarkable health and spirits, considering the struggle through which they had passed.

“May 23rd.

“Sanitary agents have issued several tons of vegetables and other sanitary goods to-day, to the different divisions of this great army. Mrs. Bickerdyke has received this morning a large supply for our use among the wounded, which are to be sent forward to be in readiness for the next contest, which is no doubt near at hand. The Indiana agent sent us supplies at Resaca which have been reserved for the coming want. Mrs. Bickerdyke was greeted on the street by a soldier on horseback; ‘Mother,’ said he, ‘is that you? Don’t you remember me? I was in the hospital, my arm amputated, and I was saved by your kindness. I am so glad to see you,’ giving her a beautiful bouquet of roses, the only token of grateful remembrance he could command. Mrs. B. daily receives such greetings from men, who say they have been saved from death by her efforts. The blessing of many ready to perish is no small reward, and it is hers in overflowing measure.”

“May 24th.

“Last evening two or three hundred exhausted

men were sent here faint and weary. Mrs. B. and myself tried with what means we had, to meet their necessities. Mrs. B. made them coffee, and we gave them pickles and other food, which refreshed them greatly. They felt that if they could rest and have enough to eat, such as they needed, they would soon be able to do duty. This morning the surgeon of a hospital called to ask that we would go and help him in his work, which we promised to do.

“About an hour ago a great excitement prevailed, as it was said the rebels were coming upon us with a dash. Such a stampede among the stragglers, and so many pale faces I have not before seen. We were having our boxes shipped for Resaca. Hastened by the fright most of them were shipped, but four or five valuable packages remain, and we design to get them off as soon as possible, as it is thought guerrillas will make another attempt here.”

“Field Hospital, under care of Dr. Wright, May 25th.

“Yesterday as the trains were passing about four miles from here, they were attacked by our enemies. Four soldiers who had dismounted were killed, first slightly wounded, then evidently knocked on the head with a gun or club. That was the surgeon’s testimony, and the most inexperienced observer would come to the same conclusion, who

looked upon their bruised, broken faces. What exhibitions do we daily receive of the chivalry of our high-minded southern foes? Could Satan himself give stronger proofs of his love of evil than these devoted servants of their master?

“Last evening, having seen most of our sanitary goods on the cars, I left the town, which it was thought might be filled with rebels to-day, and came to this field-hospital. Mrs. Bickerdyke had taken a few articles and gone up in the morning, with men and women to clean and put things in order to feed and comfort the sad, exhausted and wounded soldiers. I found the house filled with such already. The beautiful, but filthy premises, under her direction had been made comfortably clean, and now the floors were covered with soldiers resting their weary heads on knapsacks or blouses, many of them without blankets even. On the march they have thrown everything away, because they are so burdened. They often start with very heavy burdens, unwilling to give up any of the little comforts they have gathered about them, but as the heat increases and the soldiers become weary, one thing after another is thrown away, until only their knapsacks which contain their rations and their cups remain.

“The failing and faint-hearted are constantly coming in. They report themselves sick, and a few

days of rest and nourishing will restore most of them, but some have made their last march, and will soon be laid in a soldier's grave; Mrs; B. has sent gruel and other food, which I have been distributing according to the wants of the prostrate multitude, all on the floor. Some are very sick men; it is a pleasure to do something for them. They are all dear to some circle, and are a noble company. Two hundred are gathered here. Sanitary goods are our dependence in taking care of them. We have received liberally from the Western Commission, and some very valuable articles from the Christian Commission, and have made them tell upon the comfort of those ready to perish. How often do I hear the remark, 'What should we have done but for the Sanitary commission?' We suffer the greatest inconvenience from the want of cooking utensils. It is very hard to provide food for so many hundreds, without any other convenience than out-door fire, under the heat of a summer sun. A tent does not exclude this heat. Soup kettles and large ranges would diminish the labor, and add greatly to our ability to be useful. Mrs. Bickerdyke applied to Louisville for such aid, knowing by experience the hard service which must be required, but they have not come, probably on account of difficulty in the way of transportation, and she will toil on without

them until her strong constitution is undermined, I fear.

“Wednesday.

“Heavy firing was heard in front yesterday. To-day three hundred and twelve men have been fed and comforted here. This morning Mrs. Bickerdyke made mush for two hundred, having gathered up in various places kettles, so that by great effort out of doors she can cook something. Potatoes, received from Iowa, and dried fruit and canned, have been distributed among the men. Many of them are from Iowa. ‘What could we do without these stores?’ is the constant inquiry.

“May 26th.

“I have visited the deserted hospitals near us, erected after Chattanooga was shelled by our troops, as I was informed by a lady who lives near. They are of sufficient size to accomodate one thousand sick and wounded, are built according to the directions of their Medical Board, and are altogether the best arrangements for a temporary hospital which I have seen, nothing wanting for convenience or comfort, and the location one of the best that could have been chosen. The rebels know how to take care of themselves. They were hurried out of the hospitals last week, and as they evacuated took their sick with them. The place we occupy is by no means as convenient, this be-

ing a private residence merely. But the plan is to send our men North, if they cannot go forward. Hundreds have already gone, and multitudes are on the way. A company of poor white women came to see us this morning who said, 'Georgia never went out of the union of her own free will, but she could not help herself.' They say, 'Our children are to be bound out to the planters, and we put into the hospitals to do the work, and thus be separated from our children; we know they'll do it if they can. The ladies say that they will have our children for servants if they can't get the niggers, and they will.'

"May 27th.

"Andrew Somerville, a faithful soldier, who went down to Resaca with our sanitary goods, after having put them into Mr. Jones' the agent's hands, was overpowered by a band of drunken soldiers, who were on a wild robbing expedition. They took some things after having knocked him down. A guard was called and military power exerted to arrest them. A telegram from Rome asking for Sanitary goods. I shall go to Resaca for them as the wounded are suffering.

"May 28th.

"There is heavy firing in the direction of Rome. I concluded to telegraph to Resaca and wait until to-day. Everything indicates the necessity of

comforts for the wounded. There is a sharp fight going on to protect a gap in the mountains.

“May 29th.

“Last evening, in view of the wants of the wounded who were reported coming in to be sent forward, I went to Resaca to get supplies, and returned this morning. To-day we hear of dreadful slaughter and suffering, and we are told that a train of ambulances is on its way to this point with the wounded. The colonel of the 83rd Ohio regiment ran into our room to ask for supplies to go to his regiment; Dr. Everett of the 10th Iowa also. We shall give them all we can spare. But, if our supplies were increased four-fold, we could easily use them.”

In another letter, dated Kingston, Ga., June 1st, Mrs. Porter says: “We have received, fed, and comforted at this hospital, during the past week, between 4,000 and 5,000 men, and still they come. Our sanitary stores are just what we need, and to-day we have received a quantity from Resaca, and a telegram from Mr. Read, United States Sanitary agent at Chattanooga, requesting us to draw upon that depot for anything we need, which we shall be glad to do. All the food and clothing have passed under our supervision, and, indeed, almost every garment has been given out by our hands. Almost every article of special diet has been cooked

by Mrs. Bickerdyke personally, and all has been superintended by her. I speak of this particularly, as it is a wonderful fulfillment of the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Again, writing from Altoona, Ga., June 14th:

"I have just visited a tent filled with 'amputated cases,' they are noble young men, the pride and hope of loving families of the North, but most of them are so low that they will never again return to them. Each had a special request for 'something that he could relish.' I made my way quickly down from the heights, where the hospital tents are pitched, and sought for the food they craved. I found it among the goods of the Sanitary commission—and now the dried currants, cherries, and other fruits are stewing; we have unsoldered cans containing condensed milk and preserved fruit—and the poor fellows will not be disappointed in their expectations."

CHAPTER XV

ARMY WORK. CONTINUED

A few words in addition from Mrs. Henshaw. "Mrs. Bickerdyke took charge of the diet cooking. Mrs. Porter, of the distribution of supplies. . . . 'It is too muddy for you to come to the kitchen to-day,' was often the message of Mrs. Bickerdyke to Mrs. Porter, accompanied by her breakfast. The habit observed by Mrs. Porter during this time of 'starvation rations' should here be told—she ate of those breakfasts as little as possible, and when the first squad of men went by, selecting the palest and hungriest looking she slipped the few morsels into his hand. Every day from every meal she thus saved a part of her own rations and gave to the man who looked the feeblest. Sometimes the poor fellows, driven by their extremity of hunger, crept up stealthily and with shamed faces, to search among the refuse of that economical kitchen. Then those two women always turned their heads and were too busy to notice. Mrs. Porter, had another touching habit. When, in the hospitals any one under her care was

approaching death, she placed in his hand a clean handkerchief or something similar that she might save it to send to his family as his last memento. Meeting at the foot of Lookout Mountain on the New Year of 1864, they remained together at Chattanooga until March when they advanced with some of the troops to Huntsville. There they had charge of a large hospital; but finding how pressing was the need of anti scorbutics they addressed themselves to the work of camp distribution; coming north to Nashville they returned with large amounts of vegetables which they divided among many regiments. The records of the commission abound with certificates from different military organization of their fidelity and efficiency. Mr. Porter was relieved from hospital service at Vicksburg early in the year and joined the 15th, Army corps at Nashville. He soon after found his wife at Big Shanty and during the remainder of the campaign was near where Mrs. Bickerdyke, and she were at work. Of their experience in this department Mr. Porter says:

“By a very marked providence Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke had secured sanitary supplies for these hospitals before any others had reached them. In view of the anticipated deadly battles and the difficulty of getting ammunition to the soldier's beyond the then terminus

of the railroad, with the absolutely necessary food for men and beasts, Gen. Sherman had left orders at Nashville, that no Sanitary stores should be forwarded until the army supplies had all been sent, and that no nurses or ladies be permitted to follow the army at present. Notwithstanding this head-quarter's order Mrs. B. determined to go in some way, but Mrs. Porter decided to wait for more light as to her duty; she had won her way by most careful avoidance of contending against army regulations, she would not defy them now. Mrs. B. went to the terminus of the railroad and begged the master of transportation for one team at least to take to the marching army her Sanitary stores. This he could not give but he promised to add one of her boxes or barrels to each of his loads. The next day, in her perplexity, Mrs. Porter examined her former pass and found it to read:

Office Provost Marshal Generals,
Nashville, Tenn., March, 18th, 1864.

"Guards, pickets and military authorities generally will pass and repass Mrs. Jeremiah Porter, agent of the United States Sanitary commission, to and from all points of this (Mississippi) military division. Military railroads and chartered steamers in government employ will at any time furnish her free transportation upon application. This pass

to remain in full force until countermanded at these headquarters.

By order of Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant.

W. R. ROWLEY,

Major and Provost Marshal General.

"This certainly had not been rescinded!—she took it to the railroad office and it was unchallenged—on its authority Mrs. P. at once proceeded and found Mrs. Bickerdyke with the transportation of stores secured as stated above. An ambulance had just arrived from the battlefield bringing a wounded officer to take the cars for the north. This ambulance was placed at the disposal of the two ladies. Filling it with delicacies and stimulants, with a driver who knew them they started at once with their precious load.

"The Fourth of July we spent in Marietta, on the 22nd of that month Gen. McPherson was killed. On that very day occurred an event of great interest to our family. It was this—News had come to us that Battery B., Chicago Light artillery, had been captured while approaching Atlanta, that some of its officers had been killed, some were prisoners, and that one of the batteries of heavy artillery had been taken. Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke on hearing this sad news, at once took an ambulance and drove to the hospital nearest the scene of battle, but on approaching it were

warned of the danger of coming near, as the enemy were aiming their shells at that point. My eldest son and a very dear nephew were in Battery B. Hoping to find our own boys still safe the ladies had gone to carry comforts to the survivors while I remained with the sick at Marietta. They left me on Friday and on Sunday not having heard a word from the battery I took for my text the question of David, twice repeated in II Samuel: 'Is the young man Absalom safe?' . . . In the evening of that day as I was passing among the men in our tent hospital, the clerk of the same called to me, 'Chaplain, I have word for you.' . . . It was a long business envelope sealed—on the outside of it was written: 'Dear Chaplain, James is safe. He thumbed the gun after the gunners had fallen wounded by his side and it was once more discharged, then stooped to do something for the fallen lieutenant. At once he heard the cry 'surrender.' Lying by the side of his dead friend, he chose to appear dead and so was declared by those who rushed by him, until our troops retook the battery. He had command of the same that afternoon, all speak of his bravery.

Yours,

J. W. WOODWORTH.'

"This dear friend was the assistant surgeon of the regiment. . . . Mrs. Porter had earlier learned

of our son's safety than I had, but she had watched through many anxious hours for tidings."

When Sherman—after the decisive battle of Atlanta—began his march to the sea, Mrs. Porter came to Chicago with her husband.

The five confederate officers and twenty-seven confederate privates whom she had attended in the hospital as wounded prisoners, hearing that she was to leave for the North and fearing she might meet with annoyance or peril from the Southern soldiery, each gave her a letter of commendation to their own army asking of it kind and generous treatment if, by the casualties of war, she should fall into their hands; and expressed in the warmest way their sense of obligation to the friend who had done so much to alleviate their distress. Happily Mrs. P. had no opportunity to present the letters to those to whom they were addressed, but a few months later Miss Dix was very glad of them to aid in refuting the charge of cruelty in treatment of prisoners in our hospitals. During the few weeks spent at the North, Mrs. P. made visits among her friends, did much to get contributions for the needs of the soldiers, and in October was present with all her family, except the eldest, who was with the army, at the marriage of her second son in Beloit, Wisconsin.

About this time murmurs were heard con-

cerning the destitution in the hospitals down the Mississippi river; the Northern Western commission hastened to ship stores in that direction and to send an agent on a tour of observation extending to Little Rock, Arkansas and the intermediate points. Mrs. Porter was selected for this service. A letter written on the gunboat as she was returning to Cairo, to her son, then lieutenant in a battery of colored soldiers stationed at Helena, will show how rapidly and with how little consideration for personal comfort this task was carried through.

“I cannot tell how much I regretted passing you in the night, am almost ready to take a trip back to Helena to see you, but I must deny myself and take another boat for Cairo. Our Father has kindly watched over me and carried me safely through to Little Rock and Duvall’s Bluff, and now I am about to leave this gunboat which brought a brigade up the river which disembarks here. . . . Mother’s thoughts are much with you. I leave you with Him who will never forsake. If you cling to Him you are safe. How is dear H——? Give much love to him and tell him to watch and pray, that he may, with those we love, be brought through this terrible war, having preserved his manhood and able to sustain and maintain those principles for which you suffer the ‘Loss of all

things;" and without which a republican government cannot stand. What cause we have for hope! What time we are afraid we will trust in the Lord and stay ourselves on everlasting strength."

To return to Mrs. Henshaw's narrative:

"The holidays drew on amid general rejoicings. Gen. Sherman had been heard from. His march to the sea was a triumph. Savannah lay at his feet. Upon the receipt of this news Mr. and Mrs. Porter started for the South. On their way to Savannah they stopped at Washington and had an interview with President Lincoln, urging upon him her favorite plan of sending disabled soldiers to northern hospitals. He received her most cordially and gave earnest attention to her representations. The surgeon-general and various senators, among them her former friend Senator Howe, were also enlisted, and their joint labors were crowned with gratifying success. Mrs. Porter while in southern hospitals, had the satisfaction of seeing many a pallid face brighten, and many a feeble form grew suddenly strong, when it was announced that the 'boat had come' and with it an order to take them to 'God's country.' Some of them never lived to reach their destination but they died with their faces toward home, and 'God's country' was not perhaps very far off.

Mrs. Porter's fervor in pressing this cause and her

skill in arguing the case, may be estimated from the two following letters, copies of those sent at the time, found among her manuscripts.

The first was written before her interview with President Lincoln from the field.

“Field Hospital,

“Chattanooga, Tenn., Jan., 1863.

His Excellency,

Abraham Lincoln.

Sir:—

“I come to you as the father of our sorrowing land. Do not consider me obtrusive for I come in behalf of wives, sisters and mothers, who when you asked the people to pray for you, did pray that God would give wisdom and grace to our President, and preserve him from enemies, who sought his life. When you asked for twenty-five thousand men, our husbands, sons and brothers were not withheld, but were sent forth with many prayers and tears. The people have given at your call, and sent to battle and to death, their noblest and their best, and to-day a voice is heard through our land like that of Ramah, weeping for our children ‘because they are not.’

“That they have died nobly in the defense of right may mitigate their sorrows but cannot alter the sad fact. The wail of sorrow goes up as piteously from obscure places in our land, as from the bereaved

king when with stricken heart he forgot his kingdom and cried in the fullness of his grief, 'My son! my son! would I had died for thee!'

"But it is not for the dead I plead, but for those who still live, and are suffering home and heart sickness in Southern hospitals. We ask that as you are giving furloughs to all veterans who are able and willing to re-enlist from the ranks, you will not forget the sick and wounded veterans, but extend furloughs to them also.

"They will be nursed in their homes with tender care, and when more men are needed, they will be among the first to spring into the ranks; their wives and mothers will be among the first to say 'Go, and the God of our Fathers go with you.' President Lincoln, do you know that the holding of our sick in government hospitals, is doing more in some sections of our country to prevent re-enlistment, and weaken confidence in our government than all other causes combined? If you would make our children love the cause for which their fathers have sacrificed all, the government must show that such sacrifices, and the men who make them are appreciated. The little child feels, with the older members of the household, the wrong done to his father, who after months of exhausting service in a malarious region, falls under the pressure and after weeks, sometimes months of tossing on a cot in an

infected hospital, asks that he may be furloughed and go home, if only to die and is refused. His family asks, the country asks, 'Why not?' Is it too much to grant to a man who has volunteered for this service, too much to expect of a government which he has given his life to sustain? If by any means the hearts of the people are alienated from the government it sustains a loss which no legislative acts or military power can supply. Let our president insist upon a measure which should return to their homes on sick-furlough the inmates of our large hospitals who have been there without benefit for weeks or months, and he will gather around himself the affection of this whole nation and the blessing of those ready to perish will rest upon him.

"I know well the objections urged. I will not attempt to answer them although I do not deem them unanswerable. Is it not safe to give freemen their rights? Have they forfeited them by becoming volunteers? If you send such men to their homes, you need no other recruiting office nor need you resort to a draft. The filled ranks and the ballot-box will testify that there is safety in doing right, and God will bless those who 'Do good as they have opportunity' and will save an afflicted people.

"May our country's God give wisdom and grace for your help in this time of need.

E. C. PORTER."

The second is a fragment undated but evidently written shortly after the visit at Washington or while she was still in waiting there.

“You will no doubt recollect the promise given a few days since, when the case of our sick in hospitals was brought before you. The interest you have at all times manifested in the condition of our soldiers leads us to press upon you a few additional reasons why, at this time the matter should have special attention. First, the fact will not be forgotten, that five thousand sick soldiers were removed to the North for the purpose of aiding to secure the election of our chief magistrate. We rejoice in the fact, and rejoice in the result, and we believe that the effort, so commendable, to give them opportunity to aid in electing the president, should be extended in its scope and embrace every sick man in every hospital in the land who has not speedy prospect of recovery. Such should be removed to their homes.

“It is objected that very low cases cannot bear such changes. We ask only what is practicable and will promote, not hinder, the progress toward health of the patient. Veterans are needed, and we find recruits failing at every point. We have the testimony of those who have watched the army, that if you succeed in raising up our sick or wounded veteran he is equal to five new recruits. The sick

from Sherman's last campaign, although comparatively few are almost all from those recruits. Let the sick veterans be sent therefore on account of their value.

"2nd. Because they detain in every hospital old soldiers as nurses and attendants. Regiments might to-day be sent from these places to fill veteran ranks could the patients who might be benefitted by it, be sent to their homes to be nursed by wives, mothers and sisters, who could do this work better than even a veteran nurse. It is said that there is an order for all able-bodied soldiers to be relieved from hospital duty and their places supplied by convalescents. All who know anything of the necessities of sick men, know that they cannot be properly cared for by those who are feeble. Let the convalescent statesmen, or convalescent surgeon make the trial and report to the War Department his opinion gained from experience! Send these men home, let them be cared for by loving hearts and hands, and our veteran convalescents, not worn with hospital service, will soon form another regiment of strong experienced soldiers.

"3rd. The humanity of the claim. There is but one opinion among our surgeons in the field. They express astonishment at the course pursued by the government, and charge it to want of practical knowledge of the working of the system. It has

been proved that sick and wounded men are in a far better condition who have been transported in ambulances and kept on the move than those who have been left in Southern hospitals, from which every Northern man prays to be delivered. Think of the thousands crowded into those wards sighing and longing for home. Better that they should die in making the effort to reach these homes than languish in the anguish of desire. Better that their families should be comforted by knowing that the government did what it could to save them, than writhe under the thought that they might have been saved.

“The old slander that our sick, when recovered, will not return I shall not attempt to meet. I think among the desertions will be found very few of those who have been furloughed during the last two years. Multitudes, as facts prove, have been in such haste to rejoin their regiments that they have come too early, before the expiration of sick-leave and at sacrifice of health. None of these objections prevailed against five thousand men being furloughed that their votes might aid in retaining in power the man whom we knew would consider their claims, and that such men will not, when able, return to the ranks I have never heard an insinuation. If they could safely be removed for a political purpose their families and the country ask, Why not to save precious life?”

From Washington Mr. and Mrs. Porter went to Savannah, Ga. A few lines written on the steamer on her way down the coast to one of her sons show the spirit which she carried to the work.

“Steamer Fulton, Dec. 25th, 1864.

“I hope this blessed anniversary has found you in health and with a heart filled with love and gratitude to that dear Saviour who so loved us in our sins, that he was willing not only to live in this world as a poor man of sorrows, but also to die for His enemies. He so loved as to give Himself a ransom and in His dying love could plead for our forgiveness. What manner of love! and what reason have we to-day to renew our consecration of all to Him.

“Mrs. Porter stayed in the hospitals at Savannah, Georgia, until Gen. Sherman had reached Goldsboro. To this place she followed going by water to Wilmington, and from there on a platform car. A torpedo exploded under the train as it moved along. The sick that Gen. Sherman was obliged to leave in Goldsboro, Mrs. Porter and her husband accompanied to Newburn, North Carolina, making the journey part of the way in a cattle car, after having spent the previous night sitting on their trunks, because there was no room for them in the inn. While Mrs. Porter was laboring at Newburn, she visited the hospitals at Beaufort, and

there met again her old coadjutor Mrs. Bickerdyke. From Newburn and Beaufort, these two untiring women passed up to Alexandria following in the wake of the victorious army. At Alexandria they joined once more the fifteenth Army corps.

. . . "No work of the commission was ever more welcome or better appreciated than that which it did around Washington, during the weeks that followed upon the surrender of Gen. Lee. Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke went each day among the camps in immense army-wagons loaded with stores and made distributions with their own hands.

"Why did they not leave this for others? Because they knew well that their own wise careful doling out secured the comfort, sometimes, as in case of anti scorbutics, the life, of many men who would have failed to receive anything under more lavish and less discriminating methods.

"The hot months of July and August were passed by Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke, in the hospitals of Louisville, Kentucky and in those between that point and Huntsville, Alabama. Gen. Logan had requested their attention to the troops at Louisville. Their work in the vicinity of Washington being done, they responded readily to the demand, and found much want among the hundreds of men flocking home through that thorough-

fare. Mrs. Porter hastened to Chicago for supplies with which she returned laden, and here as at Washington did a large work of mercy. An incident occurred at Louisville, so characteristic of Mrs. Bickerdyke that it ought not to be omitted.

“Some of the troops were about starting for Texas, and word came that, at that distant outpost, scurvy was making fearful ravages. Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke desired to forward, under the care of the men just leaving, a quantity of anti-scorbutics. The captain of the boat promised that if the articles were on the wharf by a certain hour, he would take them. As the boat was not to break bulk between Louisville and Texas it was a golden opportunity. It was Sunday and raining furiously. Through the pelting storm Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke went about to find teams which should carry the potatoes to the boat. With the utmost difficulty wagons were found, loaded and the driver urged to go rapidly, which he did as well as they could amid the rain and mud. When they came within sight of the river he suddenly slackened his pace. ‘Why don’t you go on?’ remonstrated Mrs. Porter. ‘It’s of no use,’ he replied. ‘The boat has gone.’ With dismay Mrs. Porter looked and there, true enough, was the steamer rapidly retreating. The hour set had not quite passed but the captain felt sure so many

obstacles could not be overcome, and the boat had put off. 'It shall come back,' said Mrs. Bickerdyke, decidedly. The boat was in the stream. In the driving rain sat the two resolute women; behind them were the potatoes which had cost so much labor and exposure. Mrs. Bickerdyke rose to her feet and beckoned. The conscious captain stood observing. With the air of an empress she beckoned again. The boat evidently slackened its speed. Again she beckoned still more emphatically. The boat rounded to, and in response to what had now become a volley of signals, actually returned and took on the potatoes. The next morning a cartoon was posted up in the streets of Louisville, representing a woman ordering about a government steamer with a wave of her hand. The picture was obtained by Mrs. Porter and forwarded to Chicago to Mr. Blatchford with an account of the affair. This incident well illustrates Mrs. Porter's modest habit of assigning to her coadjutor the credit of the work which they jointly accomplished. The smallest allusion to her own wonderful labors, the fullest justice to her friend and co-worker, was the refined and unselfish rule which guided her speech and pen. In August these two untiring women visited the hospitals toward the South, as far as Huntsville, Ala., then they came North and separated, conceiving that their army work was done.

“But Mrs. Porter had still before her some of the most important and onerous of her labors. On the 7th of October, the commission held a meeting, and voted a large supply of stores to be sent under her care, to our soldiers on the Mexican frontier. Thither she and her husband went as agents of the Sanitary and Christians commissions, their latest agents in the field.

“The work which Mrs. Porter did in Texas deserves of itself a full and special record.

“She distributed her supplies, established a Protestant school amid a Romanist population, taught in it herself, won her way to all hearts, and kept up the spirits of the soldiers who were homesick and despirited at their protracted service. When she left, the lamentation in her school was such that it was heard in the neighboring streets. She returned in June 1866. She was the last, as she had been the first, agent in the field of the Northwestern commission, her connection with it having extended over the space of four years and a half. On their return from Texas, Mr. and Mrs. Porter had a formal reception given them at the Sherman house, Chicago, in recognition of their labors in field and hospital during their long service, in which many prominent citizens took part.”

CHAPTER XVI

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN AND BROWNSVILLE

These years of army service had not been uneventful ones in the family history. The youngest son had been one of a company of hundred day volunteers and had spent a summer in the heat of Memphis. The daughter had been at another time in a Christian commission "diet kichen" in one of the hospitals of the same city. The mother, in the midst of her cares, could but carry new burdens of anxiety for her children in such surroundings in their youth. In nothing did she show the reality and quality of her faith more clearly, than in her quiet acceptance of what those dear to her believed to be God's call to them. She had made it the aim of all her training, to impress upon those entrusted to her that God had a plan for each which He would make clear to the humble and dutiful spirit; that the very law of life was this open-hearted unquestioning obedience to the "Heavenly vision". To the endeavor of affection to restrain her from tasks which seemed too heavy, she always answered, "If it is God's call, I

have the promise of His strength." Separated from her children, she dared not judge for them or lay upon them any other constraint than that which the principles she had endeavored so earnestly to instill, imposed.

So they met with no opposition from her, only the oft repeated caution not to mistake self-will for heavenly guidance. A heroism which unfalteringly gives its beloved is rarer and must have deeper springs, than that which gives merely itself to peril and toil.

When Mrs. Porter went to Louisville with sanitary stores, her son Edward accompanied her to take charge of them en route. She had left him a few months before in a little home just established, now she found it desolate, his young wife suddenly stricken down and taken from him. During these years of stress and exhausting labor she thus carried some peculiar burden of anxiety or sympathy for each one of the sundered household. After a brief stay in Chicago Mrs. Porter went to Green Bay, to visit Mrs. Tank and other friends. In the early autumn Mr. Porter accepted a call to become the pastor of the Congregational church in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. His wife soon joined him there, and they began making arrangements for a home. A house was purchased, repairs begun, and elm trees set out—every home in which

Mr. and Mrs. P. lived together was made a joy to those who have followed them by the elms which surrounded it. Their daughter came to live with them while they were still boarding near the church, waiting the completion of necessary changes in the house. It was five years since any of them had had a home, and the mother's pleasure in the arrangements which were to make the little brick house attractive and convenient was as eager as her devotion to the details of her home had always been. Her sons were not likely to be in it except to come and go, so it must be planned with special reference to the daughter's tastes and wishes. Her own thought for her life had gradually shaped itself in a very different way and yet—if this might be! She dared not decide; her parents certainly had first claim. The frail mother worn by unremitting toil needed her care, what a joy it would be to give it; to find in study and parish work mental and spiritual culture. Yet it was cruel to let the mother build her sweet plans and gentle hopes into the home if they were only to be disappointed. The question was laid before her not as a conviction of immediate duty but as that which lay in her daughter's mind as an ultimate plan, to be postponed or given up if her parents thought she should remain with them. A demand for self-sacrifice was the bugle-note to Mrs. Porter; she

had responded to that with utmost alacrity from her youth and now there was not an instant's hesitation. The answer was as prompt as decisive. "I have all my life been praying 'Thy kingdom come,' if God asks for my children to hasten its coming in the dark places what can I say except, Lord they are Thine, for Thy service when and as thou wilt!"

What it meant to her she herself shall tell in a letter written evidently in response to some inquiries and solicitations from one of the officers of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior.

"My dear Friend:—

As I look over this hastily written sheet, and compare it with your request, I know it does not meet your expressed desire and perhaps I ought to add a few words more explicitly connected with my own experience in regard to the dear daughter to whom you refer

"Could I hope by such an addition to aid or strengthen mother or daughter in personal sacrifice in that direction I should gladly extol the grace and love of God manifested to me and mine in this self-denying but blessed work. God never calls His people to any service without assurance that He will be with them, and Grace sufficient.

"And first in the duties and self sacrifice of motherhood we hear Him say 'she shall be saved if she

continue in faith.' I never had but one desire in becoming a mother, and from the time I felt the cares and responsibilities that come to the human heart when that foundation of love and tenderness is opened, my desire for my children was one continued prayer that they might be the Lord's and perform service for Him.

"I desired for them the highest good, and God had made me know by a long course of discipline, that all permanent good must come in connection with faith, love and obedience.

"How could I then but give my dear ones to Him to lead and guide? I lent them to the Lord as long as they lived, desiring one thing of Him, that he would choose our inheritance for us and let us dwell in His house forever.

"They were trained and educated with the idea of preparation for service; not choosing the missionary field for them, but ever in word and action making them feel that it was a prominent part of God's work on earth and that God might call me and mine into the work.

"Our little——, when very young, in hearing Dr. Scudder's account of the poor heathen children, said 'I shall be a missionary; I am going to be a teacher, and teach at home first, and I shall go among the heathen.' This was her infant plan.

"I said, My children are the Lord's, and when-

ever He calls them I want them to be prepared to go.

“At the age of ten she, with her older brother, now in China also, and their sister, now in the heavenly home, united with the church of which her father was pastor.

“Years fled; school duties filled up the years of preparation, in which her mind was deeply absorbed.

“The war came. Her parents, after giving themselves to that work in the sanitary rooms, and hospitals, were separated from loved ones. Our sons were in the midst of the dangers of the field and we with them were suffering all the anxieties of separation, balancing between hope and fear.

“God, by that very discipline, was preparing us submissively to say when the summons came. Here am I and the children which I gave to thee.’ Do with us, with them, as shall please thee.

“And do you think it cost nothing at that point of our domestic history which I cannot now trace, to give up our child from home?

“An invitation came for her attendance upon a meeting of the American board. In that separation I realized, as I was left alone, something of the desolation and agony which must follow her final departure.

“My husband being absent, I had no earthly prop

on which to lean. Our house, once filled with a group of loving, cheerful hearts, whose sweet voices and pattering feet met us at every point, now gone! gone! As we went out, no dear anxious child inquired 'How long, mamma?' and when we came in, no glad welcome awaited us. 'What a change!' I said, 'and this is to be sad reality of all your future domestic life; a continued contrast to the joy, and toil and care of past days and years.' In my distress I cried unto the Lord 'What does this mean? this horror of great darkness? have we mistaken the way? Is this a cross of my own making? have I been brought into this wilderness in faith and hope, to faint here?'

"I turned to my Bible, my stronghold in every emergency, and opened to this wonderful passage:

" 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.'

"I felt the import of that promise, 'I will come to you.'

"My heart melted into loving trust, and exclaimed 'If Thou, Lord, wilt indeed come and be our comforter, and fill our hearts and home, I can then give up my darling, can trust her, can leave all with Thee, in whose fullness there is joy and peace.' Promise after promise came to me as a new revelation. 'I and my Father will come and make our abode with you.' 'If any man open the

door I will come in and sup with him.' My heart said, 'Come in, dear Lord, and if thou wilt indeed abide with me, I cannot be alone.' I heard Him say, 'Peace I leave with thee. My peace I give unto thee, not as the world giveth.' The world says we are mad, beside ourselves, and asks 'How can you think that God approves such a sacrifice of your young and only daughter.' Surely there is enough in this land which calls for workers, in every department,' said many who called themselves Christians, 'and here such a daughter ought to work.'

'I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place
And He has made me glad.'

"I claimed those great and precious promises. They are mine. That week of prayer and faith enabled me to say 'Go,' to my darling, and without tears or apparent sorrow, to strengthen and aid her in preparation.

"Ah! and she, too, must meet it alone. But that same Jesus sends a Comforter, and we heed not the doubts and fears of loving friends. And there were many such, whose opinions we highly valued and to forfeit whose confidence cost something. But our comforter said 'Fear not the reproaches of men.' In answer to the oft repeated question,

‘How could you give up your daughter to such a work?’ my reply was, ‘The Lord who called her can alone know what it cost her mother to give her up, and He alone could sustain me in it, and give peace in believing.’ Had I other sons and daughters, gladly would I give them to any work where God evidently called. He is faithful who has promised and will perform all.”

When this decision was made it was thought that the actual parting might be far in the future. There were a few busy months of “getting to housekeeping.” The sons, with some of their friends visited the new home and in the winter holidays, the family were all together, gathered for the last time under their own roof-tree. The mother was, as always, the center of the circle; there was force and flavor in her talk and her children, able now, as never before, to appreciate both her affection and her intellect, on the one hand petted and on the other half adored their strong gentle winsome “little mother,” who had done such extraordinary things and yet kept all the old womanliness and quiet appreciative humor. She rebelled, half playfully, half in earnest at finding herself set aside from the kitchen drudgery, but yielded in the end with merry grace, sure that the obstinacy of her children would bring its own retribution, when her skill would be sorely needed.

There were many inconveniences and vicissitudes in the new place with unreliable help in the cold of a northern winter. With what tact and sweetness she met each perplexity her family well remember and how she enjoyed being once more a hostess, at the head of her own table. There was marked religious interest in the community during that and the following winter and not a few traced their conversion immediately to Mrs. Porter's influence. In 1867, it was decided that the daughter should go abroad as soon as necessary preparations could be made.

In February 1868 Mrs. Porter accompanied her to Chicago; when they parted the mother's good-bye was characteristic, having in it that sweet impetuosity and marvelous thought for others, which led her to do so many beautiful unexpected things, on some quick impulse of affection. All thought the last word spoken and none wondered that the mother's self control was somewhat shaken, and that her face was hidden when the father and daughter left the house. There was a moment's delay in adjusting hand luggage after they were seated in the carriage; the front door opened and out ran Mrs. Porter down the walk to the gate, up a slight incline of boards which led to the carriage. Her step was elastic as a girl's, her cheek flushed and her eyes softly bright. As she

put her face up to the window she said, "You shall see your mother last with a smile, you shall not remember her in tears!" The smile was there. Its radiance glows across the years, and one not unlike it may greet her child when they meet again. For it was the outshining of that light which is not to fade or die, but belongs to the immortal life.

In the autumn of the same year a call to Mr. Porter from the church in Brownsville, Texas, opened the way for their return to the South. Mrs. Porter was very desirous of carrying on the school work there and felt the loneliness of the quiet town, where comparatively little was demanded of her, harder to bear than the severest labor. She never again desired to make a home, her temporary housekeeping, resumed several times, was always ordered with the thought of frequent change. She was happy in securing the Misses Elizabeth and Barbara Grant, then recently graduated from Oberlin college, to accompany her as teachers in the seminary. They remained until the following summer when they returned to the North and opened the school for young ladies in Chicago, which they carried on for many years, and which under their successors is still known as Miss Grant's school. 'In the autumn of 1869, Miss Emma Dickinson, now Mrs. Arthur H. Smith of North China went to Brownsville with Mrs. Porter and

taught with other assistants for succeeding months. A letter written years later gives very vividly some of Mrs. S.' impressions of that time. A word picture of Mrs. P's work for the untrained, untruthful Mexican children.

Mrs. Smith writes from Tientsin, China, in 1881. After acknowledging some gift for her baby boy she says: "Little H. shall be taught to keep you 'In the round tower of his heart.' I hope he may see your dear faces some day. I wonder if they will be the same faces to me. . . . I should want my dear little 'foster-mother's' hair just as brown as it was the last day I brushed it and her eyes as bright, and I should want to sit at the foot of somebody's pulpit and hear a regular Brownsville sermon, and will promise not to pout if it means me, as those sermons always did. Every kind tender, and helpful thing you did for me that year is fresh in my memory to-day and will stay there while I have any. Do you know, is it not odd, that although that dear little mother has done so many great and noble things for which not only her husband and children, but the whole northwest, 'rise up and call her blessed;' she always seems to my thought greatest, sweetest, saintliest, on her knees, in the little dark closet, under the stairs, in the school building at Brownsville, praying Joseph Demara (wasn't it?) honest?"

I can see now the look of awe on his face. It seems as wonderful to me now as it did that day, that despite the fact the boy did not know English and could not have understood that prayer, he felt it and—proof enough even for this skeptical nineteenth century—an orange could stay in the closet all day, untouched afterward !”

Miss Dickinson remained with them through the year, and at its close, in the summer of 1870, Mrs. Porter again came North and took back with her other teachers and a housekeeper. This time instead of boarding, they set up their own establishment but Mrs. Porter as before, had general charge of the school. Through these years Mr. Porter had not only done the work of his parish but also preached regularly to the soldiers, and been practically chaplain of the garrison of Fort Brown. Senator Howe and other friends, without his solicitation made application for his appointment and in July he received a commission as Post Chaplain in the regular army—which he retained until he was retired in 1882.

This change, must in any case have closed Mrs. Porter's connection with the school, but it did not come until she was quite ready to turn that over to other hands. The school fund of Texas is very large, ample for the needs of its towns and she no longer felt justified in asking funds from the North

to sustain a school, which was manifestly never to become self-sustaining. Instead of going North that summer, Mr. and Mrs. Porter removed to officers' quarters in Fort Brown and took their vacation in the autumn in a trip of six-hundred miles into Mexico, where they visited the mission in Monterey and made themselves familiar with the needs of that field, in which they had from this time peculiar interest. Now began for them both work for the regular army in time of peace, a service as different from that among volunteers in time of war, as from that of an ordinary parish.

In March 1872, they came North for visits among friends. While Mr. P. went to New England his wife accompanied Mrs. Tank on her return to her lonely home in Fort Howard. Mrs. Tank had just come from Bethlehem, Penn., where she had been to lay the remains of her only child beside those of her father, in the Moravian cemetery. Mary Tank had almost a child's place in Mrs. Porter's affection, and it was with a deep sense of personal loss that she assisted in arranging all her personal effects for distribution. 'In May of this year the youngest son, Henry D. Porter, with his college associate and friend, Arthur H. Smith, who had in the meantime married Miss Dickinson, was ordained to the Christian ministry and set apart for foreign missionary service at Beloit. There

too, Mrs. Porter met the bride of her son Edward, a real daughter whose love was very precious to her for the few months that she was spared as a member of the family. In June the missionary party left Chicago for China. The mother's struggle in giving up her son, has no record, only in the 'secret place' where she wrestled and triumphed. was any faltering shown—but of her joy in anticipation of the reunion on the other side of the sea she loved to speak, for her children were to be in the same mission. From this time her interests seemed almost as much there as in this land and she entered into all her son's labors medical and evangelistic, as their details came to her, with the most intelligent and appreciative sympathy.

During this year a regiment which had a chaplain attached to it, was stationed at Fort Brown, and Mr. Porter's services were no longer needed at that post. In February he was transferred to Fort Sill in Indian Territory. Mrs. Porter remained at the North until November, but returned to Texas at that time and was ready to go with her husband to the new field.

Mr. Porter's skeleton record of family life sent to China, at the request of one of his children closes during their service there with the words:

"January 1st, 1874, finds us at Fort Sill, Indian

Territory, among the Comanche and Kiawa tribes; rejoicing in the Lord and all the way He has led us these forty years, waiting until our change come. Learned of the sudden death of the Rev. Joel Grant in Chicago, just as the year expired. A happy new year to the dear brother in Heaven his Home!"

CHAPTER XVII

GARRISON LIFE—WORK IN AUSTIN, TEXAS

From this time Mrs. Porter fitted up their cottage, in whichever Fort they were stationed with the least possible outlay. She always made it cosy and attractive but kept in mind the flitting sure to come, and was unwilling to burden herself with many belongings, or the care of anything but the simplest establishment. She taught the children of the garrison in a day school, gathered the laundresses for instruction, and made herself the special friend of every one in need. Her elasticity and strength were, however, much reduced and she was never again free from attacks of low malarial fever which greatly prostrated her. Her lungs too were very sensitive and pneumonia threatened upon any exposure. Life at the Fort she could bear only under favorable conditions. Once she was carried on a cot, in an army ambulance, tenting at night, two days journey to take the train for the North when recuperation seemed hopeless in the malarial atmosphere of Indian Territory. Mr. Porter's duties prevented his remain-

ing with her and now came the literal fulfillment of the promise for "This present time" "An hundred-fold of houses and children." All over the northwest were those who felt themselves her debtors—and she was cared for in beautiful homes where her presence was accounted a benediction.

Those in which she passed months at different times were Mr. E. W. Blatchford's, Mr. P. C. Gobles and Judge E. S. Williams, in Chicago—and the dear Beloit one in which her sons had all been as students, Prof. William Porter's was always open to her. In 1873 a new joy was given her, that in which God lets His children, in the mellowness of age, renew the delight of youth without its care in the love of little children, their very own—the first grandchild came to the circle. The young mother lived but a week, the frail boy, whom it was hardly hoped would survive her was baptized above her coffin, Edwards Hyndshaw, his father's name with the family one of his mother. Judge Williams was a cousin of Mr. Porter's and his wife a sister of the child's mother. To her care the little one was entrusted, and she guarded and watched over him with a devotion which had its reward in his laying hold on life, and his growth into a most loving and winsome, although for years, an exceedingly delicate child. Naturally from this time the attractions of Judge William's home outweighed all others

to the grandmother and when she could not endure the exposure of the garrison home, she found the most reverent affection and tender care in that household with which the Porter family was linked by so many ties.

There she spent two winters of enforced separation from her husband. Too much of an invalid to venture out in the cold weather, she and the fragile boy, who was also shut in for all the frosty months, were inseparable companions, and the child voiced the sentiment of many another little one, when he one day gravely said at table, turning to pat her soft cheek, "Grandma is so nice to play with." She mended his toys, built forts and towns of his blocks, told beautiful stories and put him to sleep with hymns, renewing in his nursery all that was sweetest in the earlier years, but now at leisure, with no pressing demands which forbade her lingering, as in those days there had always been.

Not alone in these homes did Mrs. Porter find attention and watch care truly filial. She could hardly enter a railroad car, or drive about in a new place but she met some one whom she had befriended, and as she had sown so now she reaped, affection, thoughtful attention and helpful ministry. Another real joy came in these later years. She so loved to give, not service alone but money

to the various causes of benevolence. From her slender means she had by no means wholly denied herself this privilege, but she had never had any considerable sum, even from her own modest standpoint, under her control. Now her friend, Mrs. Tank desired to use her income for some form of Christian service and not to be known. She had watched Mrs. Porter's wise and economical administration of her own household, knew what a training she had had in making the most of a little, and trusted her implicitly. It was therefore very natural that she should have made her, to no small extent, her almoner. Mrs. Porter accepted the trust with sincere pleasure and fulfilled it with painstaking fidelity. She was a very clear-headed business woman, scrupulous as to receipts, and attentive to details. The monies entrusted to her husband and herself were frequently sent without restriction as to where, or how they were to be used, although more often with such directions as "For Home missions," "For Foreign missions," or "For the Freedmen—" on the books of all these societies "A Friend by Rev. J. Porter," or "A friend by Mrs. Porter," became a frequent entry. Much as Mrs. Porter prized the opportunities of sending funds through these channels, there were others which demanded more thought and care, and had in some ways, even greater personal interest. Five

dollars to a family in want here, ten to a struggling church there. Mrs. Porter's wide acquaintance and her skill in touching wounds of spirit with the touch of healing, instead of pain, opened to her many sore cases of need which were hidden from most eyes, and an appeal from her seldom failed to bring response from that lonely cottage in Northern Wisconsin. Mrs. Tank's gifts were not large, but they were constant, and in the course of the years about twelve thousand dollars passed through the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Porter from this source. As most of this came in tens, fifties, or single hundreds, the correspondence and thought involved may be estimated.

During these years also, Mrs. Porter relieved from many responsibilities, was less limited in her own resources, and it was the delight of her old age to help others who were bearing the burden and heat of the day, standing in the hard places which she knew by experience so well, and to aid in the great work of building up the kingdom in all the earth.

From Fort Sill Mr. Porter was transferred to Fort D. A. Russel in Wyoming territory. There in 1876 the daughter found them on her return from China. Mrs. Porter was very frail, but had taken her place in a garrison school-room until the cold weather of autumn forbade the exposure.

The "Chaplain's quarters" was a picturesque, if paintless and slightly-built cottage, and it had the air of homelikeness, which soon marked any spot in which Mrs. Porter and her trunk were set down. Probably there was not another so inexpensively furnished house in all the row, but officers and civilians as they came in would exclaim "Oh! how cozy and pleasant you are here." The policing of the garrison—bringing wood and water, shovelling snow and carrying off refuse, was done by men from the guard house sent under a sergeant's care to perform these servile tasks as part of their punishment while under arrest. The old negro woman and her pretty daughter who had come from Detroit with Mrs. Porter to preside in the kitchen looked with the greatest contempt on these "drunken good-for-nothing fellows." It would certainly have been injudicious to ask them to do them service. Contempt for any human being found small place in Mrs. Porter's heart. "Poor fellows ruined with drink, and they have mothers, perhaps wives somewhere;" she would reply. Each week on the days when the Chaplain's quarters were in their round, she would herself make great cards of gingerbread, baked in the largest dripping pans the kitchen afforded, cut them in squares of six or eight inches and lay them on piles of newspapers—illustrated ones if possible—near the door, as the

men passed she handed one to each with a pleasant word. The guard stood waiting, there was no time for conversation, but an illuminated text was usually hidden among the newspapers, and whether they found that or not, the men must have gone away with hearts a little warmer for the proof that some one cared for them in their humiliation.

So in all ways of lowliest service, Mrs. Porter with eyes grown quick to see by loving watching, heart kept alive to the wants of others by the habit of response, still "went about doing good." In ministrations to the needy poor she did not forget the not less needy rich. Proud women of the world and strong men of affairs, trusted and loved her. One almost wondered that she did not grow cynical, so many stories of domestic infelicity, or of bitter pain were poured into her ears. She never thought or spoke lightly of any thing which involved moral wrong, and never lost the delicacy of feeling which shrank from word or look which bore the shadow of coarseness or impurity. Yet amid the evil, she seemed always to find the good that was left, could appeal to the honor of a man, who in the view of others had none, or to the better instincts of a woman, who had stooped to lowest vice, in a way to win response.

In 1878 Mrs. Porter welcomed the return of

her missionary son, and April of 1879 saw the family all together for the last time. The occasion was the marriage of this son to a daughter of President Chapin of Beloit college. Mr. Edward Porter was also there with his wife of only two days, and the little grandson felt himself especially charged with the duty of introducing "my new mamma"—of whom he was already both proud and fond, to the whole circle. Mrs. Porter's pleasure in the addition of these two daughters to the household was very apparent: one of them she had known and loved from her childhood, the other was from this time to give her not only daughterly affection, but daughterly care. Her strongest local attachment was probably now to Beloit, she had never lived there, only come as a guest, but her sons and daughter had all been members at some time of Prof. Porter's family, and she had found a most congenial resting place, again and again, in that beautifully ordered Christian home. Chicago had so greatly changed since the fire that there was no place there which held for her so many dear associations as clustered about the pretty college town, so it was very pleasant that the whole circle could once more gather here, before the wide scattering, which was to be the last. Immediately after the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Porter went back to Fort Russell.

The daughter returned to her mission field, and a few months later Dr. and Mrs. Henry Porter en-route for China, reached the military post. They found Mr. Porter very unwell, and it was hastily decided that he must apply for sick leave and accompany the travelers to the Pacific coast. This was thought of at the time as only a temporary move, but it proved the end of his service with the army, as he was never able to return to Chaplain's duty.

A year and a half was spent in California—six months of the time in supplying the pulpit of a friend in Grass Valley, the Rev. F. B. Perkins. Mrs. Porter enjoyed the mild climate and the beauty of orchard and vineyard very much, but did not gain strength and Mr. Porter was little better than when he left Fort Russell. Just as they were ready to come East, Mrs. Porter had an attack of fever but she was sure that the journey would not injure her, and for many reasons it seemed important that it be not delayed. A state room was secured, and she carried in arms, like a child, to her berth. They telegraphed from point to point for such food as she could eat, and the long trip was accomplished without harm to the invalid. Mr. Perkins with his motherless babe, which had been Mrs. Porter's charge, and the nurse accompanied them and Mr. Perkins watched over

her with filial care until she was met by her own son in Chicago.

Released now from responsibility, the question of a home for their declining years arose, but Mrs. Porter shrank so from the cold winters of the North, and was so desirous of spending at least a part of each year, near her sons, that any permanent resting place seemed impracticable. She herself did not desire it. She was too frail for household care and could not live in her own house without it. From this time, therefore, the home from which they came and went was that of the son in Detroit. A sunny room, with a bay-window to the south, was set apart as theirs and here, for just so many months of the year as they could safely spend so near the lake shore they were most affectionately welcomed and tenderly cared for. The Woodward Avenue Congregational church, of which Dr. Moses Smith was pastor, was very near. They took a pew there, and enjoyed such congenial church association and fellowship as they had not known since Mr. Porter gave up his own pastoral work in 1861. These autumn years had upon them the glow of Indian summer for Mrs. Porter, there were no more separations from her husband, he was free to go wherever her health required. Her pen was busy with her large correspondence, she read with keen interest and followed many

lines of benevolent work, with thoughtful, prayerful attention, disbursed her own and other gifts, and visited the sick and suffering, the poor and sin-burdened. After she was gone one of her sons requested from Miss Adams of Austin, Texas, some account of her winters there. The story shows how active she still was "About her Father's business." Miss Adams goes back to her earlier recollections of Mrs. Porter, but the whole may be fittingly inserted here. This note accompanied it.

"Dear Mr Porter:—

"I am sorry to have been so tardy in replying to your request, for some memories of your sainted mother; and now anything that I can write seems such a faint shadow of that beloved character, and the reality of that life service for Christ as to be most unsatisfactory. It is a blessing to have known her as I did."

"Memories of Mrs. Eliza Chappell Porter.

Martha J. Adams.

"During 1852-53, I taught at Green Bay and had a delightful home in the family of Rev. Jeremiah Porter. The two eldest sons were at Hadley at school. Charlotte, Henry, and Mary, were my pupils while dear little Robbie was the pet of the household. Miss Caroline Porter, Joseph Curtis, and a part of the time Katherine Marsh and Ellen McNiell, were members of the family. I remem-

ber so well the cheerful devotion of Mrs. Porter to the welfare and happiness of this large family, and her words and deeds of kindness and sympathy for all, especially do I recall her warm and loving sympathy with childhood, the joyous Saturdays of the children at home. Often Mary Tank came to spend the day and marvelous tableaux she and Charlotte would arrange in the little room next the mother's, with her full and cordial approval of their girlish merriment.

"I recall too how on Sabbath mornings during that cold winter a man would arrive at an early hour in a wide sleigh, from some miles out to take Mrs. Porter, where she had a Sunday school in an ignorant and destitute settlement. How wrapped in a warm shawl, with hot bricks at her feet, against many protests, she would bravely go to tell of Jesus, returning just in time to lunch and dress for the afternoon service at church at which she appeared the refined graceful Christian lady.

"In 1883, I was engaged in teaching and general missionary work among the colored people at Austin, Texas. I was keeping house in a very quiet way in the 'Gillett mansion,' a large and somewhat dilapidated house—the other part of it being occupied by Rev. G. W. Richardson, a M. E. minister and his wife. In the autumn, I received a letter from Mrs. Porter, saying that for health's

sake they wished to spend the winter in the South, and inquiring if I could arrange for them to be with me, and if there was work for the Master that they could do.

“More rooms were rented in the house. Our black Georgia came to help us keep house and here we spent a pleasant and useful six months. Mrs. Porter at once became deeply interested in my work and for the lowly ones all about us. She often went with me to Aunt Delilah’s cabin where a few women would gather, leaving their wash-tubs long enough for a Bible reading and prayer-meeting, and I used to think her words were to them almost like a voice from heaven. The little children in the neighborhood soon learned to watch for her as their friend. I recall one little waif by the name of Fanny—she was very dull, her mother was indifferent to her—but morning after morning Mrs. Porter would have her come to her room and with the utmost patience and toil, try to teach her to read, and when remonstrated with for giving so much of her strength to the child—she would reply: ‘The child must learn to read.’ She seemed to see in every little child no matter how forlorn or repulsive, an immortal soul to be made fit for the redeemer’s jewels.

“At Austin there was a part of the city two miles from us, inhabited by ignorant and degraded Whites,

Mexicans, and Negroes, where no Christian work was done,—her heart yearned to do something for them—at last we obtained permission to use an old stone-store, at that time used for a school for the Mexicans, in which to open a ‘Live Oak’ Sunday school for the colored children. A room in the rear, with the roughest of stone-floors and the blackest of rough timbers over head, she wanted in which to gather the little children. She consulted a carpenter living opposite to us about making seats for the little ones—a kind of gallery with several rows of benches one above another—he told her that he could furnish the lumber, that his men could make the seats and so forth. Then on Saturday night his wife came with a bright look upon her face to say that the gallery was done and placed in the house—and that there was no bill to present. So much did Mrs. Porter’s enthusiasm communicate itself to himself and wife. Here upon this gallery she would have a multitude of little black children packed as close as their little wriggling bodies would permit. I seem to see her standing before them in that rude room upon that rough floor, her beautiful eyes beaming, her whole face illumined with love while every eye was fastened upon her face as she taught them of God and His law, of Jesus and His love.

“It was wonderful the deep impression she made

upon those children's minds and hearts; they still remember her most lovingly now, and when the hymn, 'Jesus the water of life can give' or 'When the cometh, when he cometh, to make up His jewels,' is sung their faces will brighten, and they will say, 'Mrs. Porter taught us that.' Soon after we heard she had entered into rest, two little girls who were among the smallest that used to sit upon that little gallery, were told that their dear teacher had gone to heaven and asked what they remembered that she had taught them, without hesitation replied, 'Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

"I remember too, that during this winter of 1883-84 she was deeply impressed with the importance of the use of the Bible in the public schools of our country; much time, thought, letter writing to persons of influence and conversation did Mr. and Mrs. Porter give to this subject.

"In November, 1884, returning to Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Porter accompanied me. Her loving Christian spirit manifested itself in traveling. I remember her warm personal interest in the travelers, especially in such as seemed to be in need of sympathy and comfort, and always a kindly word for the Master.

"At this time she was deeply interested about

starting a kindergarten for the little children at Austin. My home was now at Tillotson Inst., and Mr. and Mrs. Porter came to board quite near, at Judge C. T. Garland's. A colored settlement near known as Masontown seemed a desirable place to begin one; day after day, either with Mr. Porter or myself, she sought but in vain for a vacant room of any kind in which to gather the little ones. After patient search a small, rude cabin was found, rented, and here Mrs. Porter and myself began to meet the children for a time in the morning. She hoped after a time to secure a regular teacher, but Mrs. Porter took cold and many reasons made her think the time was not fully come for that. In this house we opened a Sabbath school which was at once filled with the children and young people of the community. God greatly blessed the school; the place became entirely too strait for us and it was a question for much thought and prayer how we could enlarge our cabin, thinking we had little or no money to use.. At length Mrs. Porter with her characteristic faith and energy exclaimed, 'Why not devise liberal things? why not arise and build?' The effect was electrical as she so often seemed to infuse her own spirit of work into others. At length the lot, the generous gift of Mr. and Mrs. Porter was bought. God moved the hearts of others to give, so that

in July 1885, an attractive little chapel was ready and entered by our Masontown Sabbath School, and consecrated to Christian work. 'Porter Chapel' stands as a memorial of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Porter's Christian love and their interest in the colored people.

"When the tidings came that Mrs. Porter had entered into rest, they were deeply moved and felt that they had all lost a dear personal friend. Her last message to them sent in the last letter she wrote, Dec. 23rd, to me was 'Tell the children and parents at Masontown to give their hearts to God and to live as Christians.' This message was copied, framed and now hangs upon the wall and is repeated often by the children and parents.

"A tender memorial service was held, and most loving tributes paid to her memory—while her name is sacredly cherished in the hearts of all who knew her there.

"Mrs. Porter's life was truly a life in Christ, a walk with God, a life of prayer; how often, as I have sat talking with her upon some subject, she would say 'Let us kneel right down here, and pray about it.' She always seemed so unconsciously to impress others, that she was a child of God, and they saw a beauty in her religion.

"A gentleman at Austin, who only saw Mr. and Mrs. P. at church remarked, 'Don't those two peo-

ple look as if they were just ready to step into heaven.'

"With an irresistible grace Mrs Porter attracted young people to her—her dainty dress to the last, her fresh young spirit, her loving sympathy, her conversation cheerful, yet full of Christ all were a wonderful charm about her."

CHAPTER XVIII

INDIAN SUMMER

In June 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Porter, celebrated their golden wedding, Dr. Moses Smith was present and gave a brief address. His account of the anniversary, with the exception of its historical sketch, which was written and published at the time with a brief extract from a Chicago paper, give the points of special interest. A volume of the letters received from friends who could not accept the invitation to Detroit, in Mr. Porter's possession, shows how reverently and gratefully, many hearts turned toward the bride and bridegroom of fifty years.

"Only one golden wedding may be celebrated in a life time. One 'all gold' may be told of to-day.

"If there is a name in the whole family of Christ on earth more often and more lovingly spoken than any other, that name is Jeremiah Porter; Rev. and Mrs. Jeremiah Porter.

"They who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength so it has come to pass that these who were used of God in early life at the East, and during middle life around the lakes of the Interior,

have later been allowed to teach and preach Christ in almost all the south and west; literally from 'the Old Bay state' to 'the Golden Gate,' from 'the Lakes to the Gulf,' to white men and black men, to Indians and Chinese, to Mexicans and Mormons, they have 'preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following.' And as if this had been a small thing to preach in their own persons across this continent, Rev. and Mrs. Porter in the persons of two beloved children are moving in the vast empire of China. Mary H., who went in 1868 and Henry D., M. D., who went in 1872, and is, both from his profession as doctor and as resulting from his work during the late famine, almost a veritable Joseph among the many millions of the province of Shantung.

"Rev. and Mrs. Porter have two sons in this country, one, Edwards W., in the Methodist church at Detroit, the other, James W., in the Presbyterian church at Chicago. They have already sent five of their children to the better country, the heavenly, and are themselves as eager as ever in bringing forth fruit for Christ in their old age.

"As might have been expected the golden wedding was absolutely unique. It was indescribably beautiful. Mr. Porter stands erect, has an elastic step, clear bright eye and pleasant voice; Mrs.

Porter's natural brown hair is untouched by frost, her mind remarkably full in all scripture aptness.

"They received their friends on the evening of the 15th of June, in the beautiful home of their son Edwards (Winder St., Detroit) themselves standing under an arch of smilax with the dates '1835-1885' in green and roses over them. 'No presents,' went out with all invitations, but floral tributes, and hosts of charming letters from all parts of the land and the world, marked the occasion.

"Among the letters may be specially mentioned those from the army, from the First church (Presbyterian) of Chicago, from the American Board Boston, from the Woman's Board Chicago, and from the children in China. Upon the wall there hung a tablet from the native Christians of a village in Shantung. This scroll of honor, as translated, conveys to 'Porter the elder, the honored, the great person, myriad happinesses and eternal longevity.' An eider-down quilt from China represented both in the weaving of the silk, in the needlework, emblems of length of days and felicity. A rich satin dressing gown from Japan was admirably becoming the still faithful Home missionary. And a fan in Mrs. Porter's hand containing in Chinese the twenty-third psalm was yet more in spiritual keeping.

Delightful reminiscences gave rich point to scripture promises. One of the sons told how from their earliest remembrance the children had always remarked that mother's plans always strangely, 'came out all right.' She formed them all for God and dark or light the end came to pass. Master Ned, the one grandchild in America presented to the happy pair the love and golden wishes of himself and the two cousins in China. One of the city pastors referred to God's marvelous works since they had been co-workers, and proffered in the name of all the hope that the radiance already gilding the western sky may only become richer, more golden, until they may walk hand in hand the streets all gold, to go no more out forever. Then Mr. Porter sweetly responded saying that all these fifty years he had owed, next to Christ, most to her who out of weakness had been so strong in faith and love; telling also how he first found her at Mackinaw studying her Bible and that had been her daily food ever since; and then of the three parts of their happy family, in America and before them, in the celestial empire across the Pacific, and the celestial kingdom on high.

"After the collation, prayers, 'Blest be the tie,' sung, one more word must be heard from the land of Sinim; Rev. Henry D. Porter, M. D., to his parents on their golden wedding:

"We send a thousand golden kisses,
O'er a thousand golden miles,
Shot from end to end with sunbeams,
Over-wreathed with loves and smiles.

We are thinking of the gladness
Treasured in your youthful hearts;
We rebel against the distance,
Oceans wide, which hides and parts.

Yesterday the wind in blowing
Scattered o'er us yellow dust.
Out of yellow skies it flurried,
Hid us with its yellow crust.

From the dust I catch the symbol,
Waft it far beyond the seas;
You shall find it with its message
Swiftly borne by Asia's breeze.

All these yellow flecks are golden,
Flurried down from yellow skies;
They shall meet you on the morrow,
Cover with a sweet surprise.

This is star dust. Did you know it?
Star dust from celestial spheres.
Thus the spirits now reward you
For these loves of fifty years.

Rarest love of man and woman;
God Himself rewards its test,
Showers down His treasures golden,
Gives you of His grace the best."

"The friends gathered about 8 o'clock, and were received by Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Porter, and presented to the bride and groom of fifty years by Mr. James W. Porter and Mrs. Judge E. S. Williams.

They stood to receive the congratulations of the guests. The beautiful brown hair of the bride was untouched by frost and uncovered by cap. Her only ornament a meek and quiet spirit. The gift of the groom, the devotion of fifty years. Over their heads were the dates wrought in roses, 1835-1885. The beautiful floral offerings of friends, and the many curiosities sent year by year from the son and daughter in China, noticeably a Chinese birthday scroll to Mrs. Porter from the native Christians of one of the mission stations in Shantung Province, converted the three spacious rooms into a very bower of beauty. Presents had been prohibited, but as the sound of the marriage bells was heard here and there, the love of some of the friends could find expression only in rare gifts. An exquisitely cut cameo portrait of Mr. Porter, came from one of the sons to Mrs. Porter, and from another the author's edition of the revised Bible.

During this year Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Smith, and their children were in this country on a vacation. In the autumn Mr. and Mrs. Porter accompanied them to California when they spent the winter at Los Angeles and Pasadena. Both were very feeble, and it seemed plain to these and other friends that they needed the companionship and care of their only daughter, if they must make fre-

quent changes of residence, and from year to year, find new resting places for the winters. Mrs. Porter had accepted every thing demanded of her step by step cheerfully, had given without reserve. Could she now allow, for her own sake, the crippling of a mission station when every worker was needed? As she saw her husband's failing strength she acquiesced in the judgment of her friends, but when an appeal from Boston again emphasized the claims of the opening field abroad, she wrote withdrawing her consent to her daughter's return. It was only after months of vacillation, so unlike her usual prompt decisiveness when asked to relinquish anything for the good of others, that she was persuaded that this should be, and in the spring of 1886, they met in Oakland. After a summer in Detroit, the autumn found the three in Chicago, on their way to Tampa, Florida, for the winter. It had been the family custom during all the years in which they were together as a household, that each child should learn a hymn on Sunday and repeat it at evening worship while others present led with those already familiar. As Mrs. Porter came to have leisure, she adopted the habit of committing a hymn, or portion of one each week, and it was one of her special pleasures to surprise her eldest son when they met with some fresh treasure for the Sabbath twilight, and almost every Christ-

mas brought her from him some illustrated hymn, or volume containing a poem, made dear to them by such association. Mrs. Porter used to say with a smile, 'Old people cannot commit to memory? My mind is not old and shall not grow sluggish for lack of use—of course it will not work unless I make it, but then, it never would. It is less a matter of years than of purpose.'

So to the end she required of it response to her will, entrusted it with many passages of scripture, and learned not a few sacred hymns or poems when she was nearly eighty years of age. The thanksgiving feast was enjoyed that year at Mrs. Blatchford's where Mrs. Porter was always an honored guest, beloved by parents and children. After the dinner as we sat in the family room, a young lady friend, a trained elocutionist, was asked to repeat Whittier's 'Pumpkin Pie,' which she did to the great pleasure of the circle. When she finished Mr. Porter said to his wife, 'You have a poem of Whittier's which I think they would like to hear.' Mrs. Porter shook her head, but Mrs. Blatchford had caught the word and came forward with, 'Oh yes! Auntie Porter, do give it to us.' The room was filled with the family party—the portraits of the dear parents of Mrs. Blatchford, and of some of those present as they were when she first knew them looked down upon her. She

sat in a great easy chair in the bay window leaning forward, just a little hesitant and embarrassed, then began in that clear sympathetic voice, never apparently loud, but heard distinctly in any room in which she used it, and repeated.

MY BIRTHDAY.

"Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Out wearying mortal sin—

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain,

If dim the gold of life has grown
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss—

The years no charm from nature take
As sweet her voices call
As beautiful her mornings break
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways
Kind voices speak my name
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost and won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air;
Somewhat the wistful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle years
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh
Dear Lord, the languid air
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And if the eye must fail of light
The ear forget to hear
Make clearer still the spirit's sight
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe or cheer or warn
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!—"

When she reached the last lines her right hand, which showed weariness or excitement first, trembled painfully, but her voice was steady and clear to the end and her eyes were perhaps the only ones in the room not dimmed by tears. For a moment the silence was almost oppressive, and it was a relief when a sweet impulsive woman slipped her arm about Mrs. Porter and, with a kiss, exclaimed "Oh! you dear saint how we thank you!" She was in the beautiful home but once after that, but many times the scene has come before those who heard that wonderful prayer of old age since she went up the fairer "Hills of morn" on the other side.

At Tampa, Mr. and Mrs. Porter found a singular mingling of the South and North in the old town, filling up rapidly with New England people. The wife of the pastor, Rev. Sidney Crawford, was a lovely woman, as strong of spirit as frail of body, and she and Mrs. Porter enjoyed much each other's society, as they were at the same table although not rooming in the same house. Mrs. Porter's deepest interest here was in a settlement of Cubans at Ybor city, a mile or more from Tampa, whose uncared for intellectual and spiritual condition op-

pressed her. Scarcely able to bear any fatigue, she went down to the tobacco manufacturing village and made inquiry as to the possibility of securing a room for a school there, and tried to find some place in which she could board. When reminded how little strength she had to meet the discomforts of such surroundings she replied, "All those children without instruction! I am sure we could do something." In February, however, the heat drove Mr. and Mrs. Porter farther North and she was obliged to leave the neglected Cubans for others to care for. Among the acquaintances made at Tampa, was that of a Mrs. Allen, an elderly lady from Philadelphia who was one of those killed in the accident on the "Old Colony road" three years later. A letter received from her at the time of Mrs. Porter's death gives her impressions of her, and an account of their last interview which will illustrate how, every where and always, Mrs. Porter was giving out of her own rich experience to help other pilgrims on their way to the Celestial city.

"The dear blessed mother gone!

"How I loved her! how I longed and hoped to meet her once more. Her sweetness of heart, her simplicity, her saintliness and Christ-like loveliness. All, all the 'Beauty' that He 'Her Lord' had put upon her, all her fascinations were so dear

to me! I shall never see her like again. Was my last visit a gift from Heaven? Surely it was. I went home through the long street of Tampa, in the early evening twilight after an unexpected visit with herself alone, on which occasion she had been led into a recital of wonderful experience of grace so full of interest and profit to me and never to be forgotten. There was a presentiment that this blessed visit which I had enjoyed with her was a heavenly benediction given me as a farewell to the beloved saint. . . . Well! Most blessed mother! I give thanks that I knew her even so little, and how thankful I am for that dear farewell visit." At the hotel in the pretty little town of Interlachen a few weeks were spent, then a month or more in Macon, Georgia.. The journey northward was made by stages, with a tarry here and there, until Prairie du Chien was reached in the early summer. Here Mrs. Porter looked over letters and goods stored in 1869, when the house was rented and arrangements were made for the disposition of nearly all that remained of family possessions. The cousins from the familiar Beloit home were going east for the college vacation and offered the use of their house. For a few delightful weeks Mr. and Mrs. Porter were there, near enough to Chicago, for frequent visits from the eldest son. Housekeeping without care to the frail mother, yet

she could entertain her friends and be once more as hostess. Several old friends were with her as guests, to her great joy. The love of all natural beauty, had grown with the years. Failing strength, especially failing hearing, shut her out from many interests but she was never more happily occupied than during these months. She wrote many letters, read aloud and listened to reading, for she never had any difficulty in hearing her husband's clear tones—and spent hours watching the birds from the windows. It was a summer of drought, and basins of water were placed under the trees for her feathered and furry friends. These she would fill and refill, and grew to know the individual robins, jays, and squirrels, which frequented them. During this summer also she wrote the "Message to the Woman of Wisconsin" for the State Home Missionary Union which was published as a leaflet and will be found in the appendix of this volume. Mrs. Prof. Emerson says in a letter written after Mrs. Porter was gone.

"You know how readily your mother responded to the request to write us such a message, but I want to tell you of the August evening when she put it into my hands completed. You will remember that you took your father and my husband to the parlor, leaving us in the sitting-room. As you left the room, the door bell rang and she invited me to

her own room, saying: 'We shall be interrupted here, and I must see you alone.' There in the alcove of her room she read with unwonted energy and feeling even for her, her MSS. to me. Her soul was so in her reading that I could but wish she were able to go to Whitewater and read it there. She afterward counted out to me Mrs. Tank's money, apportioning it as she desired to various Home Missionary departments, speaking as she did so with her usual intelligence and unusual feeling about each. She then in a prompt business way asked for a receipt for the same written at her dictation, as she seemed exceedingly desirous the funds should go through the right channels, and delicately conscientious to meet Mrs. Tank's preferences as to its disposal.

When this was done her talk was like one inspired about the glory of the kingdom of Righteousness to be established in the whole earth. 'Now being established' she said, 'through just such feeble agencies as we are here using.' She asked for prayer over the message and the money, and as she prayed her faith, transcendent, seemed to me to take all the world and all its sin redeemed to a life of Christian activity here and a heaven of love and purity hereafter.' The interview left me with such a feeling of buoyancy and certainty as to the speedy and complete triumph of the right. You

will notice that there are over twenty distinct quotations from scripture in this little leaflet, and that all its language, nearly, is that of the Bible." Another friend, Mrs. A. L. Chapin writes of this time. 'I find my thoughts continually going back to the happiness of last summer, with our joy in your mother's presence. . . . How vivid is the impression of her as we were favored to see her, on the lawn, or coming from her room to greet us, or moving gracefully from one to another as we talked, not sitting quietly to receive the homage we should so gladly have paid. Do you remember one day, just before the other family returned, her quick, light step as she went to the table for a Bible and the rather amused smile (how shall I describe it)? with which she handed it to Mr. Chapin saying she was still the hostess, and it became her to attend to family worship?' Another dear friend, in the same circle, looking back to that and her other sojourns in Beloit, says: "To me your mother was always a 'strengthening angel' giving to my weakness and very limited sphere of work such hope and cheer and encouragement as no one else could give. . . . Ever since she went within the veil the beautiful lines of Longfellow have been in my mind as fitting tribute to such a life.

"To thee death's
Only a step into the open air

Out of a tent always luminous
With light that shines through
Its transparent walls"—

From Beloit Mrs. Porter went in early September to Detroit, for her last visit in that home. It was her plan to return to Chicago, for the meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior in October, but a threatening of pneumonia the week before prevented, and she sent them her message by another. It was in the Master's words..

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it," with an earnest plea that in His strength the society plan for and attempt great things.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LAST DAYS

ABIDE WITH ME

“Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.”
—Luke xxvi, 29.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee;
In life, in death, O Lord; abide with me.

Amen.

While the board was still in session she came to the city, and there in the home of her niece Mrs. Goble, passed her eightieth birthday—but she was too feeble to go about and met only those who called upon her there.

All noticed with a little heart sinking, how she clung to her friends and how often she spoke of the parting as likely to be the last. But this had been her habit for years, and her children were wont to answer. "Oh! you will stay with us now, until the family come from China. Lucius, Jamie, and your namesake Chappell must see their grand-mamma." Her face would light up at the word, and she would respond with loving earnestness, "Yes! If God will. I do want to see Henry with his children about him."

This was the last earthly desire which the Lord, who loved her, asked her to resign. In what spirit she did it a letter which reached the far off China home on the last day of her life shall tell.

"Detroit Nov. 1st 1887.

"My darling H——

"Thanks for your sweet remembrance of your mother's eightieth birthday, which is within four days of the arrival of your words of cheer. I am just now much oppressed with a cold which led me to ask, when your father read from your letter of Lucius being distressed for fear he should never

see Grandma Porter—if the angels told him she was going to the heavenly home before he came to America? I hope to meet you all but I am conscious that the time is short, which remains, and should God send for me before you come, my darlings must think of me as with the dear Saviour who has been ‘My strength and my song,’ all along the way, and never more really present, as Redeemer and Saviour, than now. Let Christ, His life and promises. His very presence be your joy. . . ‘And God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things may abound to every good work.’ All you both need, my darlings, for all things.

Again a little later.

“Santa Barbara, Dec. 4th.

“My most precious children. All the dear group—all of whom come up so distinctly before my mind as I write to you. Thanks to our Father in heaven that we have such pleasant accounts from parents and dear children. May that loving hand still preserve my darlings, and permit us to meet again on this beautiful coast, from which we now look across the great ocean. You seem already near us and we do fondly hope that the time will soon come when ‘that which we see’ we need ‘no longer hope for.’ For this our united prayers will continue to ascend while with joy we meet at our

Father's mercy seat and say 'Not as I will but as thou wilt.' And to the little grandson, who waked crying from his dreams "afraid grandma will not wait for us to get to America." "You must ask God every day to let grandpa and grandma stay until you can come across the great ocean if that is best for us all; and ask Him to help you always to say, 'Not as I will but as God wills.'

"That is what we need to make us always good and always happy, too."

She reached Santa Barbara, after a very comfortable journey, and was most affectionately welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Perkins in whose family she was to be. Their home was a vine covered cottage surrounded by lovely flowers and fine trees, opposite a little park, in sight of the mountains and within hearing of the sea. She made friends quickly here as every where, and particularly enjoyed telling of the way the Lord had led her to an invalid lady who had accompanied the party to California. They sat together, on the verandah under the roses, morning after morning, with Bibles in their hands and held sweet converse of the Beloved and His dealings with His own. A letter of Mrs. Porter's to those who had entertained her last in Chicago, shows how her heart overflowed with love, and how she received each thoughtful attention as a direct gift from her Father's hand.

“Santa Barbara, Nov. 3th, 1887.”

“My dear niece:—

And dear family all.

“I do not feel that the little postal expresses in the least our sense of appreciation of loving kindness received in your dear family circle during those last days of our stay in the city of our early love, and which, in our weakness, was made so pleasant and comfortable by the kind attention of parents and children. The aroma is sweeter to us than that of California flowers which are daily brought in by dear friends here who minister most kindly to our comfort, and study to add to it in many more ways than we could expect.

“One week has passed since we arrived, and only ‘Goodness and mercy, have followed us.’ My cough although not gone is better, and I am improving, I hope, although not conscious of much change. To have accomplished such a journey however, without loss of strength is matter for devout thanksgiving.

“To have come from so much love and thoughtfulness to a cold stranger home would have been sad, but instead we are met with the kindest attention and care. Nothing which it is in the power of each to add to our comfort or pleasure is neglected. I know you will unite with us in thanks-

giving to our Father in heaven for such loving kindness given in this far off but beautiful land by the Great Pacific, and amid the rocks and mountains which are in wonderful contrast to the smiling flowers and shrubs which meet us on every side. A great variety of climbing roses and clinging vines surround us, and look in at our window on an upper verandah. Our dear B— has grown to be a fine little school boy, but was prepared to meet us as the friends of his papa and mamma, who had cared for him when a baby, so we have a little adopted grandson as affectionate and sweet, as manly too, as we could wish. Mr. Perkins keeps a slow, gentle horse for the use of the family. M. took me down to the beach when the mighty ocean is seen beating and surging against the sand. Though it roar it cannot prevail or pass beyond its appointed boundary (see Jer. v:22).

“Wonderful to see this ocean held in peace by the sand on a level with the water, because He who made it said ‘Hither to and no further and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’ Surely we may trust such power when assured that our God is love, and that He gave His only Son to save the world He loved. Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men. I have much that I would say but must lay aside my pen. Love to any who love us and ask for us in your circle.. . .”

The days of sunshine and beauty were followed by an unusual succession of rainy ones, with chill winds and penetrating dampness. Mrs. Porter sat by her open fire and bore the change so well that the hope of a comfortable winter grew more and more assured, just before the holidays, she took a slight cold.

On Christmas eve, Saturday evening, gifts for herself and Mr. Porter were placed in her room while she sat with the family in the parlor below. She went upstairs early, as was her habit, and in a few moments came running down, her arms full of Christmas presents, to share her pleasure with the family circle. Just one of those sweet impetuous things which came from her child-heart. A little morocco case, containing photographs of each of the absent sons and daughters, especially delighted her, and when she was laughingly reminded to look at the labels and see which were her presents and which his, she said "This is mine, do we not have every thing together? I shall keep it always in sight" and she pressed each dear face in turn caressingly against her cheek. She then turned to examine other things, but all the time held the folded case as if loath to part with it even for a moment. During the next week it was placed here or there in her room, that in whatever position she lay it might be "always in sight" and again and again

she remarked, "I do love to have them where I can see them all." Sunday morning she came down stairs, but the day was chilly and as she had a cold, it was not thought prudent for her to attend the Christmas service. Her son had sent her an illustrated copy of "Abide with me" and she spent part of the morning in committing the hymn to memory. The last written words were penned during the quiet hour while the other members of the family were absent.

"Santa Barbara, Cal.

Dec. 25th. 1887.

"My Precious Son:—

"This glad Christmas morning brings new tokens of loving thoughts from my precious ones who have already anticipated this blessed day, with all its hallowed associations of home, childhood, husband beloved, and children most dear.

"Sweet memories! And such blessed hopes as are pressed upon us afresh on this Christmas morning in this land of sunshine and flowers, so far away by the great ocean. As I am alone for an hour and began to take in the import of your last gift, I turned to my testament to find expression for feelings which my pen cannot impart to my beloved son, in appreciation of his tender, unflinching, thoughtful care and sympathy, so sweetly, fully, tenderly and comfortingly expressed in that hymn.

I opened to Philippians 4th, and read on until I reached the 4th verse. I found no one to select but refer to the whole reading, hoping you too may take its exhortations and rest in its promises. As you read the tenth verse accept it as mother's thanks for all that hymn suggests. Yes! 'Fast falls the eventide, the darkness deepens' But in Him who came on this glad Christmas day As 'A light to lighten' the world, to 'lighten the Gentiles' there is 'No darkness at all' even 'At eventide it shall light.' 'And when He who is our life shall appear there shall we also appear with them, we 'shall be like Him' Wonderful assurance! We will lay hold of this and other promises and girding up the loins of our minds go on our way rejoicing, and in the eighteenth verse. I will lay aside my pen asking you to read on and take in the whole of the following verses, while I lay me down and rest as my little reminder* of the rapid flight of the hours informs me that if I have a nap before dinner it must be sought at once. So I will just ask for my son the full realization of the nineteenth verse and casting all care on him who careth for us, *rest.*" That underscored rest, was the last word she ever wrote: the hands which had been so busy with correspondence ever since released from heavier labors, which had sent so many messages of cheer, of

* A small clock which her son had given her just as she was leaving Chicago.

counsel, of tender exhortation, had ceased from toil, although for another week their caressing touch was ever ready to sooth the grief of those who watched beside her.

While in the parlor that evening a chill came upon her, and, evidently in much pain, she went to her room. The night was a hard one, but no one was called and it was not until Monday morning that friends realized that she was seriously ill. An experienced physician from San Francisco, was happily near, and nothing which watchful care and skill could give was lacking for her relief. When the doctor first examined her, in reply to some question she said: "I think the old machinery is about worn out, it has served faithfully for eighty years," and when after revived hopes the physician could do no more for her he said: "We have fought a brave battle, a wonderful one. I thought yesterday we had won it, but you were right, the 'machinery is worn out' it will not bear any more" She did strive to live, there was no passive resignation, but the most earnest positive effort to recover, and, after the pneumonia gave way, and the fever was subdued, for twenty-four hours hope revived in all hearts. The nurse wrote "She sets herself to the hateful task of eating, while she loathes food, with all her old determination, and if meaning to live can restore her she

will be given back to us," To this effort she was nerved by the thought of the absent children, and hope of a family reunion the following summer, but through it all she was at rest because her whole heart said: "God's will is good, best, let it be done in me, through me, by me." During the previous week she had sent many tokens of holiday remembrances to absent friends. As she lay in great suffering she recalled others, especially two in loneliness and widowhood, and knowing that all were too much engrossed to attend to it then, she begged that her desire to send a small sum of money to each might be written down lest it should be forgotten.

With these requests were noted a few of her expressions of trust and exclamations of abounding joy. These came most often in times of agonizing distress, when she seemed to fear that those about her would think of *her* as suffering. "In answer to a bitter cry "Oh, God!" from one who watched beside her, at seeing her frail form writhing with agony she said: "Do not feel so. It is not I that suffer only my poor body;" and again when looking into her eyes, so full of love and tenderness with all the old light in them the watcher said: "How can your eyes be so bright when you are so ill?" she answered with a gleam of the humor which had sparkled through all her

vicissitudes "Why should not my eyes be bright, it is not my mind that is sick, only my poor body. It is my mind whose light you see in my eyes, that is well, calm, at peace."

The ninety-first Psalm had been her staff many times in her pilgrimage. At every family parting, —and her life had been so full of them—it had been read, and the associations with it were peculiarly tender. A few weeks before her illness in reading it over she had remarked "Every promise has been fulfilled to me but the last." When it was plain that she was to leave her loved ones, a day or two before the end, the familiar promises were read once more and the question asked. "Has the last promise been fulfilled now, are you satisfied with long life?" She smiled, a bright, glad smile and answered "Yes! *Satisfied*, but I still long to see more of His Salvation."

On one of the last days Mr. Porter was persuaded to drive out with a friend to get some cut flowers which her eldest son had sent to have given her on New Year's day. He was absent for several hours and on his return she turned her face eagerly at sound of his footsteps and said: "How glad I have always been to welcome you, dear!" That was the day of hope to those who watched, perhaps she knew a few hours before they did, that she would welcome him next, where there are no more partings.

From a letter written to Mrs. Blatchford, soon after the struggle ceased, a glimpse of the impression of those days may be gained.

“They were a fitting close to a life like hers. Her mind alert keen, ready as ever, her heart overflowed with tenderness toward all, while her poor body was racked with acute and intense distress of varied forms. Her own sweet radiant smile broke over her face again and again, while the contortion of pain was still upon it, as she said ‘This weary body writhes but ‘His comforts delight my soul.’ It seemed as if her spirit stood apart and pitied the agony of the flesh while exulting in its own triumph. As the doctor came to give an opiate which should relieve the suffering she said: ‘In it all there is peace like a river, perfect peace,’ and from such peace, in the fiery furnace of pain, she passed into unconsciousness, and before the New Years morning dawned, into life.”

Because her mind was so clear and her heart so at rest, questions concerning the future, or her immediate comfort were as usual, left to her own decision. When a telegram came asking if her sons should try to reach her, the return message was in her own words. “Mother says do not come, it would be too late, sends love and thanks,” and so as to whether she should endure the distressing suffering or let an opiate lull her to un-

consciousness her watchers asked her to decide. Her wonderful unselfishness and perfect self-command, were never more clearly shown than in her quiet refusal to plan for the future of those dearest to her. In answer to such questions she said, several times. "It seems now, as if it would be best to do so, but it would make it hard for you to change afterward if some other course proved wiser if I had advised this. God will show you the way step by step." For many years the thought of the Heavenly Home had seemed ever present in Mrs. Porter's mind. She spoke of it as naturally, and as frequently as an absent child does of his father's house; so it was very noticeable that during that last week, all her thought centered on Christ and His great work. Not the joyous anticipation of freedom from pain, scarcely a word about heaven, but constant exultation in Jesus the Redeemer. She did not ask her beloved ones to meet her above or talk of reunion, even that dear hope was in the background, in her earnest desire that they should search more deeply into, and learn more humbly the mind of Christ. The one message for her own absent ones, and for the great circle of friends, who would miss her so sorely, was always the same in substance, although varied in form, which she one day expressed in the words, "Oh! beg Christians not to stop at the

beginnings, but to press on to the things which come afterwards." She was very weak, and it was hard to ask an explanation but the question was gently put. 'What things afterward? "Oh!" said she; "Do not be content just with the rudiments but search for the 'hid treasures' of God's higher lessons." Then, too weary to expand the thought. "It is all in the third chapter of Ephesians" and, at intervals, as paroxysms of pain permitted, she repeated the wonderful verses from the ninth to the close of the chapter. It was hours before she had gone through them, and some sentences lingered on her lips in many repetitions "The fellowship of the mystery" "Filled with all the fullness of God." The grief of her watchers at her pain, the visible tokens of which they could not always conceal, brought frequent assurance that "This light affliction which is but for a moment" did not touch the fountains of joy or peace. It was at such times that she said 'Let us rejoice more in God. Not rejoice in things painful and distressing, but in the Lord who is 'the same yesterday, to-day and forever.'

'I will make mention of Thy name. Thine only. In myself weaker than a bruised reed, but in the Lord there is everlasting strength.

"Through pains, and groans, and dying strife, oh! let me languish in life." I *have* that life—*life more abundantly!*"

“My flesh and my heart fail, but God is the strength of my head and my portion forever—*blessed forever!*”

“He holds me when the billows smite; I cannot fall.”

It was shortly before midnight that Mrs. Porter realized that stupor was coming over her. She said “good-night” very tenderly to those who stood about her. At the sound of the bell, they wished one another a Happy New Year knowing that hers was to open in “Another land than ours.” Already she had passed beyond pain, but she was dimly conscious of the time and roused her benumbed powers for one more look of love, one more repetition of her favorite word of endearment. Mr. Porter was very feeble but able to recline where he could watch her face. In the chill of early morning when the heavy breathing grew shorter and then ceased, his was the voice which broke the silence as he arose and stood beside her. “Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

* * * * *

On Tuesday morning a few friends gathered for a service of remembrance. The still form lay in her golden wedding dress, with beautiful flowers about it, and on the face the look of peace. The prayers and hymns were full of praise. A fierce

driving rain-storm raged without and friends grieved that even the casket which bore 'The earthly house of her tabernacle'—still so dear!—must be sent out in it for the long eastward journey, but *she* was no longer a "Pilgrim" but had entered her "Father's house" Mr Porter was too much of an invalid to make the trip across the continent at that season of the year, but the family all desired that a memorial service be held in Chicago, and that Rose Hill cemetery be the resting place of the weary body, as it was of those of the five children who had preceded her

Mr. and Mrs. Blatchford assisted Mr. James Porter in making all necessary arrangements, and the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior in the following letters, expressed their desire to attend the service as a body of daughters.

"512 Washington Boul.

"Chicago, Jan. 10th."

"Mr. James Porter,

"My dear sir:—

"At the meeting of committee of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, this morning, it was voted; that as a board, we request Mr. Porter, to allow us the honor of receiving the remains of his revered mother on their arrival in the city, and taking care of them until the time of the funeral.

“As I was appointed to convey the request to you, my dear Mr. Porter, I am glad of the opportunity to tell you, as doubtless others have already, that we, as a Board feel that we too have lost a mother. While our hearts go out in sympathy for the children so deeply bereaved, we feel that our loss is one that can never be made up to us. The wise counsels, the generous gifts of her children and her money, and the many prayers of your gracious mother were blessings that we valued highly and yet did not half appreciate. Of her admonitions, two are with us continually, in our hearts and on our lips. They were “Plan great things” and “Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.” Emphasized as they were, by her life, they had great power over us all. When you miss her sorely, as you will, in times of joys or sorrow, please let the thought, that every occasion of thank-offering or of appropriation for the year will bring us a new sense of our loss and a very tender feeling for her bereaved family, give you such comfort as may be found in human sympathy and appreciation. Your dear mother’s gifts or suggestions never failed us in our times of need. In behalf of the W. B. M. I. allow me to subscribe myself,

Your sorrowing friend,

Mary J. Wilcox,

“Secretary.”

“Oak Park Ill.”

“Jan. 9th, 1888.

“James Porter Esq.

Dear Sir: —

“The news of the home going of your honored mother has brought to us, the members of the Woman’s Board of Mission of the Interior, a sense of sore bereavement.

“It is as though our mother had left us. She was a guide moving on in advance, and almost within the gates of the other world, and sending us back messages which she heard there. Now she has hastened on and is within, and there is a great loss and emptiness to us. We can catch a little glimpse of what it must be to you, her children. The many years in which you have had so rare a mother have added greatly to the sense of loss. All our friends grow precious in a rapidly increasing ratio with every year of life, and especially in this case where the growing years seemed to be years borrowed from Heaven, a Heaven life here in the twilight of the glory.

“She has made every particle of her existence and of her influence to tell for the utmost in Christ’s kingdom through the whole lifetime of Chicago, and we know that we must be willing to spare her and to let her rest, and even to be exceeding glad with her in the glorious welcome and

the blessed fellowship of those choice spirits who with her are now gathering home.

"We have through all the years of our organization, felt her strong impelling and inspiring force. Her rare life of missionary work, even without her vigorous words, was a powerful stimulus. We wish to express to you our tenderest sympathy and to request that we may be allowed as a body to attend the funeral with the family.

"On behalf of the Executive committee.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. S. J. Humphrey."

The husband wrote from Santa Barbara, Jan. 14th.

"——Your dear, loving letter in reply to your mother's of Christmas day, reached us on the 12th.

"Hers might indeed have come from heaven. In the bright light of our Father's house she had lived so long, she spoke and wrote in it, to the comfort and joy of those seeking that light, until that last note. Never was her testimony more clear and convincing than in the last week of her tarry on this side the vale.

"Although she, and we all had ardently wished we might welcome home H. and B. —and their three sons, that she gave up with sweet submission to Our Father's will. Just before the first hours of 1888 she replied to a question about her

pains of body. 'Yes! anything for relief, but 'Peace flows through my soul like a river'. So her last sentence uttered was like the triumphant language of her life for many many years. . . . Late Saturday evening your telegram assured us that the precious dust had safely made its long journey. For this we again thank God most gratefully. Now it will be watched by dear friends until such visible care will be no more needed. 'Abide with me' had been the prayer of her heart more constantly for more than sixty years, than that of any other I have known. What quietness and assurance it wrought—what constant, deep, all embracing love!"

About this same date, too late for her eyes to see it, came a letter from the son in China written on her eightieth birthday. Some gift for that anniversary she had acknowledged in the last letter from Detroit.

"Pang Chuang, China.

November 5th, 1887.

"My Dearest Mother:—

"So sweet and beautiful is the life you have lived, so rich to us now in all its tender sweetness and abounding spiritual strength! Even we who are so familiar with it, look with a glad and filial wonder at the many, many years that still so gently fall upon you. These days are not

as those other and elder days when such as Moses undertook great tasks of leadership under the weight of eighty years of discipline. And yet they are good and gracious days when children are permitted to bring their children to see and venerate the lives that have been everything to them. It is not strange that we should love our own, nor worship those who have been in so many ways in place of Him who is invisible.

“On the long journey whither we have gone and returned, we have seen over many a door-way a beautiful tablet in gilt with the inscriptions ‘The Home of Five Generations,’ ‘The Dwelling of Four Generations.’ They marry young and so can easily have the four or five. Shall we be made happy in the three generations with dear father and yourself as the leaders of a little family ‘temple’ as the Chinese call the ‘Home? To the poor Chinese nothing seems more beautiful than aged parents dwelling in the midst of their children. And to us, although we may have another shrine higher than the dear leaders and moulders of our human lives, still there is nothing so sweetly gracious and beautiful as the acceptance of such love, and the rendering of loving homage in return. I think that Victoria, with all her regal splendor, could not vie her crown with that of wisdom and gentleness, of faith and of love that rests upon eighty years.

“We cannot be there to shower you with kisses, but we will keep them fresh and sweet, God willing for the summer days. Will they be richer with the perfume of the summer. They will not be warmer, even though these be the chill autumn days.

“I wonder if you are as proud of your three boys as B— is of hers. Of course, she would not say so, nor perhaps would you. We will not force you to any confession but that of love, and that is always an easy one to make, except once in a lifetime.

“By the mail that came while I was away, my birthday letter came, so that I know there is no need of a confession of love even. I can believe that love grows sweeter and lovelier with all the years, and so shall not attempt to estimate your love for us by ours for you.

“What if love could be so strong as to change all weakness into strength, physical, I mean, and age into immortal youth? Is that what the tender love of God for His children is? If that be so, then we at some time may realize its wondrous depth and energy. Till then we can rejoice in the increasing love of parents for children and children for parents.

“And God is our Father? Why should we not cling to Him. Men do not know of Him. They

will, if He be shown to them as real and personal, loving and gracious.

“But I must stop. A whole corona of love from us all to adorn our sweet mother and grand-mamma.

HENRY.”

“Chicago, Jan., 16th.

“To Mr. Porter.

. . . . “We are grateful that the dear remains were not again hindered on the way by the most unusual storms but could be conveyed and convoyed to-day by loving friends to the New England church. There in charge of the sorrowing, rejoicing women of the Board they wait the services of to-morrow, and then will be taken by her sons to their last resting place. If all her living sons could but have accompanied them! But this is a part of the price which the dear absent one pays for the privilege of his great service, and ‘As one whom his mother comforteth’ we may trust the Master will comfort him.”

The following account of the memorial service appeared in one of the Chicago dailies, Jan. 18th, 1888.

“Like her life the funeral of Mrs. Jeremiah Porter was simple and unostentatious. The services began at 2 o’clock yesterday afternoon, in the New England church, corner Delaware place and Dearborn avenue. The choir was composed of friends

of Mrs. Porter's, Mrs. Bradley, N. H. Blatchford, and Harry Hubbard.

"After they had sung 'Jerusalem the Golden,' President Fisk of the Chicago Theological seminary read an extended biography of the deceased. He had been one of her warmest friends, and several times his voice shook with emotion. Prayer was offered by Dr. G. S. F. Savage, after which the Rev. J. H. Barrows, pastor of the First Presbyterian church spoke feelingly of the life and character of Mrs. Porter.

"The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Arthur Little, pastor of New England church. Many of Mrs. Porter's old friends were in attendance at the services, the most of them with gray heads and bowed forms, each representing a part of the history of Chicago.

"A beautiful oil painting of Mrs. Porter, was hung in the church parlor. It represented her sitting at the bedside of a dying soldier. Her dark auburn hair, unchanged at the time of her death, her beautiful smile, and benevolent features were reproduced in a strikingly lifelike manner. The interment was at Rose Hill.

Beside the services at Santa Barbara, Chicago and Austin another was held in the little Chinese village of Pang Chuang, to which the tidings of her release had been flashed beneath the sea and



MARIE KOUFALOVÁ, DĚDA 1881

across the wide continents. Rev. Arthur Smith gave the gathered Chinese Christians some reminiscences of the mother of the pastor and physician whom, for his sake, they loved and mourned.

During the year there was cast at the Meneely Works of Troy, New York, a bell inscribed:

“Ring out the old ring in the new
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

In memory of
ELIZA CHAPPELL PORTER
presented by her husband
REV. JEREMIAH PORTER.

“Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever”
In the year of our Lord 1888 and of the
Emperor Kuang Hsii the 14th.

Which now hangs in the tower of the Pang Chuang chapel, and calls to prayer from among that heathen people a little company of those who know and of those who seek, “Like precious faith” with hers.

CHAPTER XX

IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER

Within a few weeks after Mrs. Porter "entered into rest" Mr. Perkins wrote several sketches of her life for publication in the religious newspapers, One which was most satisfactory to those who knew her best, an appreciative and discerning analysis of her character, is given here. It is followed by an extract from a sermon by Dr. Arthur Little, and by a small number of the many letters which came to the family from all parts of this land and from not a few of the mission fields abroad.

"In the announcement to friends of their honored mother's departure; Mrs. Porter's children have placed at the beginning Whittier's beautiful stanza:

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls."

And none who knew the dear saint can question the fitness of this application of the poet's words. Her life was the gospel; a daily setting forth of Christ in the fullness of His power and grace. Even the sacred writer's lofty phrase "brightness of

His Glory and express image of His person," does not in this connection seem out of place. For if ever a saint was "the glory of Christ," she was such. It was the embodied Christ-life which shone out upon the world from her. There seemed to be no other; certainly to us who knew her only in the evening of the days. The Christ-life had absorbed everything. For her "to live was Christ." The life which she lived in the flesh, she lived by the faith of the Son of God." Taxing memory for the task I cannot recall one word or act, look or judgment, breathing other than the spirit of Christ; not one which as indicating character seemed unworthy of the blessed Master. She was herself a convincing rebuke to the current materialistic skepticism. Her God, her Christ, her heaven, her divine supports and impulses were living realities. In her presence doubt seemed monstrous, while she was speaking even worldly hearts glowed with light from God's face and were drawn toward the fellowship of His children. The phenomenon was often observed. It was the constraint of a loving Christ-like character. The blessed Master revealed in a holy life.

"It was a sad mistake however, to confound this Christ-likeness with nature, or to think of its graces as spontaneous growths. The kingdom of heaven provides for no such miracles; and this saint strove

for what she gained. Not a painless or tearless struggle either. Those who knew her best testify that she was not a whit behind those glorified ones, who 'wrestled hard with sins and doubts and fears,' that, despite the sweet serenity of her external life, she knew what it was to wet her couch with bitter tears. Even to the last indeed the tempter assailed her, and forced her to offset his will with her own divinely strengthened resolution.

"Yet it ought to be said with equal distinctness that all her struggles were consciously to herself those of a child of God. They did not effect the realization of her position in His family, nor interrupt her loving fellowship with the Father and with His son Jesus Christ. She dwelt in God and God in her; this was to her the most blissful of certainties. It gave her courage, strength, and skill for the conflict, and became the assurance of glorious victory. It aided also in that appreciation of others' trials, and of the divine provision for relief which made her so wise and efficient as a counsellor and friend. To it was largely due the generous love and unfailing charity which as an atmosphere pervaded all her relations to the world.

"It was the secret spring of her rare unselfishness. By that she held herself at the beck of her heavenly Father, equally ready, as He willed, to go or stay, to do or to suffer, to stretch forth or to withhold her

hand, to act or to wait. It was no less characteristic of her intercourse with people; often a severer test than the divine relationship. Her's was distinctively a pioneer work; and she had in large measure the inventive and organizing faculties requisite for that. She was always reaching out after the as yet unattempted good. She was an enthusiast in new, better methods. This was both illustrated and developed in her work as teacher at Mackinaw and Chicago, her varied services at Green Bay, her laborious army life, her later educational efforts at Brownsville, her undying missionary zeal and her support of the temperance and every other reformatory movement. But in all these the special feature of her work, too infrequent among philanthropists, was its unselfishness. Not only would she work with others but under them, if need be; even as their servant, in this too resembling her Master. She was willing to toil on in laying foundations, or building up some fair structure of Christian service; equally ready, when a competent successor was prepared to give over the prosperous undertaking, while she herself, with unabated zeal turned to other projects or more needy fields. It was the service, not the emoluments or the name which enlisted her energies. No words would seem more fit for expressing the spirit in which she wrought, than those which

the Master uses when making over His honors to the disciples; 'the works which I do shall ye do and greater works than these shall ye do.'

"This simple unselfishness surrounded her life with a peculiar charm. It stole upon you like some delicate perfume. Only gradually did you realize the secret of her winsomeness. Indeed it was a growing, and a sweet surprise at every step of your acquaintance.

"What has now been said may throw some light upon her unusual attainments in the knowledge as well as in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Her native endowments of an intellect clear, keen, and vigorous, doubtless furnished a natural basis for this. The instrument must need be of superior quality which was designed for a work so great and laborious. That intellect moreover was carefully and wisely trained. But this does not explain her remarkable attainments in Christian knowledge. It might perhaps have enabled her to grasp the forms of doctrine; but the chief excellence of her theology was that it had come to her throbbing with the life of God, as the word of her Heavenly Father, and all alive with the spirit of the gospel. She was wont to speak of herself as a little child needing to be taught. And this teaching rather than her own reasonings was the source of her enlightenment. All her studies were carried on as un-

der the eye, and with the aid of the Great Teacher, she had absolute confidence in His wisdom, whatever He choose to tell her she gratefully received. She wanted His thought, and she trusted Him for the form; where His revelation stopped, she halted biding His time for advance. Thus her beliefs carried with them a certain divine authority. In her serene and loving utterance they won favor instead of opposition. Her words went home to the heart. They were not only true, but living truth. More than this they created the conviction of being the truth of God in her, truth on which she herself had fed, felt its virtue and proved its fitness for every sinner's need; what wonder then that to so many she became a spiritual mother?

"Her perennial mental growth also thus becomes intelligible. She carried the child-spirit through life. She was never inflated with the pride of knowledge. To the end hers was the attitude of a learner. She was always asking her Heavenly Father for light upon His word or ways, and welcomed every illustration of his wise and loving agency. Such a pupil could not be narrow. A verse often on her lips, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all that have pleasure therein," gave the key to her mental character. No work of God lay outside her sympathy, she loved them all. She studied them all.

“Nature, providence and grace alike furnished fields of thought, natural scenery always charmed her. It was delightful to witness her pure and enthusiastic joy in the beauties of this favored spot. She was actively interested too in all the events of the day, and the movements among the nations. They concerned her because of their relations to the oncoming kingdom of her Master. For the same reason her distinctively religious thought never stagnated. She was always advancing into broader and more truthful conceptions of Christian doctrine and life. And finally, her success in practical Christian work was largely due to the life which was behind and inspired it. Her happy thoughts and wise methods were God’s revelation to His child. Many of them came to her upon her knees in prayer. How much of the wisdom which went into her work in connection with the Sanitary commission originated thus, we may imagine even though it cannot be definitely known.

“So this saintly woman lived and wrought for sixty years and more, a life of faith in Christ, a life of fellowship with Christ, a life of devotion to Christ. Truly it was a precious offering which Eliza Chappell made when rising from that sick-bed in early womanhood. Every advancing year as it made fresh demands upon that consecration, re-

vealed more clearly both its worth and its completeness. Never for an instant, apparently, did she incline to recall it. She had made of her whole soul an offering to her Redeemer's name and she held to her purpose. Was it strange then that she who had so bravely wrought the will of God, should so triumphantly fall asleep. Her peace was no mystery; it was God's recognition of His child. An organic connection bound it to her past life. Again and again during the weeks, which followed her translation I seemed to hear the trembling accents of her sweet voice in that consecrated room.

"He holds me while the billows smite;
I shall not fall."

And witnessing her victory over fate and death I *know* that her God both can and will keep those in perfect peace whose minds are stayed on Him, because they trust in Him. May be given to us all to prove it in our earthly course and in our passage hence to the Father's house on high,

F. B. Perkins."

*"Santa Barbara,
January 21st, 1888."*

REMARKS AT CLOSE OF SERMON BY REV. ARTHUR
LITTLE, D. D., JANUARY 22, 1888.

Text: In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.—*Isa.* 30: 15.

“The train of thought presented this morning was suggested to my mind, while thinking of the life and career of Mrs. Jeremiah Porter, who on New Year’s day awakened satisfied with her Master’s likeness. How much of that likeness she bore here!

“As I have been accustomed to see her occasionally, during the past ten years, the language in which Victor Hugo, describes a saintly character may well have been applied to her. ‘What was thinness in her youth had become in her maturity transparency; and through this transparency the angel could be seen. She seemed to be a shadow, there was hardly enough body for a sex to exist; she was a little quantity of matter, containing a light, an excuse for a soul to remain upon the earth.’

“Now, what is the story of this woman whose frail body seemed scarcely strong enough to be the dwelling place of such a flaming spirit? In her girlhood almost, she is found Bible in hand, out on the frontier, beyond the limits of civilization, working for Christ. And so through all the years of a long and eventful life, always in the hard places, — places of risk, exposure, fatigue, action, service; a very aggressive life, and a life of profound Christian experiences. It was said at her funeral that there were chapters in her life akin to these of Madam Guyon.

“This most remarkable and useful life illustrates the two hemispheres of the well rounded globe of Christian character—the meditative and the active, the mystic and the aggressive. She was very active, because she was very thoughtful and meditative; she was aggressive, because she was lifted into those high altitudes of experience that border upon holy ecstasy, or visions of God, apocalypses, beatific visions. She was quietly, continuously persistent in well doing, because she was much of the time quietly waiting upon God. She was outwardly active, because she was inwardly at peace. She was much with others in Christian service, because she was much alone with her Saviour, she gave out much, because she took in much, because she was much, she could not help doing, because it was not she but Christ who dwelt in her.

“She always found avenues of service, because she had no will of her own in the matter, but held herself obedient to His will. There was much fruit brought to perfection, because the branch was kept in vital union with the vine. Sitting much at the Master’s feet, learning the Master’s will, she could not be held back from energetic engagement in His service. She probably thought little about results, but much about pleasing Him, and obeying the impulse of a loving heart, results were inevitable.

‘There are in this loud, stunning tide
 Of human care and crimes,
 With whom the melodies abide
 Of the everlasting chimes.
 Who carry music in their heart
 Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
 Plying their daily task with busier feet,
 Because their secret souls a lowly strain re-
 peat.’

“The aggressiveness of faith, the aggressiveness of prayer, the aggressiveness of a holy life, the aggressiveness of goodness, of Christlikeness.

‘The love of Christ constraineth me.’

‘For me to live is Christ.’

‘When I am weak, then am I strong.’

‘I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.’

‘Poor, yet making many rich; having nothing yet possessing all things.’

‘Dying and behold we live.’

‘Dead unto the world, alive unto God.’

“This life of Mrs. Porter seemed to illustrate all the paradoxes of the Christian faith, all the beatitudes, all the promises.

“The Bible translated and transmuted into a human life, consecrated, vitalized, and then, from the alembic of a great experience, freely given to others—that is genuine aggressiveness in Christian service. Expect to see that life not in the circle of gaiety, not in the places of fashion, but out in

the hard, exposed places where souls are dying of spiritual starvation.

“How Mrs. Porter’s crown now sparkles! ‘They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.’ Do you covet her crown? She did not aim for a crown. She bore the cross, and the crown was placed by attending angels on her conquering brow.”

“Beloit, Wis., Jan. 2nd, 1888

“Dear Cousin:—

“We thank you most heartily for your thoughtful remembrance of us in your letters and telegrams. We find now that we did build much hope on your Mother’s remarkable recuperative power, and we did so want she should stay till Henry and Bessie and the dear children should see the dear face and feel the touch of the tender mother love. And so, since the first word came Saturday morning, we have not ceased to pray most earnestly that she might be kept a little longer on this side the river; and all the while we tried to say that it would be all right, whatever God might appoint. We knew that her true home was on the other side; but the children and your father and all of us, what were we to do without her? Such a reverent, deep tender love have we cherished in our hearts for your mother and father. The grace of God and the

home in heaven always seemed nearer and more real when they were here. And now this beautiful, saintly life begins its New Year, I was going to say amid new surroundings, but I do not know of any who would feel more at home there. It is her home. She has lived there long, and caught much of its spirit. We shall miss her. Will she miss us? Will she not rather be so near, in the new freedom of the new life, so that her thoughtful, loving care for those she leaves will be fully satisfied with its larger opportunities for ministering to them? Well, we do not know. But we will remember ever with a grateful love the life prolonged fourscore years; filled full with loving thoughts, and gracious words and kindly acts, and helpful ways that have enriched and blessed more lives than we can tell, and have made her influence and her name a benediction.

“I thank God again this morning that by His grace, such lives can be lived on earth. We do come very near to you.

“You will kindly let us know the arrangements that may be made.

“Your ever affectionate cousin,

William Porter.”

*“Chicago, Jan- 10th, 1888.
2957 Indiana Ave.*

“REV. JEREMIAH PORTER,
“My Dear Brother:—

“I am requested by the session of the church which you founded more than forty-four years ago to express to you our deep and loving sympathy with you in the sorrow which has come to you, and to convey to you in some measure our appreciation of the worth and services of that rare and wonderful woman whom you wedded so long ago and whose Christian history is one of the brightest pages in the record of the last half century.

“You know, even better than we, what a noble Christian heart beats no more on the shores of time, and what an abundant welcome she has received from the many whom she blessed here on earth and who now rejoice with her in glory.

“May God give you continually of His richest comfort till His love shall place you by her side again.

“In behalf of the session of the First Presbyterian church and with the warmest expression of love, regard and sympathy to you and your children, I am

Yours affectionately,
John H. Barrows,
Pastor.”

"Beloit, Jan. 22nd, 1888.

"My Dear Brother Porter:—

"You do not need any comfort which I can offer. The grace of God which flowed so richly, so constantly, so blessedly over and through that long earthly life now finished, the effect of which was more manifest to you than to anybody else, that grace which triumphed in her translation to be with the trusted and loving Saviour where He is, and which is consummated in the unspeakable bliss of a new and better life begun—a life of perfect and unmarred union and communion with that Saviour which is to continue forever, that grace seems to envelope the person of her who has been taken away, when ever I recall it to mind, with a halo of brightness and glory, and how can we mourn? The recollection of her, suggests with a wonderful vividness and impressive force that declaration divinely inspired, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord' 'their works do follow them.' How rich was that life in the savor which it exhaled all along its way—a life evidently lived as Paul's was 'by the faith of the son of God who loved us and gave Himself for us.' Well I remember the impression which I received the first time I met her, forty years ago. We ministers of Milwaukee had driven down to Southport for a meeting of our General Convention and having a

vacant seat, invited Mrs. Porter to ride with us on our return. She did so and made herself in a very natural way the center of conversation. The simple expression of her strong, unfaltering faith and the habit which had become a second nature to her, of considering all undertakings in a spirit of childlike trust, rather than in the light of circumstances or probabilities were very striking and gave a new aspect to the work of the ministry then recently begun by me. I am conscious of a benefit from that conversation running thro' all my life. In all my subsequent interviews with her, the same qualities have seemed to characterize her. How signally that faith sustained her through the wonderful activities and manifold achievements of her career on earth. In the delightful memories of her Christian devotion, it is your privilege to have her still with you. God gives you this rich consolation. May you find it an abiding support.

“Then for the sense of loneliness which must at times come over you, the same grace of God, which so nerved and steadied and soothed her spirit will bring you needed and timely relief. Christ will reveal himself a companion in place of her who has been withdrawn and will lead you by the same way which she went, the way which He opened to the same haven of bliss. I cannot ask that God will hasten the passage, but I do fervently pray

that He will so lighten and cheer the way that you shall have no sense of weariness or of impatience, while you rejoice in the blessed attractions of the Christian's hope, for your children's sake and for the Master's sake, be content to linger with us yet a few good years longer.

"It was a pleasure to me to be in Chicago, and to join with others in such tokens of respect and regard as we could show to the remains of our dear one, beloved and sainted.

Affectionately your brother,

A. L. Chapin."

"My Dear Friends:

"This 17th day of January I must write. Would that I and Mrs. S. might sit with you in silence, while a large number, yet a small proportion of the friends, are in the Memorial services at Chicago. How the ends of the earth are in one accord today. You with some truly sympathizing hearts on the Pacific Coast, Henry and family with true sympathizing spirits in China. Then here, in our church that has enjoyed so much from her and you, and the whole family of interested ones north and south, east and west in America and in so many of the missionary fields round the globe. We all are drawn nearer the throne because her brave heart was ever inspiring fresh assurance of the victories being, and to be, achieved. There is

a grand fitness in her going first as respects this world wide family. Her entrance into the presence of the King, echoes to us all the ringing cheer He gave so long ago, 'I have overcome' Yes blessed glorious fact. She has overcome all. She began the victories over herself. She went on conquering as a teacher, as a pioneer, as a Home missionary, as a mother, then up and down the land in churches north, and churches south. With soldiers and with freedmen, in hospitals and barracks, in homes, Sabbath schools and churches, everywhere inspiring and achieving victory over sin, unbelief and Satan. Such victories has she wrought through her children in the churches in America and on the Foreign Fields. No Joan of Arc has like her led a steady campaign for 80 years of victory. None but a Christian, and she filled daily with the sacred oil of God's almighty spirit. Verily she was ready to complete all in conquering the last enemy, and the garland is her's. Oh! for a double portion of that spirit on us all. While the crown is already on her brow.

'Immanuel's seal of righteousness and love
And everlasting joy upon her head.'

"Mrs. Smith sends sincerest regards and we both at once sympathize with you and rejoice in the victory by her achieved. May the same in due time be yours, and ours.

Very truly and fraternally,

Moses Smith."

"Gorham, Me., Nov. 12th, 1888.

"My Dear Friend, Mr. Porter:—

"In the months which have passed since Mrs. Porter went from earthly presence to the heavenly home, my heart has often prompted me to write you, not to comfort you, for you have no need of that but to express a sense of personal loss, and my appreciation of the wonderful symmetry of the character of your dear one and to tell you some of the things which come to me as pictures of her in days gone.

"When I first saw Mrs. Porter, now over thirty years ago she was in that period of life when all its present burdens press the heaviest.

"Some of her family were young and all where much thought and earnest care and even many steps were needed, but I well remember I often wondered that she never seemed burdened by her own cares. It does not seem to me that she ever spoke of them. Those years in the Edwards Church must have been of great trial, but she never showed it. She possessed that wonderful quality of

'A heart at leisure from itself

'To soothe and sympathize.'

"In those years I was often at the home on Halsted Street, and I never saw anything but perfect peace of heart and manner. I have often thought of it in these later years, as I passing through this

same period of care. It seems to me as I look at those days that everything was done at home that needed to be, for as the wife and mother she was the heart and soul of her home, and yet everything outside too. I know she went to the prayer-meetings, sewing-circles, visited the sick and poor, and always she carried with her that same atmosphere of peace.

“And too those were the days of sickness and death. How calm you all were. The precious older daughter and the sweet little Robbie both went home where she has found them. I wonder if you remember a scene which has always been fixed upon my memory, when one Sabbath afternoon you received to the Church visible a young man. There, in his room as the afternoon faded away, a communion service was held. You and Mrs. Porter and James, (I think,) my father and mother and I were there, and there may have been others. As we were leaving Mrs. Porter said to the sick one, “If you reach heaven before I do, give our salutations to Lottie and tell her to be waiting to open the door of heaven for me.’ And after thirty years even tho’ you must all grieve for her, you can but rejoice that she can see again the children who must have been waiting for her.

“Then in ‘War Time’ how she came to see us and told of what she had seen, but never one word

of how her own family were broken up scattered, of what joy it would be to gather them all together again, but always of His work.

“And again I see her as the years pass on and as I arrange her hair a little, for she was one to whom it was a pleasure to give little personal attentions, she spoke of how she had missed M. doing such things for her but added ‘Heaven is as near to China as to Texas.’ So she has lived, always ready for the summons, always in her very peace and by the presence of Christ in her ever more than by word (tho’ she never failed there) the bringing to others the Saviour in whom she rested.

“Yours Affectionately,

Mary L. Huntington.”

“*Sherwood, Tenn., Feb. 14th, 1888.*

“REV. JEREMIAH PORTER, D. D.,

“Dear Friend:—

“We have seen in several papers a notice of Mrs. Porter’s death, and have received from Chicago one of the chaste and beautiful cards sent out from there to inform friends of her departure. We can however hardly make it seem possible that she has gone from earth. In truth she has not gone, for the spirit and influence of God’s saints remain always, to cheer and comfort those who remain. .

“Surely it is so with her. That sweet, gentle spirit, which for four score years made the earth brighter

and better, still dwells as a gracious benediction among us all. If ever there was a saint on earth, surely she was one, with all the elements of sainthood. If ever there was a long life spent unselfishly and helpfully, 'doing good as she had opportunity,' surely this was one. How many kind words, how many gentle yet powerful and stimulating utterances, how many modest, unobtrusive, self forgetful actions of kindness and Christian love are loaded as fruits of the tree of life, upon the boughs of those eighty years, reaching out with their shade and shelter and comfort and fruitfulness, into the North, South, East and West.

"They are truly immortal fruits, not subject to the law of decay as the earthly fruits and vegetables are. Such 'fruits of the Spirit' have in them the seeds of eternity; and though the kindly lips may be closed, and the helpful, ministering hands be laid to rest, the seeds will still live, growing and fruiting in many human hearts, until the angels shall sing 'Harvest Home.'

"It is no extravagant praise nor exaggerated eulogium to say that I have never known another human life so full of constant labor and love and ministry for so long a time. Those eventful eighty years, so full of wonderful things in God's providential rule, surely ought to go upon the records of history. The memoir of Mrs. Porter ought to

be published as a speaking memorial of her Christian life, to encourage and stimulate other hearts.

Your Fellow Worker for the Master,
Stanley E. Lathrop."

"Sharpsdale, Feb. 12th, 1888.

"My Dear J.

"Your loving letter was brought yesterday. How much your great bereavement differs from the many—many sad ones.

"Just now I think of it as a shadow yet a wonderfully thin one, through which the hallowed outlines of the saintly one are very plain. The many words of loving sympathy have not escaped the eyes of Martha or me. What a broad horizon the loved one had!"

"And one idea came to me as I sat reading Dr. Barrows' truthful and tender tribute. Not one single overdrawn comment can be made of her. From the first, like the never changing star of the north, her faith never changed.

"In all my acquaintance, I know no other, who seemed to me so completely tempered by the spirit of the meek and lowly one. One who under all circumstance, whether on the tented field, amid the shriek of the bursting shell, or surrounded by some loving group, a praying circle ever the same.

"*Tempered*, that is the word, like a splendid piece of metal that fears the edge of nothing hard

or soft. And I was so fortunate as to know her, well, and love her, and even to be loved by her. How few have such great cause to be thankful!

"Yes, my dear we will sit down in some very quiet place and together read her last heavenly words, and with the love which is part of her sweet self, tell over the wonderful story of her life.

"One of the pleasantest things of any which I can think of was, that your precious mother came and occupied our little shebang at Larkinsville. It was worth all my time and service to get such a blessed visitor as that.

"Surely the good lives after the saints such as she are gone. I weep with you and am always.

Your loving,
H. T. Chappell."

"Beloit, Wis., 15th, 1888.

"REV. DR. JEREMIAH PORTER,

"Honored and Dearly Beloved Sir:—

"Pres. Chapin informs us that the word has come, that he and Prof. Porter are to go and join those who will lay to rest the mortal remains of one whose influence will live over all the earth to which the sunlight comes for twelve hours after it has looked upon her resting place. From the St. Mary's to the Rio Grande, from St. Augustine to Peking, the atmosphere is sweeter and purer because her spirit has been there.

“What a holy privilege has been yours for half a century to share that influence. We that were round about do not envy you; we do not envy your children. We bless the good Lord that permitted you to live in that halo of light, and to contribute by words and works of loving kindness, and yet more by that loving kindness itself, to that love, joy and peace, which we have seen filling that life, so intent and yet so serene, and the memory of which now hangs so invitingly over the Gates of Pearl. We think thankfully how that memory will join with the loving offices of children and friends to bless your remaining days, and we pray that for us all there may be a like abundant entrance.

“We remain with most affectionate sympathy and respect.

Most sincerely yours,

Joseph Emerson.”

“Melrose, Mass., Feb. 3rd, 1888.

“MY DEAR MR. PORTER:

“The announcement of Mrs. Porter’s departure has awakened within me a throng of tender memories. I recall all that she was in the dark days of the war, and remember the sweet patience, the uniform gentleness and untiring diligence that characterized her, as if the whole of my acquaintance with her were a thing of yesterday.

“What a power she was in the hospitals. The poor fellows turned their pallid faces to hers, in dumb beseeching, which was speedily supplanted by a look of hope and trust. How many of them have welcomed her, when she entered the immortal life. How many received from her the only Christian ministrations they ever knew, and were won, by her motherly kindness, to a comprehension of the love of the Infinite, who is to the world not only the Infinite Father, but the Infinite mother also.

“It seems to me that her biography, like that of our Lord, may be condensed into one phrase ‘she went about doing good.’ I knew her chiefly and best during the war. But I do not forget that her war record was but one chapter in her useful life, which was filled to the utmost with love to God and man. For such as she there is no death. ‘What seems so is transition.’ She carried so much of heaven with her, that I can hardly conceive of any change being necessary to her feeling, or the law of her life, when she exchanged earth for heaven. ‘She bowed her head at passing out, we think and straight way found herself within another chamber of the King, larger than this, and lovelier.’

“My dear Mr. Porter, I will not mock you with any words of consolation. The separation between

you and the beloved wife of many years will not be long. Both you and I are nearing the low gateway which swings outward once for every human being and there you will be reunited. For, God keeps a niche in heaven to shrine our idols.

‘And albeit he breaks them to our faces,
And denies that our close kisses should impair
their white,
I know we shall behold them raised complete.
Glorified and singing in the great God-light.’

With tender sympathy, Yours truly,
Mary A. Livermore.”

“Oakland, Cal., Feb. 10th, 1888.

“MY DEAR MR. PORTER:

“Mr. B. with his wonted thoughtfulness, has sent me tidings of the loss which has come to you and all of us, and also your address, thus enabling me to write you.

“And I am trying to realize that your lovely wife walks this earth no more. Again and again her sweet face comes before me, bringing with it the loveliest memories of her gentle presence, and her tender Christian character. She was a beautiful woman, one of the King’s daughters, all glorious within.’ I cannot think of mourning for her; it would seem unfit. Nor, I am sure do you. She has gone to the home prepared for her, and only a little while before you and all of us go also.

“I wonder if a woman anywhere, ever did so much and went through so much as she did, and kept so gentle, so sweet, and so tender.

Yours Always,
Sarah Edward Henshaw.”

“Northfield, Jan. 16th, 1888.

Dear Cousin:—

“Often since the day bringing tidings of the sweet saints translation have our thoughts reverted to early days and the blessed memories of her presence and spirit. That her meek, yet truthful soul had an abundant entrance upon the everlasting glories who can doubt?. Such simple majestic faith as hers I don't think I have ever met, or at least felt as she made me feel it. What a benediction her life has been, and to how many. She was, as Tennyson says, ‘Interpreter between Gods and men,

‘Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread.’

“In the world she was, as so many knew to their comfort, yet not at all of it, so sweetly separate; and now her life, so far as earth goes, is rounded out, her memory imperishable, and her works do follow her.

“For you, dear cousin, as for all her children may I not add, from the same passage as above,

‘Happy he with such a mother; faith in woman-kind beats with his blood, and truth in all things high comes easy to him.’ How you will all miss her, for a little while, even tho’ she leaves a heritage so rich and precious that it will last thro’ all your pilgrimage, until you meet her again within ‘the gates of day,’ and in His blessed presence.

“We commend you all to our Father, the God of all comfort.

Very Truly Yours,

E. M. & A. T. Williams.”

APPENDIX

IN MEMORIAM

ELIZA CHAPPELL PORTER

ÆT 80.

Funeral services at the New England Congregational Church, Chicago, Illinois.

The funeral services of the late Eliza Chappell Porter, wife of the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, D. D., were held at The New England Congregational Church, January 17, 1888. Mrs. Porter died at Santa Barbara, California, where the venerable clergyman, her husband, is now residing in feeble health, which prevented him from accompanying the remains to Chicago.

The impressive services were conducted by Pastor Arthur Little and were participated in by Rev. E. F. Williams, D. D. Pres. F. W. Fisk and the Rev. Dr. John H. Barrows.

After the reading of the selections from the word of God, Pastor Little said: "I do not now recall any clergyman whose life has been so much identified with the active life of Chicago as that of our brother, Doctor Fisk, and it is very fitting that he should speak some words to us on this occasion.

Professor Fisk made the following remarks:

The outward events of an earthly life at the longest may be soon recounted; and though perhaps few women have lived so busy and varied a life as the dear friend

whose beloved form lies before us, yet the external history of her life may be given in a few words. Born at Geneseo, New York, the 5th of November, 1807, of parents of Huguenot and Pilgrim descent, and given as liberal an education as her frail health would permit, Miss Eliza Chappell at the age of 22 years, went at the invitation of Mr. Robert Stuart, Agent of the American Fur Company, to Mackinaw to establish on that Island a school for young children. Three years later, in June, 1833, she accompanied Major Wilcox and family to Chicago, and in the following September opened a school—the first taught here—in a rude log house near the Military Reservation. In January following this school was removed into the little building of the First Presbyterian Church, that had just before been organized in Fort Dearborn by the Rev. Jeremiah Porter.

“This school, greatly prospering under Miss Chappell’s administration, she soon opened another for young ladies, especially for those intending to teach, and thus she was the teacher of the first normal training in Chicago.

“On the 15th of June, 1835, she was married to the Rev. Jeremiah Porter and entered with joy on her new duties as the wife of the pastor of the only church in Chicago. How efficiently, and with what loving ministrations she performed her duties and in the successive pastorates of her husband at Peoria, and Green Bay for nearly twenty years, and over the Edwards Church in this city, and at Prairie du Chien, those who knew her well in these various relations bear abundant testimony.

“Early in our civil war Mr. and Mrs. Porter proffered their services to the cause and became, the one, Chaplain of the First Illinois Light Artillery, of which their son James was a member; the other a most efficient agent of the sanitary commission. How faithfully and efficiently they labored throughout the war, reaching and minis-

tering to the sick, the wounded and the dying, alike to friend and foe, will be recounted by our friend, Dr. Barrows, who will also give the details of Mrs. Porter's early life and labors and of her last hours. In the Autumn following the close of the war Mr. and Mrs. Porter went to the Rio Grande, one as the agent of the christian commission, the other in the service of the sanitary commission, to labor among the troops stationed at Ft. Brown. There they were as busy and happy as ever, preaching and teaching, having opened a school in the building known as the Rio Grande Female Institute, which had been erected by Miss Rankin, but closed during the war. There Mrs. Porter, with the enthusiasm of her early years as a teacher did most efficient service. Thus, in the words of her husband, they 'sowed beside all waters,' preaching and teaching until April, 1866. They were then recalled by their respective commissions, and, having made provision for the continuance of the school, returned to their northern home. A few months later found them at Prairie du Chien, where for two years Mr. Porter, aided by such a wife as few pastors ever had, discharged with useful enthusiasm his duties as pastor of the Congregational Church in that place. But soon through the urgent solicitations of friends both at the North and at the South, Mr. and Mrs. Porter were induced to return to Brownsville, Texas, Mr. Porter, under a commission from the American Home Missionary Society to re-build the waste places, while Mrs. Porter, with the aid of two lady teachers who accompanied them, was to have charge of the seminary formerly under her care. In addition to his duties as pastor, Mr. Porter also acted as Chaplain of the troops at Ft. Brown.

"This led to his appointment by the Senate on the recommendation of President Grant, to a Chaplaincy in the Regular Army in 1870. Having made suitable provision for her school, Mrs. Porter accompanied her husband to

Ft. Sill in the Indian Territory to which he was ordered as Chaplain. There they labored two years with the colored troops preaching and teaching a day school for children and an evening school for colored soldiers. But the climate and her self-sacrificing labors for others made such inroads upon Mrs. Porter's health that in February 1876, Mr. Porter was, at his own request transferred to the Chaplaincy at Ft. Russell, near Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory. Mrs. Porter, though enfeebled in body, yet with characteristic fortitude and courage, accompanied her husband in the long journey.

"Mr. Porter was retired from service by Act of Congress in 1882, and thereafter they made their home with their son Edwards in Detroit. In order to escape the severity of our Northern climate they spent their winters mostly at the South, still busy in preaching and teaching as Providence opened the way. While among us also they were no less intent on doing the Master's business. They had in advanced years given their only daughter, Mary, and their youngest son, Henry, to missionary work in China. They had devoted no small part of their lives to missionary labors at home, and they would spend their last years in the same blessed service. Their occasional presence among us has been to us all I am sure a benediction. The delightful reception given them by our National Council at its recent session in this city evinced the affectionate and reverential regard which for their works they were held among all our churches. Their Christian sympathies and prayers and labors took in the world. In a message to the women of Wisconsin engaged in the work of home missions, Mrs. Porter, last autumn, sent a most inspiring appeal urging them to be strong and of good courage, and to remember the last promise of the Lord: 'Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end.' Then after quoting several promises of Divine help she closed her message with these words: 'Surely these

promises are enough. Let us take hold upon them and do with our might what our hands find to do; for, behold, the bride-groom cometh.'

'To the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, Mrs. Porter's words and prayers were no less an aid and an inspiration. Her strong faith and wise councils imparted strength and courage. 'She was,' says one of the officers, 'a guide, moving on in advance and almost within the gates of the other world, sending back messages which she heard there.'

'Says another, 'of her admonitions; two were with us continually, in our hearts and on our lips.' They were, 'Plan great things.' 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' How characteristic of that dear woman. 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' As a mark at once of their appreciation of such a helper and of their loss of such a friend, they requested that they be allowed to receive the remains on their arrival in the city and to care for them until this hour; and also that they be permitted as a body to attend this service with the family.

'As we glance over the remarkable life of this sainted woman, our first thought is: 'How much she accomplished in her four score years; so full of service and self-sacrificing labors in so many different directions. How was she able to do so much in such a frail body? Because she did it from the heart, and in loving service for the Master. When the heart is in the work, duties become privileges. Thus it was that she was able to do such a marvelous work in hospitals during the war. When I asked her how it was possible for her to endure the sight of so much suffering and of closing the eyes in death of hundreds of our soldiers—I think they amounted to about a thousand in number, if I remember aright—she replied that she never once thought of herself, but ministered to the suffering ones as if they were her own sons.

'But with all her tenderness of heart and gentleness of

spirit, she possessed remarkable firmness and tenacity of purpose. Firmly grounded in Christian doctrine and principle, she would like the willow bend to adverse winds while remaining steadfast and unyielding in principle. She was also remarkable for her joy in the Lord. Naturally of a sunny disposition, Grace had so wrought upon her nature that her life grew daily into a joyfulness and serenity that no changes and afflictions could disturb. She had been often chastened of the Lord, but the chastisements had wrought in her the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Three little ones they had laid to rest at Green Bay; and here while with the Edwards Church they were called within a few days to part, first, with their little Robert, and then with their daughter, Charlotte, just blooming into a beautiful womanhood. As I stood with them in their home and gazed with them upon the lovely features of their departed daughter, I was amazed at the joyful serenity and sweet resignation of those parents.

“Thus blessing and being blessed in her husband, in her family, and in her work, carrying with her light and joy wherever she went, she awaited the change which in the course of nature she knew could not be far distant. She goes in the autumn to the land of flowers, and there surrounded with every comfort, ministered to by her devoted husband and her daughter, she awaited the last earthly change. It was not long in coming. Her last letter was to her son in this city, and closed with the word ‘rest’; so expressive of her own abiding rest in the Lord.

“Her life was filled with busiest activities, yet always full of rest, because in the depths of her own being she had the peace of God that passeth all understanding filling heart and mind; a peace that was soon to end in bliss.

“Early on the Sabbath morning of the New Year, with fullest trust in her Saviour, whom she had faithfully and

joyfully served from her childhood, calmly bidding adieu to her beloved husband beside whom she had walked in loving sympathy for more than half a century, she gently fell asleep in Jesus. She had walked with God and was not, for God had taken her. What a legacy of prayers and fragrant memories will come from such a life to husband, daughter, sons and other relatives! It would seem as if the very Heavens had been opened to us, and in the light of its glories we had seen how beautiful is a life that is hid with Christ in God.

May the blessings of God the Father the Son and the Spirit descend upon these sorely afflicted ones, and though widely separated over land and main, may they be gathered after faithful service for the Master, a reunited family in His blessed presence where is fullness of joy evermore.

Rev. John H. Barrows then made the following remarks:

“This is an extraordinary scene; this was a remarkable life; the occasion which assembles us has unusual significance, and since the events which filled the eighty blessed years of Eliza Chappell Porter’s pilgrimage from earth to heaven would require a volume for adequate treatment.

“I shall at this time summon you only to a general panoramic view of her prolonged and beautiful Christian career. No worthier book could be added to the missionary literature of the nineteenth century than one which should tell the story of this beneficent life. When you recall the changes and the progress which those four-score years have witnessed, remembering that the neighborhood of Rochester, New York, where her youth was spent was then a wild frontier country, and that she looked her last on the land she served and loved three thousand miles to the westward, amid the refinements of civilization on the Pacific shore; when you recall that this life with

her husband's touched so many regions of the Great West at strategic points and critical times; when you ponder the meaning of the historic fact that the hand which is enclosed in this casket helped to lay the intellectual and spiritual foundations of all that is noblest in the life of a city, now hastening toward a million in population, and with incalculable shaping power over the life of half a score of majestic commonwealths; when you think how fully Mrs. Porter's various ministries as teacher and pastor's wife represent to us at their best the home missionary enthusiasm and consecration which are the life and the Spiritual glory of the Mississippi Valley; when you realize the service she rendered to the armies which saved our Nationality and to the cause of Foreign Missions which has added new splendor to the Church of her Master, and when besides all this, you estimate rightly the modest, cheerful, unselfish and devoted spirit which entered into these many activities, you will thank God, as I do, that you have had some knowledge of one whose career of blessing weighs far more as an argument in favor of the Divine origin of Christianity than all the labored reasonings and bitter declamations of unbelief weigh against it.

“We are not surprised to learn that into the life which we are reviewing, there flowed the best blood of the Huguenots and Pilgrims, and that the early influences which moulded her character were prophetic of a noteworthy future. One of a large family, subjected to frontier hardships increased by the death of her father when she was very young, Eliza Chappell was taught and loved by a devoted Christian mother. There was no indication from the beginning that hers was to be an easy, self-indulgent life, but all things pointed toward strenuous and self-denying toil. But before she could enter on her life-work there came the discipline of long years of invalidism, sometimes saying ‘I have seen the Lord:’ and

there can be no doubt that the experiences of her young womanhood, which would read as one dear to her writes, 'like a chapter of Madame Guyon's life,' refined her spiritual perceptions, confirmed her Christian faith into an immovable certainty and fitted her for the next great period of her development when she came under the influence of that greatest of modern preachers, the greatest, judged by the tangible results of his life visible to-day, I mean of course President Charles G. Finny. In 1829 and '30 we see her in Rochester, New York, laboring with this apostle in the revival which was the fountain of more other revivals than any other work of grace with which we have in this century been familiar.

"From this time on her history is one succession of Christian labors, usually in frontier places, to which she often came at the most opportune time. This young soldier of Christ whose life was largely spent among soldiers is thenceforward busy at her Master's call in Mission-school and Fort and camp, difficult service through sixty years. We see her by the invitation of Robert Stuart, the partner of John Jacob Astor, establishing a school in the American Fur Company's Headquarters at Mackinac, and here she was first met by Rev. Jeremiah Porter, with her Bible in her hand.

"Then we see her, in June, 1863, in the family of Major Wilcox at Fort Dearborn, a half mile from where we are now assembled, opening a school in September in a little log house, outside the Military Reservation. This was afterward transferred to the first Presbyterian church of which she was an original member and to whose first pastor, Rev. Jeremiah Porter she was married in 1835. To her school the first public appropriation was made, and as you well know she was the first in the great army of the public school teachers of Chicago. I know of nothing which in our age is more startlingly significant of the vastness and swiftness of the changes which have marked

these wonderful times, than the fact that the hand which lies before us was laid in blessing on the heads of the first scholars of our city. It was a great joy to multitudes that nearly five years ago Mrs. Porter and her husband were with us at the celebration of fifty years of Church life in Chicago, and it was characteristic of them both that their exclamation over the marvelous growth of the half-century was 'What God had wrought.'

"In 1861, thirty-two years after Mrs. Porter had begun her Christian Missionary life, we see her entering the office of the United States Sanitary Commission, in Chicago, by the request of Judge Skinner, its President, and Mr. E. W. Blatchford, its Secretary. The next year we see Mr. D. L. Moody calling at Mr. Porter's house in Chicago with the news of his (Mr. Porter's) appointment as Chaplain in the army, where he served in the Regiment of Col. J. D. Webster, whose widow and some of whose soldiers, are with us to-day, and from that time to the close of the war the history of our beloved and departed friend is the history of the tenderest ministrations to the sick and the wounded on the battle-field and in the hospital. Cairo, Mound City, Atlanta, Savannah, Newbern, these are some of the points which mark her life as a minister of charity to those who were so dear to her in that war, to which she not only gave a faithful husband a heroic son, but the absorbing devotion of her intensely patriotic and sympathetic heart. We are told that her hand closed the eyes of thirteen hundred soldiers in both armies. I have read her diary for one month in 1864, and have been amazed at what she could undergo and live, and still more amazed at the constant hiding of herself in the modest record, and ascribing all praise to another. I cannot tell you how richly she earned the blessing of those ready to perish, but I would recall to you that in the winter of 1862 and 1863, this pioneer of pioneers instinctively foremost in humble service, was the teacher of

the children of slaves in the first freedman's school-cabin erected in the Mississippi Valley.

"The war ended in the victory of the cause so dear to her heart, and after twenty-one years of farther christian labor we see her lying on her sick bed in the land of fruits and flowers by the Western Sea in the house of a friend to whom she had become very dear through the rendering of characteristic service in time of need. On Christmas morning last, she wrote to her son James of that day's 'hallowed association with Home, childhood, husband beloved, and children most dear.' She read over again on that day, in the beautiful form in which her son had sent it to her, the hymn we shall soon hear sung, 'Abide with me,' and she wrote 'Fast Falls the Eventide, The Darkness Deepens,' but in Him who came on this glad Christmas day, 'a light to lighten the world,' there is no darkness. 'Even at evening time there shall be light.' 'And when he who is our life shall appear, we also shall appear with him.' 'We shall be like him.'

"It was early in the morning of the first day of January, 1888, that to her 'The new sun rose bringing in the New Year.' Rev. Dr. Porter writes to his sons of her triumphant faith during the seven days of great suffering when she who had done so much found it so sweet to lie passive in his hand and know no will not His, and relates that 'her doings were not what she alluded to as the ground of her joy but the fullness of the love and glory of Christ.' And the daughter writes of 'the triumph of the real life over the physical, which made the hours a long hymn of victory.' 'Solemnly, and with such belief in the possibility of happiness as one could only gain in the presence of such triumphant witness of the joy of the Lord we gave each other the greetings of the New Year.' And in a few hours 'the mortal was gone and immortality put on.'

"It was well to sing 'Jerusalem the Golden' at the fu-

neral service in Santa Barbara, for often had the closing words of Bernard of Cluny's mighty hymn rung out from her lips:

“ Exult, O dust and ashes
 The Lord shall be thy part,
 His only, His forever,
 Thou shalt be and Thou art.”

“As Dr. William Porter of Beloit College writes, ‘Her true home was on the other side.’ She who through two generations had toiled in the church militant, was at her ease in the church triumphant. And what a welcome on the New Year's morning was given her! The ear that had heard night after night the dreadful roar of artillery is listening to the peaceful hymns of immortality. The eye that had seen so much of human sorrow looks upon her Saviour and is satisfied. The head which had bowed in so many humble houses of worship now bends before the Great white Throne in the Temple of which the Lamb is the Light and God the Glory. And you friends who carry this precious body to the tomb, will surely say from the heart whenever you visit the last resting place of her mortality:

“ Within this lowly grave a Conquerer lies—
 She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
 That altered not beneath the frown they wore;
 Her soft hand put aside the assault of wrath
 And calmly broke in twain
 The fiery shafts of pain.
 And rent the nets of passion from her path.
 By that virtuous hand despair was slain.

“ With love she vanquished hate and overcame
 Evil with good in her great Master's name.
 Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
 Glory that with the fleeting season dies;

But when she entered at the sapphire gate
 What joy was radiant in celestial eyes:
 How Heaven's bright depths with sounding welcome
 rung
 And flowers of Heaven by shining hands were flung—
 And He who long before,
 Pain, scorn and sorrow bore,
 The Mighty Sufferer with aspect sweet
 Smiled on the timid stranger from His seat.

A MESSAGE TO THE WOMEN OF WISCONSIN

BY MRS. JEREMIAH PORTER

To the Dear Elect Ladies of this Society, and all who are co-workers with them in this blessed Home Missionary work: "Grace, Mercy and Peace from God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord."

As I cannot in person meet you on this occasion I shall strive to be with you in spirit and rejoice in your order and the systematic manner in which you have entered upon work so important to your State, and listen to your reports as they testify of work well done. Needful work indeed! for is it not said, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel?"—(1st Timothy, 5:8.)

The causes which come before your eyes and mind to urge you to the most strenuous efforts in this work are so numerous and so broad that, taken up and classified, each might call out an elaborate essay. I leave that to more skilful pens, while I would urge my sisters who hold this work so dear, to "Be strong and of good courage,"

(Deuteronomy, 31:23) and to rest not until every hamlet, home, and lumber camp in Wisconsin has been reached with this blessed Gospel, which alone can purify the heart and overcome the world, so that no one reared in this grand State may have occasion truthfully to say, "No man cared for my soul" (Psa. 142:4). And while your right hand grasps your own Wisconsin, let your left reach out after the whole of our dear native land; and your enlarged contributions and fervent prayers go out to other lands and meet the earnest cry which comes to us on every breeze, "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" (Acts 16:9).

May not the Shunamite mother's love be wisely imitated when not one son only, but millions for whom Christ died are perishing?

She called upon her husband to aid as she must go, and she could not be reasoned out of her faith as to time and place, and while not only her husband and servant, but the prophet also, wondered at the woman, she slackened not her riding until the work of saving her son was accomplished. So, beloved, looking unto Jesus, may you gather strength as under the cross, and following the Marys to his open sepulchre hear him call your names, while He says to you, "Go tell my brethren that I am risen." (Mark 16).

As women of this day of the Lord, let us magnify our commission and claim that last promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end." (Matthew 17:20).

And now I turn for a moment to the past, and say for our encouragement, "Let us remember all the way the Lord our God hath led us for more than forty years in the wilderness." (Deut. 8:2). "Talk ye of all his wondrous work and let us exalt his name together." (I Chron. 16).

Let us look upon the foundations in this State, laid in poverty and weakness but in faith and love, when such

men as Clary, Peet and Curtis with their noble wives and many others, "Chief women not a few," (Acts 17:4), "wrought in obscure places, making rough ways smooth and crooked places straight," [Luke 3:5] who "Out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight," [Heb. 11:34] and when heart and flesh failed, entered into their closets and prayed to their Father in Heaven who seeth in secret; and has he not rewarded openly? [Matt. 6:6].

Have we not a part of the answer in this Woman's Union, with its elected officers, and its organized efficient work, reaching out not only after Wisconsin's sons and daughters, but to the Freedmen, Chinese, Indians, and I trust, to strangers of all lands who come under our flag for protection, and who find in your outreaching, Christian love that "one half was not told them" [II Chron. 9:6] of what God is doing through the Christian women of this grand State? Those earnest prayers in humble homes and secret places in the early history of your State, even while a Territory, may have prevailed with Him who hears the cry of the needy, and who has brought good men and women from various portions of our own and other lands to unite their efforts to lay foundations for flourishing towns, churches, schools and colleges. Does not this all testify that He who has promised is faithful? From your your own State and such Christian homes have gone forth sons and daughters who stand to-day to give an open Bible to Mexico; or toiling night and day for the Freedmen in our Southern land, or among the mountains, or on the plains of the far West, "Count it all joy to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ" [II Tim. 2:3]. They have crossed the great ocean and in distant China and of other far off lands, those born and bred in this new State are proclaiming the love of God and "that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins" [Matt. 9:6] and "save to the uttermost

all who believe in him." [Heb. 7:25].

The widowed mother's son! the widow's daughter! precious gifts! God accepts the free-will offering, whether it be the first-born or the widow's two mites.

As we thus glance at the past and feel the pressure of the present, let us thank God and courageously "devise liberal things," [Isa. 31:3] believing that "he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." [II Cor. 9:6].

And God, even your God shall do far more abundantly than you can even ask or think.

Surely these promises are enough. Let us take hold upon them and do with our might what our hands find to do, [Ecc. 9:10] for "Behold, the bridegroom cometh" [Luke 25:6].

Yours in loving sympathy,

E. C. P.

RELATION TO WOMEN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR

"It seems fitting that in a memoir of Mrs. Porter, grateful mention be made of her love and service for the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior by one who long knew her in the relations to that Board.

"Her unaffected devotion to Christ's service, early consecration to Missionary Work among the Indians and the gift of an only daughter to the work in China, prepared her, as at that time perhaps no other woman was prepared, to apprehend the need and wisdom of woman's organized work in giving the Gospel to the dark places of the earth.

"With quick discernment she saw the hand of the Lord in the Genesis of the Board of the Interior and hastened to give to it a service full of earnest conviction, love and sacrifice.

“Never obtrusive in her efforts, she was yet instant in season and out of season. At a time when others were doubting, questioning, and some criticising, she was serving and winning others to the same confidence and loyalty. Thus she gave to the early work of the Board an impulse to success, which probably she herself never realized.

“While she never held an official position, her influence upon the Board and for the Board, was a felt and valued force. Her intellectual grasp of the truth was strong and certain. This, together with her winsome Christian life, won a reverent confidence in her judgment and made her an unconscious leader. Her ‘assurance of faith’ was magnetic, and created an atmosphere of courageous endeavor.

“On one occasion she was present in a missionary meeting, where the ladies were oppressed with doubt in regard to their pledges for the year. Mrs. Porter listened in silence for a time, then slowly rising said: ‘Pray, pray for that money.’ Then planting her foot firmly, as if to illustrate the word substance, she continued, ‘for faith is the substance of things hoped for.’ A thrill of courage ran through the room. Every heart united in the prayer she offered. When a few weeks later more than the pledge was reported in the treasury, the ladies said: ‘Dear Mrs. Porter’s faith moved us to effort.’

“Her wide and intense spiritual vision founded on the promises and prophecies of the coming of Christ’s Kingdom in all the earth, gave her at times almost the power of a prophetess, and moved others to cheerful work and sacrifice as essential factors in the final victory. Her true catholicity of spirit and large-hearted acceptance of the atonement of Jesus Christ, could be limited by nothing less than the whole earth.

“Her helpfulness had in it so much of her own unique individuality, it is difficult to express it. But it is safe to

say, that among all the loyal, loving supporters of the Woman's Board of the Interior, Mrs. Jeremiah Porter was pre-eminent. Her memory abides in our hearts a grateful legacy.

MRS. MOSES SMITH."

Glencoe, Ills., November, 1892.

The following extract from the "Advance" account of some meeting of W. B. M. I. suggests the kind of inspiration which Mrs. Porter gave to that work:

"75 Madison Street.

"Sept. 5.—If any sought the Upper Room this morning fearing or burdened, they must have come away reassured and nerved for action. Far more potent than the presence of Sheridan at Fredericksburg, is the standard lifted up before our eyes to-day. Mrs. Jeremiah Porter, mother of missionaries, the wife of the first preacher of the Gospel in the frontier outpost which is now in Chicago, led the meeting. After a long career of faith and of unbounded courage and success in Christian work, she lives to pray for and inspire others. But it was not her own example that she held up for our encouragement. It was the 'Ensign which is the Root of Jesse' (see Isaiah xi: 10), 'And in that day there shall be a Root of Jesse which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and his rest shall be glorious.' 'In what day?' asked Mrs. Porter, and referred us to Luke iv, 'And when He had opened the book * * He began to say unto them, This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.' 'That day of Christ's incarnation: this day of your privilege, beloved sisters, is the day referred to. My heart is filled with delight as I think of that grand old prophet looking down through the gates to his very room and crying out, 'O daughter of Zion, in that day

there shall be a root of Jesse that shall stand for an ensign to the people.' And this ensign is our leader; we are only followers. The work is His—to us it should be rest—glorious rest. No matter what obstacles or privations we may encounter, we may rest in Him and in His promise, 'And His rest is glorious.' Let us encourage ourselves that He stands as our Ensign forever let us stand under His shadow; nay, rather, let us run with patience the race that is set before us.'

"Everything seemed possible as we listened to Mrs. Porter's glowing words. And more especially, after the meeting, did every burden seem to fall off when she said, 'You need not feel burdened, dear; you who are working here are only as little children putting the pennies that mamma gives them into the box.'

One year when funds were especially slow in coming in, Mrs Porter secured a list of the Congregational Churches in the Interior which made no contribution to Woman's Work abroad and sent the following appeal to each one:

AN APPEAL TO PASTORS, SUPERINTENDENTS AND
SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

"Will you not, dear friends, as pastors and leaders of 'God's host,' call earnestly upon the women and children of your churches and schools, to come up at once to the Help of the Lord in heathen homes?

"Surely every woman that has a name among the followers of Christ, must desire to obey his commandments: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.'

“How can she do this?

“‘By giving liberally and praying, earnestly working together with Christ.’

“Beloved sisters, heathen women ask our missionaries, Why have you waited so long? Why have you not told us of this Jesus and his love long ago? And does not our Saviour ask us why? ‘Why call ye me Master and Lord, and do not the things which I command you?’

“Will you not, beloved, organize at once for this work? And write to the Woman’s Board of the Interior, at 75 Madison street, Chicago, and assure them that they may depend upon you for at least two cents a week for support of a missionary.

“Do you say you are poor and scattered, and there may be obstacles?

“Let us think of our dear Lord’s sacrifices for us. What have we done for Him?

“Think, too, of His precious promises to us and ours, ‘If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.’

“We must have His blessing in our hearts and homes.

“‘Give and it shall be given unto you. Good measure, pressed down, running over.’—Luke vi: 38. Let us take in the full meaning of the promise and act upon it.

“‘Prove me now and see if I will not pour out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive.’

“Who makes this promise to fill our basket and our store house full to overflowing? Let us launch out upon it, and not be afraid. Go forward in this work.

“Organize an Auxiliary, if you have none. Organize your children, and teach them by your own zeal and love for the cause, the blessedness of mission bands, and earnest, organized work for the Master.

“‘Behold the bridegroom cometh: Are your lamps trimmed and burning?’ Or have they gone out? Let us hasten to our coming Lord with the inquiry: What wilt

Thou have me to do?

“What have you in your home? Have you a Samuel there? Give and it shall be given you.

Yours for heathen women,

E. C. P.”

Part of the talk given the ladies at the fiftieth anniversary of First Presbyterian Church, Chicago:

“Let me urge you, beloved mothers and daughters, in your beautiful homes, to listen to the words of loving counsel which God gave His own people when He led them out of the wilderness into a ‘land flowing with milk and honey.’ ‘Beware that ye forget not the Lord your God in departing from His commandments and His statutes and His judgments which I command this day, lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses and dwelt in them, thine heart be lifted up and thou forget the Lord thy God. For it is He that giveth thee power and wealth.’ Let me urge you, beloved, as you dwell in your charming, luxurious homes, that you forget not the new responsibilities which come to those who follow after and inherit the blessings which have come to them through the labors of the toiling pioneers. Remember that the hands of women in every land are outstretched toward you, asking you for the bread of life. And God asks you for that which your gold can not buy, even your sons and daughters. And Christian women who owe all domestic love and refinement, all which makes you differ from African and Chinese mothers, to the love of Him who came as the promised Seed of the woman to lift her up to her rightful plane, Jesus calls upon you to give your degraded sex in other lands the knowledge of such a Saviour. The Prince of Life, of Love, and Peace permits us the honor of being

co-workers with Him in this work.

“If we fail to come up to this work He will raise up helpers from some other quarter, but we and our children shall and must lose the blessings promised to those who are co-workers with Christ, who ‘save souls from death and hide a multitude of sins.’”

The following from Mrs. Bickerdyke came too late for insertion in the account of Mrs. Porter's army life and was accompanied by a statement from one, a wagon-master, which is also given.

Russel, Kansas, Sep. 16, 1892.

Sketch of Mrs. Jeremiah Porter's Army Service.

I first met Mrs Jeremiah Porter at Cairo, Brigade Hospital, after the battle of Belmont. I never needed a friend so bad as when Mrs. Porter walked in. I needed her loving sympathy, which came as a balm.

For four years we walked side by side, I had her loving kindness and sympathy. She was fearless in her work, she feared nothing. She would cheerfully go to the bedside of a severe case of small-pox, erysipelas, or gangrene as she would to a wounded man, and stay with them until they would take that journey from whence no traveler ever returns. She would accompany me regularly every morning to the dead house, seeing that the dead were properly cleaned and clothed for burial, their names recorded, their friends notified, and the Sanitary Commission notified at Chicago. This sad and painful task took an hour or two from our morning work. After a battle, when our wounded were brought in, the mortally wounded were laid aside from the rest. It was a place that would appall the strongest hearts and yet, Mrs. Porter would cheerfully go with me and help to move

their mangled forms, and see who could be saved and would say to those dying, "Prepare to meet your God."

After a very hard, four days storm on New Year's morning, 1864, while I was in the kitchen trying to eat my breakfast, in came Mrs. Porter, which had the effect of the brightest sunshine upon me, exhausted as I was. Soon the word that Mrs. Porter had come passed through the wards of the hospital, and every soldier knew she was present. She went to work in the small-pox and erysipelas wards, where she was a great comfort to the soldiers. We began in January to prepare for the spring campaign, the next battle being Resaca. She also helped in caring for the sick in the Huntsville, Alabama, Prison.

We arrived at the battle of Resaca at sunrise, and there were already 400 awaiting medical treatment. Mrs. Porter not weighing over 100 pounds, seemed that she had the strength of a giant. Taking her handkerchief from her pocket and a bucket of water in her hand, she began washing the face of a man which was covered with blood and who was gasping for breath. She ordered pillows to be taken from the sanitary wagons and placed under the heads of wounded soldiers, or under the stumps of amputated limbs. All day long she went from one wounded man to another, in the boiling sun, and from tent to tent and through the woods where the dead and wounded lay, nor did she seem to weary. Late in the afternoon Gen. McPherson rode up and said, "Mrs. Porter, my Orderly is mortally wounded," and with the speed of lightning dashed away, leaving his precious charge to Mrs. Porter's care. Soon the frail form of a boy of seventeen summers was borne in on a stretcher, with his heart's blood streaming on the ground, as they bore him by and Mrs. Porter beckoned him under the shade of a tree. After washing his face and giving him a drink, she took him by the hand and speaking in a low, gentle

tone, said, "Can you move your fingers?" and he moved them; "Can you move your toes?" and he moved them. Then she said, "There are no bones broken and you may not be mortally wounded after all, the Lord has preserved you for some good purpose." He recovered sufficiently to be sent home to his parents. During that entire day, a son of Mrs. Porter was engaged actively on his battery, his mother not knowing whether he was dead or alive. He came to her at sunset and said very cheerfully, "How do you do, mother?" He stayed about five minutes engaged in close conversation when he disappeared through the dense smoke and returned to his battery. The musketry ceased, but the artillery roared all night. Early in the morning the action was renewed with vigor. During the course of the day Johnson crossed the river and burned the bridge after him, and every one that could carry a musket was in hot pursuit, leaving the dead and wounded lying on the field. Across this field of carnage, we moved our wounded to the railroad, a distance of about three miles. All that could be were sent to Chattanooga; but it left fifteen hundred in the hospital. The second and third days the wounded came in from the undergrowth of pines where they had been hiding. Late on the third day, 300 of the 20th corps came in completely starved out, and our supplies were exhausted. We had five barrels of corn meal, and two barrels of potato pickles, and for once they were a luxury. Mush was made of the corn meal, and as strange as it may seem the entire five barrels of meal were well-cooked and fed to the hungry soldiers, but in the meantime, Mrs. Porter had handed out every one of the two barrels of pickles. That was the last morsel of food that we had that night, and the soldiers were satisfied and slept well. Early the next morning came thirteen car loads of provisions, and two car loads of ice, from Mr. Yeaton, President of the St. Louis Sanitary

Commission. After getting the men comfortable, we received orders to report immediately at Kingston, Georgia, which we did, making the journey in a car loaded with shelled corn. We arrived there just at sunrise, and Mrs. Porter took an active part in distributing 75 tons of provisions, fitting up the Kingston Hospital, where we were about two weeks, and then we were ordered in great haste, to Altoona. We found a hospital of about 3,000 patients, and still coming in, among them a great many friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Porter took charge of the linen room. We were there about a month, when we were ordered to Marietta Hospital. We were there about four months, during the time there were five hard fought battles, and finally the fall of Atlanta; the wounded from which, numbering about 13,000 passed through that hospital. Here it was that Mrs. Porter returned to Chicago.

I was a civilian wagonmaster, 15 Army Corps, 1st. Division, under Gen. Smith, Quartermaster at Ringgold, Georgia, when the army was moving up Snake Creek Gap. Forty wagons were loaded with sanitary supplies and an ambulance stood waiting for Mrs. Bickerdyke when she received orders to move. "I am not ready to move." "Why are you not ready to move?" "I am waiting for Mrs. Porter, she is coming in on the train." "There will be no train until after dark." "Then I will wait until after dark." In less than twenty minutes the train did come in. A little, frail woman, dressed in brown stepped from the train and Mrs. Bickerdyke moved forward to meet her. I asked Mr. Reno, the Sanitary Agent, if that was all Mrs. Bickerdyke was waiting for. He replied: "Them women is a host, I am glad she has come." We were soon in our place marching up Snake Creek,

with the equipments of quartermaster, commissary, and sanitary commission for 50,000 men. It was a grand sight, and only two women in it.

Before the sun was an hour high the next morning, I learned what that little woman was. She moved around among the wounded and dying as if she were something superhuman, washing and bathing the wounded and her own hands stained with blood, the sight being such that it turned me deathly sick, being the first battle I ever saw. I was glad when I was ordered back with my train. I frequently saw Mrs. Porter afterwards following her mission of mercy, and saw her come into the Marietta Hospital, and deliberately clean the officers' table saying — "These things were sent here for the sick soldiers, I have just passed through the wards and the men have nothing to eat but hardtack and black coffee without sugar." Speaking in a low tone, "I don't know how you can do so." At five o'clock that evening, I never saw a better supper served up than was served there, to about 1,500 men, and the officers mess had good bread, and butter, fried meat, potatoes, and coffee, without any delicacies. I lastly saw her at Beaufort, N. C., at the large hospital, seeming to have the same vitality and interest in justice and right as when I first saw her.

(From "The Advance," of Chicago, June 18, 1891.).

A REMARKABLE LIFE.

There appeared in the Advance, of April 8, a brief obituary, which probably attracted the attention of but few readers, and from most of those who noticed it only a passing thought, for the name was unfamiliar. It is fitting that now that name become better known among

us, and that some record be made of the life of self-denial and beneficence which was so hidden while this woman of remarkable history, as well as character, was in our midst.

Mrs. C. L. A. Tank was born in Holland, in 1803, and passed from the school of earthly discipline to the larger life, April 1, 1891, at Fort Howard, Wis., which had been her home for forty years. She was the daughter of Rev. R. J. Van der Meulen, of Amsterdam, and was descended on her mother's side from a distinguished general in the service of the crown, through whom a large fortune came to the family. No one who had heard them from her own lips, in the expressive and forcible English, quaint and original as herself in its idioms, will ever forget the stories of her youth, with its careful training under the scholarly father and gentle mother, and the companionship of a sister with musical and artistic tastes like her own.

After the death of her mother she had charge of the establishment, and remained in the stately home until she became the wife of Rev. Otto Tank, a Norwegian gentleman and Moravian Missionary.

There looks down upon me as I write a portrait of Mr. Tank, a copy of one painted in Dresden, in 1820, when he was a young and gay court favorite. It is a noble face, of unusual beauty of feature, and with the forshadowing of that loftier beauty which distinguished his later years, the benevolence and gentleness of its expression, the outlook of the "inward light." Mr. Tank was an ardent student, a fine classical scholar, and an enthusiast in natural science. He spoke fluently six or seven of the languages of modern Europe, and read as many more. His father, a Norwegian nobleman, had most ambitious plans for his attractive and gifted son, and was bitterly disappointed when he allied himself with the despised sect of Moravians. Every effort was made to win him

back to the State church and a more formal Christianity, but he was firm in his resolve to consecrate his life to lowly service for others instead of self-seeking, and in consequence was disinherited by his father. He was employed as a teacher, then as commercial agent, by the Moravian brotherhood, and later as a missionary to the slaves in Dutch Guiana. There his first wife died, and he returned to Europe with a motherless daughter, eighteen months old. Miss Van der Meulen had been an intimate friend of the mother of the little girl, and in 1849 became the wife of Mr. Tank. After their marriage they came to the United States. After making arrangements for a home in Bethlehem, Pa., they were sent in charge of a colony of Norwegian emigrants to Northern Wisconsin.

The years that followed were full of trial and disappointment. Plans for the welfare of the colony were thwarted quite as much by the dissatisfaction of its members as by untoward circumstances. A Moravian community, modeled after those of the Old World, was not in accord with the spirit of the free and rapidly-growing Northwest, and the company of colonists was soon scattered. It became known that Mr. and Mrs. Tank had large means, and they were drawn into various financial schemes which brought only regret and loss.

“So the years went on until 1864, the return to Bethlehem again and again postponed, when Mr. Tank was suddenly stricken down by disease and death, and his wife and daughter were left to disentangle the complicated business, and carry out, so far as might be, the benevolent designs in which they had been sharers. During these years Mrs. Tank had devoted herself most assiduously to the instruction and training of the daughter, and one or two trips had been made to Europe, that she might enjoy a year of study in England, courses of lectures in Paris, and the best of musical advantages abroad.

The daughter had been prepared, it seemed, for anything rather than business; but it was not long before she won the admiration of able financiers by her skill and capacity in this direction, and her mother leaned upon her in glad confidence. In 1872 she too was called away, and Mrs. Tank left singularly alone.

She was deeply attached to America, pathetically so to the cottage home on the banks of the Fox, to her garden and to her pets, but she always felt herself an alien among its people, and lived a life apart. Her friends remember well the charm of visits to that quaint home, its hospitality so unlike any other, yet so large-hearted and genuine,—the bustling Dutch housewife presiding at her table pressing tea or fruit cordials, of her own preparation, upon her guests as they sat on the vine-hung veranda overlooking the beautiful river which ran just before the door. There were rare hours when the key of the attic store-room was entrusted to the daughter of the house, and she drew from great chests the treasures from the elegant Holland home, and displayed them to the wondering, awe-struck children who were her companions. To little eyes unused to the sight of jewels and rich silks, this attic seemed a very fairy land of delight. Collectors who understand the value of such things, assure me now that we under-estimated rather than over-estimated their value, and that the little old cottage really contained rare treasures in pictures, china and bric-a-brac. The family had looked forward to a time when these should adorn the home of the daughter. Now only the mother was left, a stranger still in this strange land. She could not easily place herself in sympathetic relations with the community about her. A small circle of friends she loved and trusted, and her tender interest in every one in need was abundantly proved by most thoughtful gifts. The beloved pastor of the little church, of which she was the main support, Rev. Mr. Curtis, was

her counsellor and tried friend. When in her loneliness she seemed to need his aid and the friendship of his household, he too was taken away. A widowed friend from Green Bay came to live near her, and with daughterly kindness ministered to her declining years. Mrs. Tank was still harassed by business complications, and had grown distrustful of those who approached her for aid. Almost twenty years she lived alone in the little cottage, even the woman who served her being often not under her roof, but in an adjacent building. This lonely life was, however, by no means an aimless one. There lies before me now the record of gifts to benevolent objects which passed through the hands of one trusted adviser during these years. He says of her: 'All the Dutch frugality which she inherited with her father's fortune was devoted to the causes of benevolence and Christianity. She was constantly giving, thoughtfully, methodically, and secretly.' The aggregate of sums disbursed through this single channel amounts to more than \$12,000. And, certainly, until later years, this was but one of the agencies through which she touched the needs of the world.

Such Christian stewardship brought its immediate reward. What seemed to mere onlookers the somber monotone of her life, was to her full of richness and color. Her heart reached out after the suffering and needy in many lands. She read widely and carefully, and was familiar with the various forms of benevolent activity. The traditions of her Dutch ancestry were potent in her thought; and she watched the growth of papal influence in this country with a jealous dread, such as only one so trained could understand. Each country, heathen or papal, opened to the entrance of the pure gospel, was to her a personal joy, and her gift was generally among the earliest to greet such new ventures of the Church of Christ in its forward movement. Careless, too careless, sometimes, of her own comfort, even her own needs, she saved

only that she might give, not that she might hold. This frugal spirit was no narrow one, imposing its own restrictions upon others. Many a generous gift to procure something which she would have denied herself, has gone to the missionary on our frontier or to foreign lands.

Years ago much of her beautiful plate was sent to the mint in Philadelphia, melted into bullion, and its proceeds given to Christian work. The quaint Dutch silver would have brought a great sum if sold in its original form, but this her family pride could not permit. She rejoiced to give it, but alien hands must not touch it with the Van der Meulen mark upon it as it stood in her father's house.

Now the remaining treasures are to be scattered. The father's library with the collection of paintings goes to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

All the rest, the stores of that attic chamber fairyland of my girlhood, are to be sold for the work she loved. Her last large gift, personally bestowed, was \$1,000 for the Oberlin Home for the children of missionaries. The case was presented with some hesitation; it was known that she gave rarely in these later years, and that new objects did not appeal to her like the old familiar ones. She listened thoughtfully while the plan was laid before her, and she was asked to pledge \$1,000. The bright, kind eyes filled with tears as, without a moment's hesitation, she said eagerly, with a little break in her voice, 'That is good. That I will do; that will be for my Mary.'

The first Christian chapel built in Peking, China, was a memorial for this daughter at the time of her death. Now that their reunion was so near, the mother remembered tenderly the child who came from South America so many years ago, and entered gladly into the thought of this need of other missionary children.

The stewardship of these earthly things over, surely

she has heard the glad word of approval from Him whom here she loved to call 'The dear Lord,' 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.'

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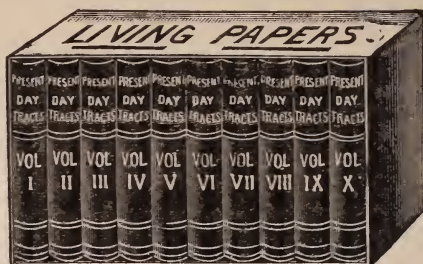
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